

Newstead.

MOBILE:
Fact *and* Tradition
Noteworthy People and Events

By

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Author: *From Mobile's Past, and Sketch of Literary Mobile*



MOBILE, ALABAMA
THE POWERS PRINTING COMPANY
MCMXXX

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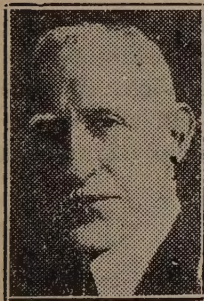
DEDICATED TO MOBILE:

"Qu'y est un bel endroit."

FOREWORD

Max Beerbohm says somewhere that there is reverence paid to those who have preceded us and to those who were venerable when we were young, and "some of our coevals may be, for aught we know, very great, but, good heavens! we can't esteem them so."

It is, probably, all the fault of our point of view. Frank Harris, a keen analyst of contemporary humans, is of the opinion that the affair is a matter of journalism, so to speak, and that the "great" have been fortunate in getting their deeds recorded; while some of quite equal merit have lived and died in unobserved obscurity. "There are persons," says Harris, "who should stand out like steeples, and yet there they pass in the London streets, and up and down, unknown and unappreciated, with souls aflame for love of honor and high deeds to their own music chanted."



The Author

Was is not Raimbaud, the poet of whom Alfred Assolant wrote, who told Paladin Roland that it would be of little use for Roland to go carve a kingdom from the hides of the Saracens in Spain unless he took with him some one to report the proceedings?

Indeed, the famous *Life of Dr. Johnson*, is monumental proof of how much the hero owes to his Boswell.

And what says Horace?

*Let silence hide the good your hand hath wrought,
Farewell reward! Had blank oblivion's power
Dimm'd the bright deeds of Romulus, at this hour,
Despite his sire and mother, he were naught.*

*No, trust the Muse: She opes the good man's grave,
And gives him to the gods.*

I am inclined to think that every community needs an Old Mortality to chisel anew the names of the dead and gone worthies, the memory of whom has been allowed to lapse from the general mind; and that research among the tombs will everywhere be rewarded, although, possibly not in as generous a fashion as my labors have been.

I am glad to have had my little part in this work of bringing the past back to present-day remembrance; holding up examples of noble lives for admiration and emulation; and it is my hope that in time to come new writers will take up the pen which I lay down and will write the record as faithfully as I have endeavored to do.

COLONIAL PERIOD

MAUBILA

"Maubila," the Black Warrior's town, the seat of Tuscaloosa's authority over natives known in history as "Mobilians," gave its name to the present Alabama city of Mobile. Iberville called the colony he founded "Fort Louis de la Louisiane," but in his letters referred to it as "Mobile," saying "*que nous nommons Mobile*;" from the fact that the colony was located among or near the tribe of Mobile Indians.

DeSoto, the Spanish adventurer, was the first white man to visit "Maubila." This visit took place in 1540, during DeSoto's search in this southern region for reported mines containing gold; and at Maubila there occurred a bloody desperate battle, the first between whites and Indians on Alabama soil, in which upwards of six thousand (Garcellasso reports 11,000) natives were slain, and DeSoto's force lost eighty-four men besides forty-five horses; all the camp equipment and baggage, clothes, medicine, instruments, books, much armor, pearls that had been gathered en route, relics, priests' robes, and the flour and wine for sacramental use. It was a most costly victory for the Spaniards, as it virtually wrecked the expedition, weakening it so that it made no great headway in its further movements, and was finally brought to naught in the wilds of the present state of Arkansas.



DeSoto

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The location of Maubila presents an interesting question; for historians and investigators are not agreed. Albert James Pickett, in his *History of Alabama*, laid down what may be termed the law on the subject, saying: "The writer is satisfied that Maubila was upon the north bank of the Alabama, and at a place now called Choctaw Bluff, in the County of Clarke, about twenty-five miles above the confluence of the Alabama and the Tombigbee. The march from Piachi, the time occupied, the distance from Maubila to Pensacola—computed by Garcellasso and the Portuguese Gentleman (Elvas) at 85 miles—and the representations of aged Indians and Indian countrymen, that here was fought a great battle between DeSoto and the brave Mobilians, have forcibly contributed to make that impression upon his mind."

Hamilton, in his *Colonial Mobile*, revised 1910 edition, accepts this view, with the reservation that, as DeSoto came to the crossing at a high bluff, on the eastern bank of the river, Claiborne, in Monroe county, was DeSoto's farthest point south in Alabama. Hamilton appends a note, saying that H. S. Halbert (described as "a most careful student, one who knows the country so well that his opinion is always entitled to respect"), places the river crossing at Melton's bluff, on the Warrior river, and not on the Alabama; adding that Maubila was north of the place of the crossing, three days' journey. Dunbar Rowland, the historian of Mississippi, harbors no doubt, but says with precision: "Maubila was situated on the north bank of the Alabama at what is now Choctaw Bluff," evidently following Pickett's lead. So, also, writes Albert B. Moore, whose monumental *History of Alabama* bears date of 1927, that the site of Maubila was "probably in the north part of Clarke county."

Thomas M. Owen's *Alabama* does not on its own account

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treat of DeSoto's expedition, but gives place to two reports, one by Major Daniel M. Andrews, and the other by Peter A. Brannon, the curator of the Alabama Department of Archives and History, each pursuing carefully and in person the reported route of DeSoto, Major Andrews telling of the first portion of DeSoto's journey to Cosa, and Mr. Brannon taking it up there and following the route to Maubila. These reports were printed in the *American Anthropologist* for January, 1917.

Of the two, Brannon's report bears directly upon the present question, for Andrews' report, as published by Dr. Owen, covers DeSoto's route only as far as Cosa, DeSoto's first principal stopping place within what is now Alabama. Mr. Brannon set out to trace the route as put down in the daily record made by Rangel, DeSoto's private secretary, and says he, Brannon, went over every foot of it, from Cosa, in Talladega county, to Maubila, which tracing brought him to the southern part of Greene county in this state. Brannon studied all the topographical indications given by Rangel, but particularly the Indian place names, and the time recorded for each day of DeSoto's march.

Accordingly, we read that on August 20, 1540, DeSoto left Cosa at the outflow of Tallassee creek into the Coosa river, and went thence to New Town, at the mouth of Emauchee creek, four miles north of Sylacauga. The next day (Sunday) he reached Itaba on Hatchet creek; thence to an oak wood in Elmore county, and the next day to Ulibahali, at the mouth of Chubahatchee creek, where it enters the Tallapoosa river. Crossing the Tallapoosa, the expedition, which had been moving southward, headed nearly due west, passing near Montgomery and Benton, on the left bank of the Alabama river, and reaching the confluence of the Cahaba with the Alabama, where the Alabama turns definitely to the south. At this point DeSoto, says

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Brannon, moved north, to Sprott in Perry county; whence he turned westward again to acknowledge the invitation extended to him to visit Maubila. Passing to the south of Greensboro, he came to Piachi, a village on a hill overlooking a deep gorge of a considerable river, which Brannon says was the Warrior, where the topography fits the description; and beyond the river (at Old Erie) DeSoto came, after passing several villages, to Maubila, in Greene county, southeast of Falkland.

Brannon, in his comment upon his investigations, weighs the same evidence that convinced Pickett as to the location of Maubila in Clarke county, and draws an opposite conclusion. Pickett relies upon the narrative of the Gentlemen of Elvas, wherein it is said that Piachi was six days' journey from Ochusa (Pensacola). Brannon says the distance of six days' journey by canoe would place Maubila much further north than Clarke county; and that the journey could easily be made from Greene, down stream, in that space of time.

In this connection, there arises the question why DeSoto, who was in search of gold to the westward, should have followed the Alabama down to Clarke county, when he knew there was no gold there or in that direction. Pickett says that DeSoto had announced at Cosa his intention to join Admiral Maldonado at Ochusa (Pensacola), but, if such was his intention, he appears to have changed suddenly his mind upon achieving the victory over Tuscaloosa; for at Maubila he turned northwestward, or, as Brannon has it, resumed his northwestern journey.

Pickett says that the loss of property at Maubila, and specially of the pearls, influenced DeSoto to go ahead in order to recoup his failing fortunes before returning home.

Important, as expressing tentative agreement with Mr Brannon's finding, is a statement as to the location of Maubila, made

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in the Sixth Annual Report of American Ethnology for 1919-24, page 551 (a government issue dated 1927), which describes Maubila as an example of Indian town structure: "A strongly fortified town, destroyed by DeSoto, (which) was probably located near the junction of the Tombigbee and Warrior rivers, in Greene county, Alabama."

Opposed to this is a recent publication—so recent as last month—setting forth the history of the town we live in, and saying that Maubila was a city of tepees on Mobile river, not far from where Mobile now stands. In view of this wide divergence, there is good reason for wishing that a systematic investigation be made by authority, in the hope that the truth may be established. The governor could, I think enlist the services of men skilled in this field, expert in weighing evidence, and capable of giving a verdict that will settle for all time a controversy that has been allowed to go on too long.

Maubila was not a "city of tepees" or Indian tents, but of houses, and large ones, some capable of accommodating a thousand persons. Irving's *Conquest of Florida*, Vol. 2, page 37, says: "It stood in a fine plain, surrounded by a high wall formed of huge trunks of trees driven into the ground side by side, and wedged together. These were crossed within and without by others, smaller and longer, bound to them by bands made of split reeds and wild vines. The whole was thickly plastered over with a kind of mortar made of clay and straw trampled together, which filled every chink and crevice of the woodwork, appearing as if smoothed with a trowel. Throughout the whole circuit the wall was pierced with loopholes, from whence arrows might be discharged at an enemy, and at every fifty paces it was surmounted by a tower, capable of holding seven or eight men. Numbers of the trees which had been driven into the

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ground had taken root and flourished, springing up out of the rampart and spreading their branches above it, so as to form a circle of foliage around the village. There were but two gates to the place, one to the east and other to the west. In the center was a large square, around which the principal dwellings were erected."

In all his relations with the American Indians DeSoto acted much as if he had to deal with Peruvian natives, lording it, commanding their services, holding their chiefs hostages to compel obedience, and comporting himself generally as the legitimate master of the countries through which he passed. Naturally his men followed his example, by making requisitions on their own account, thus obtaining an amount of booty that was tremendous, and requiring the services of hundreds of the natives to transport it from place to place. The Indians sought in every way to placate this strange and powerful visitor and his following, and the chiefs were everywhere almost servile in their courtesy; but there accumulated in their hearts a hatred that at last outweighed their fear of the gunpowder, the armor and the horses of the invaders, and at Maubila was formed the plan to ambush and destroy the Spaniards. Tuscaloosa was the strongest of all the chiefs, a mighty man in size and vigor, and his followers were noted warriors. DeSoto did not trust him but made him a court prisoner, and kept him under his personal supervision. The two traveled together some days' journey before reaching Maubila; and Tuscaloosa was thoroughly enraged by the treatment accorded him; as also were the Indians of his nation, so that, when the Spaniards were within the enclosure and had most of their property stored therein, the opportunity was ripe for resistance. As Ranjel describes the affair, it is said that the chief, Tuscaloosa, went into a cabin and refused

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to show himself, and at the same time some Indians released a flight of arrows at DeSoto, Baltazar de Gallagos went into the cabin, and getting into a dispute with one of the principal men, slashed his arm with a knife. This caused the war-cry to be raised, and immediately the town seethed with fighters. The Indians issued from their barracks in great numbers and assailed the Spaniards from all sides. DeSoto's situation being unfavorable for the Spanish way of fighting, his first care was to bring his men out of the town and into the open, where his cavalry, fortunately for him, had in most part been quartered, and could operate. This was not accomplished, however, without considerable loss, and DeSoto himself had twenty arrows caught in his armor before he reached the outer region.

The Indians swarmed out after DeSoto, thinking him retreating, but the forty horsemen turned upon them and drove them back, with great slaughter, into the town. The Indians shortly issued again and were driven back. They fought with spears and with bows and arrows, weapons they knew very well how to handle, and, although the Spaniards were clad in armor, many were wounded and some were killed. The day was ending and the issue not decided; but just at sunset Monasco, one of DeSoto's lieutenants, with the last detachment of the expedition, which had been delayed or had lingered along the route, came up, and a combined attack was made on the town; the walls were pierced or surmounted and the gates broken open. A horrible and unparalleled carnage ensued, says Pickett. The horsemen remained outside to overtake those Indians who might attempt to escape. The Indians fought in the streets and squares, from the tops of houses and from the walls. Not one asked for quarter, and the ground was strewn with the dead. Again and again, numbers prevailed, and the Spaniards

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were driven back and out, but returned as valiant as ever. At length the houses were set on fire, and the town was destroyed, with all the property it contained. Such Indians as had fled the field or had succeeded in escaping from the burning town took refuge in the woods, where they were sought out and unmercifully slaughtered. What became of Tuscaloosa was never known, but, as he was not heard of after the battle, the general opinion was that he was among the number of the slain.

The great battle was fought October 18, 1540. Pickett says it lasted nine hours; another account says three.

June 16, 1929

IBERVILLE ARRIVES

On a bright morning in February, 1699, Pierre LeMoynes, Sieur d'Iberville, a Canadian ship captain in the service of King Louis of France, was engaged, with several companions, in sounding the depth of water in what is now the channel entrance to Mobile Bay—precisely the locality where Admiral Farragut damned the torpedoes—when the wind shifted and blew so sharply that his little chaloup was driven westward onto an island where the explorers were weatherbound for the



Iberville

next three days. To pass the time, some of the mariners hunted the bustards which abounded there. "Outardes," the historian names them, by which name in Canada wild geese are meant. Others of the party explored the island, finding nothing out of the way but a huge pile of bones of dead men, from which they argued that there had been a great slaughter on that spot, in which many native inhabitants had perished. They, therefore, called the place Massacre island. The pile of bones has long since been carried off by relic hunters, but a little digging on the spot will even now

be rewarded by the discovery of human detritus.

Iberville took occasion to visit the mainland, four or five miles from the island. He travelled north four leagues on the

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western shore of Mobile bay, making note of the various kinds of trees, the oak, pine walnut and chest-nut, one of the tallest of which he climbed, and so obtained a general view of the water and land. He observed that the water in the upper part of the bay was of a yellow color, and reasoned that a river emptied into the bay from the north. Seeing some recent indications of the presence of Indians, he fired his gun, but received no response; so he cut a peace sign upon the bark of a tree, and returned to the island.

The next day the surveying party rejoined the main force off Mobile Point, and the voyage westward was resumed, continuing until the Back-bay of Biloxi was reached, where the settlement of the first French colony on the gulf coast began. It proved an unsatisfactory location, however, and less than three years elapsed when Iberville issued an order to his brother Bienville, dated December 17, 1701, to transfer the colony and everything from the Back-bay of Biloxi to Massacre island, which Iberville decided would be a proper place for his future operations. Bienville acted with his customary promptness, and reached the island January 1, 1702, in a traversier, with 40 men, to clear the ground and erect habitations for the colonists.

Iberville's plan of operations, as disclosed by the actions taken, was to establish a trading post on the river which he had rightly inferred emptied into Mobile bay at its northern end. A week had not elapsed when Bienville, Serigny and La Vasseur were off, January 10, 1702, in a lanche, followed by two felouques, to carry out Iberville's order to fit out a post on the river 16 leagues up, "at the second bluff," which was to bear the title "Fort Louis de la Louisiane," but was commonly referred to by Iberville in his reports as Mobile.

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South of Dauphin island lies a shoal known as Pelican island. In Iberville's time it was close to the island, and formed a harbor, having a depth of 30 feet, and from this harbor there was a channel into Mobile bay, deep enough for traffic in small sailing vessels. This harbor was what attracted Iberville to the island. It formed an excellent port on the gulf, although Iberville expressed the opinion that the shifting of the sands threatened its permanency.

Iberville himself reached the island in February, and on the twenty-ninth followed Bienville up the river with two pinasses and a chaloup.

In 1707 Bienville changed the island's name to "Dauphine," in honor of Marie Adelaide of Savoy, daughter of the king of Sardinia, and wife of Louis, the son of Monseigneur le duc de Burgundy. The port was becoming quickly important, being visited by Spanish as well as French ships, and, as was recorded, "was large enough to have a fort and a church of its own." An engraving, published in Hamilton's *Colonial Mobile*, presents a view of the island colony at this time. It is drawn in perspective, showing a cleared space along the southern shore of the island, with a sandbar joined to the island shore, making two harbors, one on the western and the other, the main harbor, on the eastern side of the bar. In the one is seen a vessel at anchor, loading or unloading cargo into small boats. This vessel bears the name of the "Ludlow." In the eastern harbor are two vessels, the "Paon" and the "Paix," both under sail, departing for France.

On land the eighteen houses comprising the "bourg" are arranged in one long row fronting the beach, and a second row back of that, not so long as the first, each house being enclosed by a picket fence, and the commandant's house having a sentry-

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box in front of it. Back, in the edge of the woods, is seen a considerable building, which the inscription says "*servait de l'église*," or church. To the westward, separated, from the "bourg" by a small wood, and situated upon the high ground, is a fort with four bastions, and with the barracks within. For further defense, there are two water-batteries, one near the beach of either harbor.

* * * *

In 1711 war broke out between England and France, and a piratical English expedition from Jamaica descended upon the little island settlement and cleaned up to the value of 50,000 livres, and so maltreated the good Cure Huve that he was nearly killed. The pirates carried off everything possible, impoverishing the colony.

It was two years later that Antoine Crozat took over Louisiana under a fifteen year charter, and he began colonizing actively, sending over many adventurers from France, including a dozen of young women, so "ugly and ill-formed" that only two could find husbands; and also a number of negro slaves, the first sent thither from Africa. May 17, 1713, arrived the new governor, Lamothe Cadillac, the founder of Detroit. His expectation was to find the gold mines which Bienville, his predecessor, had negligently failed to find; and off he went soon into the Illinois country, mine hunting; but with no success. When he returned to the island, he settled in a palmetto thatched and palisaded house, and regulated affairs by proclamation. One regulation was for penalizing the wearing of swords by low-born persons, the fines to go to the fund for building a church.

It cannot be said that there existed much of a people to be governed, although the territory was indeed vast. In all Louisiana there were 28 families, 20 negroes, 75 Canadians, and two

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companies of infantry, each of fifty men, a total of 324 souls scattered in six settlements: Dauphin Island, Mobile, Twenty-Seven Mile Bluff on Mobile river, Biloxi, Ship island and on the Mississippi river. Cadillac wrote to the minister in France that he had expected to find the island a terrestrial paradise, but it was a poor miserable spot, a few fig trees and sapless vines, the people knowing nothing of the culture of silk, tobacco and indigo, and growing only corn and vegetables. There was, he said, no commerce save in bear and deer skins, and small pelts, and in timber. The Canadians were a vile set of pelt and slave hunters, a "mass of rascallions from Canada, a cut-throat set, with no respect for religion, and abandoned in vice." The others, apparently, were not much better; for the garrison, when he arrived, was living in the Indian villages, "in search of bread," and the majority of the gentlemen, priests and missionaries had not taken the sacrament in eight years. The whole country was the most miserable on the globe, with a people who would rather believe a lie than the truth.

It is possible, however, that the situation was not as bad as Cadillac depicted it. Pickett says Cadillac was "a man of poor judgment, of weak feelings and much selfishness." Cadillac was recalled in 1716, on the ground of "lack of intelligence" necessary to perform his duties.

* * * *

Crozat himself had enough of the contract in four years' time, and gave way to John Law, who, starting with the Louisiana charter, built up an amazing speculation, based entirely upon stories of fabulous riches to be acquired in the operations of his Mississippi Company.

Shortly after Law took over Crozat's charter there was a great council and calumet smoke on the island, attended by the

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chiefs of twenty-four Indian tribes, including some tribes whose names are yet recalled in popular histories, Choctaws, Tunicas, Apalaches, Tensas, Mobilians, Bayougoulas, Natchitoches, Alabamons, Chickasaws, and Natchez. The smoke lasted two months, and was understood as cementing peace between the French and the natives.

In March, 1719, war was declared between France and Spain; and Bienville and Chateauguay thought they should go into it. They organized a force of colonists and Indians to attack Pensacola. The little army of 800 men found the Spaniards napping, and easily took them and their town prisoner, Chateauguay being left to govern in the name of the French king.

As soon as the Cuban Spaniards heard of it they came in strong force, retook Pensacola, and Chateauguay along with it, and carried him and the other French prisoners off to Cuba. Not only that, but they sought to capture Dauphine island, maintaining a siege for twelve days, but were unable to effect a landing there, St. Dennis and his 200 troops holding them off. One Spanish boat got into the bay and its crew plundered a small settlement, called Miragouin, on what is now Mon Louis Island, on the western shore of the bay; but in trying to repeat the exploit, the Spaniards were set upon by the Mobile Indians, who killed 30 and carried off 17 prisoners to their village, near the present site of Mobile, where the 17 were knocked on the head and their bodies thrown into the bay.

* * * *

It was in 1721 that the port on the south side of the island was closed by the shifting sands, and there were no engineers at command to dredge a channel. Accordingly, it was found necessary to seek a new location. A general movement took place

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to what was called New Biloxi, a better place than the old Back-bay, it was thought; better for health, and offering a better harbor. Colonists moved, not only from the island but from Mobile, yet it appears a mistake to say that the island colony ceased to exist at that time; for Dauville's map of 1732 shows the town still there, and vessels continued to visit it for cargo and passengers, as proved by the fact that when Bienville and Chateauguay expected to take ship to France they came from New Orleans to the island where the Bellona was waiting for them. As the two stood on the beach that Easter morning with their baggage beside them, waiting for the small boats to come for them, they were astonished to see Bellona flying signals of distress, and then go down, in fair weather, right before their eyes, many of the sailors losing their lives. Bienville and Chateauguay returned to New Orleans, where eventually they took ship for France.

This tragic and wholly unexpected incident and the story of the Casket girls about comprise the romantic part of the history of the island (Spelt in modern times without the final "e").

For the more modern history of the island the writers rely upon the records of real estate transactions—slow reading at best. There was a great storm there on September 11, 1740, that blew one of the cannons from its position a distance of 18 feet. A note states that in 1785, it was the custom to maintain on the island, at the king's expense, a pilot and four sailors. The island passed into American hands, April 11, 1812, when an American force appeared there, the Spanish garrison retiring to Pensacola.

Fort Gaines. The first American work on the island, was constructed in 1821-22, and named in honor of General Edmund Pendleton Gaines. In 1848, the present brick fort was

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laid out; construction, however, was very slow. State troops occupied it for the Confederacy in January, 1861, and surrendered it to Federal forces, August 8, 1864, after severe bombardment. The fort was recommissioned in 1898, and two batteries were added, the work being completed by 1904: Battery Stanton in honor of Capt. Henry W. Stanton, First U. S. Dragoons, killed in combat with Apache Indians, 1885, and Battery Terret, in honor of Lt. Jno. L. Terret, First U. S. Infantry, killed in the battle of Monterey, 1846.

June 12, 1927

THE EARLY MOBILES

When the Right Rev. Bishop Dominic Manucy was appointed bishop of Mobile and was received in his diocese in March 1884, a committee of citizens, Major Henry St. Paul, John Cavanaugh, Thomas W. McDonald, Joseph Hynde, Daniel McGinnis, and James K. Glennon, presented to him a formal address of welcome, which proved to be of historic interest, for the address recited that the Rev. Father C. T. O'Callaghan, administrator of the diocese, had discovered the most ancient document in the archives of the church in Mobile, the same being the certificate of induction and establishment of the first church in the diocese, giving the date of the induction, September 28, 1704. The address contained an English translation of this interesting document. A photographic copy of the original is found in Hamilton's *Colonial Mobile*, and the text also, the latter as follows:

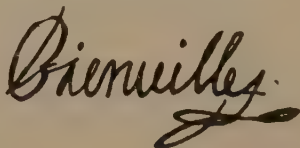
Jay sousigne prestre et miss. apost. ateste a tous quil appartiendra que lannee du salut mile sept cents quatre le vint-huite de mois de 7bre en vertu des lettres de provision et de collation accordee et scelle de le vingte de Juillet de lannee derniere, par lesquelles Monseigneur Illustrissime et Reverendissime Eveque de Quebec erige une Eglise paroissiale dans le lieu dit le fort louis de la Louisiane et dont Il donne la cure et la soin a m. henri Roulleaux De la Vente miss. apost. du Diocese de Bayeux, Jay mis led pretre en possession actuelle et corporelle de lad Eglise paroissiale et de tous les droits qui appartiennent, apres avoir observe les ceremonies acoutumees et requises, scavior par

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l'entree de leglise, la persion de leau benite, le baiser du grand autel, le toucher du missel, le visite du tres Saint Sacrement de lautel et le son des cloches a laquelle possession J'atteste que personne ne est oppose donne en leglise du fort louis le jour du mois et de lan sud en presence de Jean baptiste de bienville, lieuten. du Roy et commandant aud fort, pierre Du Qu. de boisbriant, Nicolas dela Sale ecivain et faisant fonction de commissaire de la marine.

Davion Bienville Boisbriant Dela-salle.

The "sousigne" in this attestation was Father Davion. The others signed as witnesses, and it is observed that Sieur de Bienville wrote a very handsome signature.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Bienville". The signature is elegant and fluid, with a long, sweeping tail that extends to the right.

The capitalization and punctuation of the certificate may be described as exceedingly free. The English translation is rendered as follows:

I, the undersigned priest and apostolic missionary, certify to all concerned that in the year of salvation one thousand seven hundred and four, the twenty-eighth of the month of September, by virtue of letters of provision and collation, granted and sealed the twentieth of July of last year, whereby Monsignor, the most reverend and most illustrious bishop of Quebec, erected a parochial church in the place known as Fort Louis of Louisiana, and gave the care and pastorate of it to Mr. Henri Roulleaux de la Vente, apostolic missionary of the diocese of Bayeaux, have placed the priest in actual and corporeal possession of all the rights thereunder belonging, after having com-

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plied with all the ceremonies strictly required, to wit: The entering of the church, the sprinkling of holy water, the kissing of the main altar, the touching of the missal, the visit to the Most High Host of the Altar, and the ringing of the bells; at which possession I certify no one offered obstacle.

Given at the parochial church of Fort Louis, the day, the month and year above named, in the presence of Jean Baptiste de Bienville, lieutenant for the king and commandant of said fort; Pierre du Qu. de Boishbriant, and Nicholas de la Salle, notary and acting commissary of the navy. (Signed)

DAVION

BIENVILLE

BOISBRIANT

DE LA SALLE

Aside from its religious character, this document has importance from the fact that it contains official recognition of the name of the French outpost, "Fort Louis of Louisiana," the capital of that ill-defined region claimed by the French Sovereign, reaching to the Rockies on the west and to the Great Lakes on the north. Another point, one to which Judge Hamilton, in his book, *Colonial Mobile*, calls especial attention, is that the title "saint," customarily associated with the name, does not appear in this document. The fort is named "Louis," for the great French king Louis XIV, and not in honor of the sainted king, the ninth of that name. There is a disposition in some quarters to prefix the title when mentioning the fort's name, but no good authority exists for so doing.

It is indicative of the state of public knowledge of our local history at the time this address was presented that the committee informed the right reverend bishop that "thus within a few miles of the very spot where now towers this imposing

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cathedral, in view of the white, sandy beach of our lovely bay, the rude log cabin in which the pioneers of Catholic civilization met for divine worship had been solemnly planted under the blessing of God." The idea prevailing at that time, derived from Pickett's *History of Alabama*, was that the fort mentioned was on the bay shore or on Dog river, near the mouth of that stream. Due to Judge Hamilton's researches, it was shortly afterwards ascertained that the fort was situated upon Mobile river, 27 miles north of the present Mobile. That settlement never got beyond the pioneer state and often was in distress, and twice in the nine years of occupancy everything there was under water by reason of high water in the river. On this account, finally, the transfer of the colony was made to the locality where the sea controlled and the flood in the river was restricted within bearable limits; and there the second Mobile was founded.

In notifying M. le compte de Ponchartrain, on June 20, 1711, of the change of base, Bienville wrote, saying:

Les habitans de ce bourc m'ont demande a changer de lieu et ce mettre a l'entree de cette riviere a huit lieux plus bas, quy est un bel endroit, ce que je leurs ay accorde.

* * * *

It should be interesting to inquire what sort of appearance the second Mobile presented in its "*bel endroit*," the first year of its establishment at the mouth of Mobile river. Cheuillet's map, bearing the date 1711 and the title *Plan de la ville et du Fort Louis de la Mobile, establis par les Francois en 1711*, copied in Judge Hamilton's book, gives material for framing an answer.

The terrain chosen for the second home of the Mobile colony was fairly level, dry land, bordering upon the river near

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its outflow into the bay. It was lined on the water side by a tidal marsh of no great width.

To facilitate approach from the river to the shore, and vice-versa, a pier was constructed, extending outward from the shore at about the present crossing of Royal and Government streets. The marsh front was filled in later, at the time that Fort Charlotte was demolished early in the American period, the material from the fort being used for filling, and Water, Commerce and Front streets were laid out and the filled-in territory built upon.

The first thing the settlers did, before the removal of the colony to its new home, was to clear away the forest for about half a mile along the river front and westward to about the present line of Conception street. For the rest, extending for miles back, the land was covered with virgin pine, with some oak, magnolia and cedar. It was clean forest, with very little undergrowth except along the water courses.

Iberville had died of the yellow fever in Havana, and his brother Jean Baptiste de Bienville, had succeeded as lieutenant of the king and commandant of the colony. After two years of waiting for the permission, the colony moved down the river to the new site, and began building on the lines that had been marked out for the new city. This was in the early spring of 1711. First was built a fort for defense against the Indians who might prove hostile, and against the Spaniards, as the latter had warned the French to keep away from this coast. The fort was what would be called nowadays a stockade. It was located on the river bank, south of Government at about the latitude of Church street. The fort was constructed four-square, with a bastion at each corner, the sides having a length of 90 toises of 6.4 feet each; the bastions being large in proportion. The

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stockade was of pointed palisades of cedarwood, each 14 inches square, 13 feet long and sunk two and one-half feet in the ground. Around the inner side of the fort was an embankment, 2 feet high and 1.5 feet broad, for the garrison to stand on in defending the fort.

The only lodgment within the fort was that for the governor. This was a long building, one story high, and placed on the east side facing the citadel. On the west side was a building of similar size and shape, described as the king's magazine or store-house. On the north side, a smaller house for the guard. In the southwest bastion was the powder magazine; in the northwest bastion, the prison; in the southeast bastion, the standard or flag; and in the northeast bastion, the bell.

Officers, soldiers and inhabitants generally were lodged outside in the houses facing streets that were laid out six toises wide or about the width of our Dauphin street, and parallel, crossing at right angles. The blocks were not all of the same size, but averaged about sixty toises square. Settlers were assured a frontage of 12.5 toises, with a depth of 25 toises.

Houses were made of cedar and pine resting upon cypress blocks obtained from the marsh land along the river side. Some colonists used a species of tufa, very soft, and excellent for the construction of handsome residences. This stone was obtained from a place 18 leagues above, on the banks of the river. The houses were 18, 20 and 25 feet high; some being much lower, and made of a kind of mortar from shells found on the islands near the mouth of the river.

* * * *

Such was the second and permanent town of Mobile. One could see from an advantage point out on the river this cluster of houses, set upon a fairly flat terrain bordering upon the

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river, and with a dark background of lofty pine trees. There was no conspicuous feature; no skyline but the trees of the primeval forest; not even a church steeple, although there was a church, as an inscription on the border of the map attests; without, however, identifying its location.

On a pleasant afternoon it would have been entertaining to promenade the little town, inspecting first the fort and swapping a few words with the solitary guard therein; then across the esplanade on the south to Bienville's square of ground, and to his house, much like the others, but somewhat larger; down Royal street, a block further, to find and greet *Sieur de Mandeville*, an old warrior of the Iberville school. *Pailloux* lived across the street (*Monroe street*, the Americans call it), and a number of soldiers were quartered in the neighborhood, as also, several priests. The aristocracy, however, were to be found in dwellings facing the fort, along what is now the west side of *St Emanuel*, between *Theatre* and *Government* streets. At the corner was *DuClos*, the ordnance office; next door but one was *Jean Louis*, the master cannoneer, and then *De Valligny*, who had for his neighbor on the other side of *Church street*, *Saint Dennis*, whom *Hamilton* calls a paladin. The paladin's neighbor was *Grandeville*, and next door, taking up a quarter block, could be found *Boisbriant*, whose name on the map is spelled *Bois-brilliant*. Back of *Boisbriant's* property was the cemetery, covering a quarter block, at what is now southeast *Government* and *Conception* streets. In the next block, *Government* and *St. Emanuel*, resided *Laurier*, surgeon major, while east of him, in the same street *Mandeville* had his second and larger house. The *Seminarians* came next to *Mandeville*, facing *Royal*, and *Chateauguay*, *Bienville's* youngest brother, lived in the next block above, northwest *Royal* and *Conti* streets. *Sainte Helene*,

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another brother, had his house two full blocks farther north, near the corner of St. Francis street, precisely on the present location of James F. Maury's real estate agency. Portier, the guard of the king's magazine, had his home next to Chateauguay's. The hospital site was at the southeast corner of Dauphin and Conception, opposite the spot where in after years the federal government had a hospital..

It was to this little "city" that Cadillac, the founder of Detroit, came as governor in the spring of 1713, when Crozat, by charter, took over the Louisiana enterprise. Cadillac found it far from a tropical vision; in fact he declared that the colony was "not worth a straw at present," the land infertile, unhealthy, and the inhabitants morally depraved, especially the coureurs de bois and voyageurs, who lived like savages, and were illiterate and rough.

We do not know what Cadillac expected to find; but it is certain that Bienville, who was restored to office after Cadillac's departure, made good use of what material he could command, particularly of the coureurs and the voyageurs, who, although immoral and given to liquor, could and would fight off hostile Indians, and established a settlement that has managed to survive, under five flags and various vicissitudes, to this good day.

March 20, 1927

COLONIAL ROMANCE

Mobile with relation to her big neighbor, New Orleans, is sometimes lost to view and at others not easily seen, like the planet Mercury, that so few of us have ever been able to see, because it is so close to the sun as to be hidden in the great luminary's effulgence. It is a little difficult to remember that Mobile was the mother of New Orleans, so to say, and that Mobile was the capital of Louisiana before New Orleans came into being. Even the historians, who should know better, are inclined to think of Louisiana altogether in terms of New Orleans, and to leave Mobile quite out of the picture.

When I was living in New Orleans, a long time ago, and and was studying Louisiana history, I got the idea, perhaps through my own carelessness in reading, that the "romantic passages," as Meek called them, such as the story of the Casket girls, had taken place in or about New Orleans, when it is, to say the least, a question if New Orleans was in existence, when they occurred. The stage manager of today, doubtless, will have Manon Lescaut "dying in the desert of Louisiana" somewhere on or near the new drainage canal that empties into Lake Pontchartrain, whereas that pitiable tragedy might with much greater propriety be located as having taken place within the confines of what is now Mobile county, seeing that when Abbe Prevost was writing his great novel Bienville was just drawing his plans for a town on the Mississippi; there was no colony there, and Prevost, if he had any idea of Louisiana, obtained it from what was reported of Dauphin island and Mobile Bay. Not that New

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Orleans, too, may not have had some Casket girls, when Bienville's plans were realized, but it is possibly an error on the part of the author of *Colonial Mobile*, to surmise that "not many of them, (the Casket girls) could have come to Mobile, for the population was diminishing and there were only ten families in Mobile." This may have been true at that date (1728), but not earlier. Dr. Dunbar Rowland's *History of Mississippi* (p.210) says: "The first company, twenty-three, coming with nuns, of whom there is any account, landed at Mobile fort." Rowland adds that Dumont says the second arrival was per ship which landed at Dauphin island in 1717, with sixty girls. New Orleans was not founded until 1718.

The "Casket girls" were young women of good parentage who came out to America in the charge of devoted nuns, in answer to the need of the men colonists for wives, and the story goes that they were snatched up at once, even the homeliest of them. They were called *filles de cassette* because each young woman brought her personal belongings with her in a little box or casket.

* * * *

Gayarre, in his *History of Louisiana*, does in actual text, though we believe in error, claim New Orleans as the scene of the mysterious romance of the lady from Wolfenbuettel, who said she was the escaped wife of the son of Peter the Great, and therefore, an ex-Russian princess, and who came to Mobile in the first years of the second decade of the eighteenth century. Here the princess presented an alluring picture of beauty in distress, which was particularly moving in a land where women were at a premium and feminine beauty an extremely rare article. Chevalier d'Aubant, known to his king in Prussia as Graf von Maldeck, and temporarily trying to grow up with the new

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country, had in earlier years visited St. Petersburg, had seen the imperial princess, and felt sure that she and the distressed damsel were one and the same person. He promptly decared his belief in the genuineness of the lady's claims, and the lady, grateful, and perhaps loving, accepted the chevalier's protection, and soon, his hand in marriage. Just then D'Aubant received appointment as commandant at Fort Toulouse, up the Alabama river, and thither the happy couple repaired, carrying with them the best wishes of the Mobile-colony.

Judge Hamilton tells the story about as here related, and at this point confers a vine-clad cottage as a wedding present and leaves the pair with his blessing; but Dr. Rowland—something of a spoilsport, I suspect—goes into history a few paragraphs further, and declares that the lady followed her husband on his return to Europe, was widowed in 1754, and then committed the imprudence of crossing her old track in Brunswick, where her imposture was disclosed, and she was ordered out of the country. She died in Paris in 1771, in great poverty. It is said that the nearest she had ever come to being a Russian princess was when she followed her mistress from Wolfenbuettel to Russia, and there served her as a lady of the wardrobe.

The same twist has been given the interpretation of the maps of the early explorers, the disposition of some writers being to deprive Mobile bay and river of their resounding title and bestow it upon the Mississippi river. The theory seems to have been that the name the explorers gave was a good big one, and must have been meant for a good big river; so they moved it over, ignoring the fact that when the Mobile bay and river were nominated *Rio del Espiritu Santo*, the existance of a river later known as the Mississippi was not even suspected.

All the early maps show a pear-shaped bay, a sand spit

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extending from the east, almost across its mouth, an island on the western side, and two rivers flowing in at the northern end—clearly Mobile bay and nothing else; quite different from the outlet of the Mississippi river. Also, whenever a name is attached to the bay by cartographers it is that of the Holy Spirit, except in Ortelius' map, where it is called Bai Culata, or Gunstock bay, a name taken from the shape of this body of water.

Most of these old maps are reproduced in Justin Winsor's monumental work, entitled, *The Narrative and Critical History of America*, published about the beginning of the present century; but notwithstanding their evidence, Dr. Winsor repeats the error as to the name and the Mississippi; in other words, as Hamilton has observed, the maps disprove the doctor's text. I remember writing about this at the time the Winsor history was published and that fact is mentioned in Judge Hamilton's history, Hamilton, adding that in a later work, *The Mississippi Basin*, page 76, Dr. Winsor in part admitted Mobile's right to the name.

* * * *

Speaking of maps, it is evident from Gary's map of 1519 that Lieutenant Pineda spent a good part of his time in exploring our bay and rivers, giving the locality the name it was afterwards to bear in many succeeding Spanish maps. Pineda was our first visitor known by name. Among other things he observed or heard about and made a note upon was that the land to the westward of this bay was the *Tiera de Gigantes*.

This intrigues one, if the use of a well worn but apt expression be permitted, and intrigues a good deal. As children we have read the fairy stories, and learned of Jack the Giant Killer, the slayer of the Fee-fi-fo-fum fellow whose daily fare was composed principally of ground human bones; of Polyphe-

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mus, the one-eyed; of Ymir, the frost king; of Teutobrachus, another of the over-developed line, and Goliath, whom David slew with a pebble hurled from a sling; but fairyland has always seemed something so far away as to be formless and quite unrealizable. And now to come across the land of the Giants, and to find it at our very door and fireside, is, to say the least, startling. Moreover, Pineda's map is not alone in bringing the giants to attention. Ortelius' map of 1570 not only places the giants on our coast but ascribes to them a river, the *Rio de Gigantes*, about in the longitude of the Pascagoula. Somewhere near the Pascagoula were seen or imagined these monsters in human shape, lords of the region they inhabited.

Another old map, of which I have a photographic copy and in which I take great interest, is the long-lost Waldseemüller map of 1505, discovered by Professor Joseph Fischer in 1901 in the library of Prince Waldeburg, in Castle Wolfeegg, in Weurtemberg. This is a very elaborate map of the known world of the time, and necessarily, it is particular and fairly correct as to Europe, less so as to Asia and Africa, and fantastically incorrect as to America; but it has the unique distinction of being the first map on which the name "America" appears. The reason for the use of this name is given in the *Cosmographiæ Introductio*, published April 25, 1507, at Saint Die, in Lorraine, the author saying: "But now parts of the world have been more extensively explored, and another fourth part has been discovered by Americus Vesputius, wherefore I do not see what rightly is to hinder us from calling it Amerige or Americi Terram or America, seeing that Europe and Asia bear names with feminine terminations." So, in the margin of the page we find printed the word "America." The map-maker, however, does not appear to have been as reso-

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lute as the text writer, for, while he adopted the name, he seems not to have been proud of it. Instead of labeling the fourth part of the world with it, he put it small in his map, and far down toward the lower end of South America, much as a person would do who felt he was taking a long chance. Therefore he made the inscription as small as he could, so that, if it should have to be omitted later it would be less missed. In compensation the cartographer spread in big letters, all down the center of the continent, the claim: "All this province was discovered by order of the king of Castile."

This map gives one a very queer idea of the shape of the western world—greatly attenuated, and strung along from north to south like a much-twisted dishrag, but some of the chief geographical features can nevertheless be recognized: Cuba, Jamaica, Haiti and the Bahamas are rightly placed with respect to the Florida peninsula. The gulf is drawn too small and opens in the west to connect with the sea supposed at the time to lie beyond. What I am getting at is that on this map there is no mistaking the outline of Mobile bay and the rivers—proof that someone was here before 1505, or before the making of the map, and fifteen years earlier than Pineda. Who that someone was we do not know. It might add to the romantic side of Mobile's history if it could be found out.

September 9, 1828.

TONTY OF THE IRON HAND

Henri de Tonty, one of the early explorers of the Mississippi valley was second in command in all major operations, yet, such was his courage, his endurance and his trustworthiness, that he made a name for himself and is classed as one of the great men of America. De Tonty was an Italian. He was born in Gaeta, a seaport town just north of Naples, in 1650. His father, upon being exiled for the part he had taken in the

Naples revolution of 1647, found refuge in Paris, and there the son was reared, and, when yet under age, offered his services to the French crown. He had part in the Sicilian war with Spain, gaining a reputation for bravery and losing a hand in battle; likewise his liberty, but was exchanged by his Spanish captors for the son of the Spanish governor of the island.



Tonty

The writers generally say that Tonty lost a hand, and that he substituted an iron hook for the lost member, hence his sobriquet of "The man with the iron hand." John Carl Parish, in his romance covering LaSalle's explorations, says that the young warrior lost his right hand, and that he had an iron hand made to fit upon the stump, and covered with a silk glove. This hand was a powerful weapon, which, Parish says, Tonty sometimes used in a convincing way in argument with refractory Indians.

When, in 1678, Robert, Sieur de la Salle, was sent out to

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Quebec by the French government upon an exploring and trade-expansion expedition, he chose Henri de Tonty, then 28 years of age, to be his lieutenant, or chief of staff, as the office would now be called. LaSalle had instructions to improve western holdings and claims, particularly those in the Mississippi valley, toward which the English, aided by their Indian allies, were aggressively moving. LaSalle's first care was to establish trading posts upon the Illinois river, and, with this end in view, sought the friendship of the Kaskaskias and the Peorias, two tribes that but a few years before had settled in the valley. As these Indians were greatly exposed to attack from the Iroquois, they welcomed the French, who offered to give them aid. LaSalle established there a post to which he gave the name of Crevecoeur, and returning to Canada for supplies, he placed Tonty in charge.

August 15, 1680, while Tonty was engaged in exploring and trading at a distance, his garrison mutinied, plundered the stores and disappeared in the wilderness. Tonty took refuge with the Kaskaskias. Very soon the Iroquois, hearing of what had happened to the French, came in great force, quite sufficient to annihilate the Illinois Indians; but Tonty intervened, his bearing and position as a French officer being such as to impress the invaders, who held off long enough for the Illinois Indians to make their escape by abandoning the Illinois valley. Tonty himself was allowed to go, although not without hurt, a treacherous young Iroquois having given him a knife thrust. Tonty reached Green Bay in December, spending the winter, and then went on to Michilimackinac, where LaSalle found him and engaged him to go with the expedition for the actual exploration of the Mississippi.

* * * *

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The expedition set out in August, 1681. In the party were a priest, 23 Frenchmen, 18 Indians, 10 Indian women and three Indian children.

From the mouth of the Arkansas river, through a country in which Spanish influence was felt and the natives were believed to be hostile, Tonty served as advance guard, and he, by a generous presentation of gifts and an impressive personality and manner, smoothed the way, so that no serious opposition to the progress of the expedition was encountered. The "passes" or outlets of the great river were attained the first week in April, 1682. The several mouths were explored, and also the coast for some distance east and west. On the eighth of April the party returned to a point above the passes, at about 29.25 degrees north latitude, and pitched camp on the right bank of the stream. At this point a cross was set up, and also a column, upon which was fastened an inscription reading:

Louis le Grand, Roy de France et de Navarre, regne le 9 Avril, 1682.

The *Te Deum* was sung and a salute of guns fired; after which Notary Metairie drew up the proces-verbal, reciting what had been done.

The explorers, having accomplished the great feat of tracing the big river from the upper reaches to its mouth, and claiming the whole valley for their king, returned to the Illinois country rejoicing. When winter came, rumors were heard that the king was not satisfied with LaSalle's performances, for ugly reports had been sent to France by LaSalle's enemies. These were followed by LaSalle's recall. Departing, the chief left Tonty in charge, instructing him to establish a strong fort on the Illinois river, selecting a lofty and isolated rock or cliff for the site. This fort, which Tonty built, was first known as

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Starved Rock, from an Indian tradition, but Tonty gave it the name of Fort Louis. The valley, however, was without population and yielded but small revenue. Tonty's first task was therefore to persuade the Illinois Indians to return to the valley. He made a visit to the west and was successful. This aroused the Iroquois and also the Senecas, and several attempts were made to drive the Illinois out of the valley again, but, with the help of the French, these were defeated.

In the meantime, LaSalle, on arrival at Paris, gave such an account of his achievement in exploring the Mississippi and in claiming the whole valley for the French king that his enemies were confounded. He was granted the renewed favor of the court and commissioned to form an exploring and colonizing expedition for the development of the newly discovered region bordering upon the Gulf of Mexico. LaSalle spoke also in behalf of his friend and lieutenant, Tonty, and obtained for him the position of governor of Fort Louis.

There followed from LaSalle's adventure the most dramatic experiences in Tonty's life; for LaSalle, having missed the mouth of the Mississippi on his way to found a colony in the valley, landed on the coast of Texas, where, after strenuous efforts to reach the Mississippi overland, he was set upon by some of his followers, who assassinated him, March 18, 1687, while on the banks of Trinity river. Not hearing from his chief after three years had passed, Tonty set out for the lower Mississippi country and explored the coast, making inquiries everywhere but learning nothing. Returning to his fort, he stood off several assaults of hostile English and Indians, and says the record, Tonty and his men saved the French in the valley from annihilation. September 14, 1687, a weary party of five of those who had been with LaSalle arrived at the fort, after long travel

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from the Texas coast. These refugees were aware that LaSalle was dead, but they concealed the fact from Tonty, saying they had to make their report first to the French king. They said LaSalle was well when they last saw him, and that he and others of the expedition were following after. Having recruited their strength at the fort, they passed on.

Tonty, whom Dr. Rowland in his *History of Mississippi*, describes as "brave, generous and faithful," waited long and anxiously in expectation that LaSalle and his companions would appear. Convinced at last that his chief must have been made captive by the Indians of the southwest, he set out in December, 1688, and travelled many miles back along the route by which the party of refugees had reported they had come; but found no trace of LaSalle and heard nothing. When he reached a point beyond Red river, where the refugees said they had parted with LaSalle, Tonty was forced to give up the search, his ammunition getting low, and some of his men having deserted him. This expedition consumed ten months and was very arduous. It speaks well of the determined purpose of the leader.

* * * *

Having now served his king for twenty years, Tonty returned to France and demanded recognition and some pecuniary reward, for he had been seven years without pay. He was recognized as the foremost French officer in knowledge of conditions in the valley, and he was sent back with the title of governor.

About two years after his return to Illinois he learned that the French were actually making a settlement at or near the mouth of the Mississippi, and were carrying out LaSalle's plan. He hurried, with twenty Canadians at his back, to give his support to the work.

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Tonty met Iberville January 2, 1700, while the founder of the French colony on the gulf coast was engaged in exploring the lower Mississippi in order to discover if that was the river LaSalle had claimed for the French king. Iberville had found a number of traces left by the earlier explorer, and when Tonty appeared he received from him personal assurance of the correctness of the conclusion that it was the river to which LaSalle had given the name of Colbert, in honor of his patron, the celebrated finance minister of France. Tonty joined Iberville in some further exploration up the Red River, and then, accompanied him to the capital of Louisiana, which, by Iberville's instruction, had been established by Bienville on Twenty-Seven mile Bluff. Tonty was assigned to a post of importance at Fort Louis de la Louisiane; became a valued assistant to Bienville, and had charge during Iberville's long absence in Europe.

In the autumn of 1704 there arrived at Mobile the ship Pelican, which had called at Santo Domingo, where the crew contracted the yellow fever. Half the crew died on the way, and on the ship's arrival at the colony the disease was communicated to the inhabitants, claiming many victims, among others 30 soldiers, several officers, a priest, and the great explorer, Henri de Tonty, who died September 6. His body was laid to rest in the little cemetery west of the fort, at the edge of the pine forest.

December 8, 1927

* * * *

Sometime after I had written my story of Henri de Tonty, he of the iron hand, whose body lies at the site of Fort Louis, on Twenty-Seven Mile Bluff—the belated idea came to me that, as Tonty was born in the town of Gaeta, Italy, there was possibly preserved there some information about him which had escaped the attention of our historians, and, also, that I might obtain

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from that source an authentic picture of the celebrated Italian explorer. Accordingly, I wrote to the mayor of Gaeta, expressing my wishes.

In middle November there arrived by post a formidable official envelope, buff in color and twelve by eight inches in area, bearing the arms and title of the Municipio of Gaeta, and conveying from the Commissario Prefettizio of Gaeta thirteen type-written pages relative to the said Tonty, and also, a photograph of a portrait of the explorer. The picture shows Tonty as a handsome young fellow, in military costume and wearing a sombrero hat, ornamented with a flowing cock's feather.

From this document it is learned that until very lately no one in Italy thought to look up the history of Lieutenant Tonty. the reason possibly being that the explorer had expatriated himself and had done all of his exploring under the French flag. Like Columbus, he had taken his talent to another market and conferred glory upon another land. And so it came to pass, as is confessed by the writer of the document sent me, that, "through shameful injustice, Tonti's name has been known to very few, and, to rescue his figure from undeserved oblivion, it has been necessary to struggle against a difficulty insurmountable for pertinent research, there being no publication in Italy about Enrico Tonti."

As shown by the memorial, Tonty's figure is now rescued and the story of his romantic adventures recorded, although, as I observe, not in as much detail as told in our English language publications, nor does it place adequate emphasis upon Tonty's self-sacrifice and devotion in behalf of LaSalle. It relates, however, a fact new to me, that Tonty founded the first colony in Arkansas, which colony was the seat of civilization west of the Mississippi until Arkansas became a state in 1821,

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and Little Rock was named as its capital. This colony, known as Arkansas Post, endured until military operations during our Civil war dispersed its inhabitants. The document further says that in recent times, that is to say, about the beginning of the present century, an Italian colony located in the northwestern part of Arkansas, and took the name of Tontitown, in honor of the great explorer. The colony engaged in fruit and vine growing, and was regarded in 1910 as of great value to Italy as offering a new home to Italians seeking refuge from Italy's overcrowded condition.

December 2, 1928

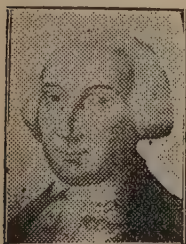
Note—Regarding the Italian settlement in Arkansas, and the later Italian colony of Tontitown, Mr. Dallas Herndon, secretary of the Arkansas History Commission, at Little Rock, writes to me, under date of November 27, saying:

"Arkansas Post was situated about 18 miles by the river above the mouth of the Arkansas, and so close to the margin of the river that much of the land that the village occupied is now in the river. It was on the north bank, and the site is now in Arkansas county. Your assumptions about its founding, etc., are correct.

"There is an Italian colony in Arkansas known as Tontitown. It is in Washington county, in the northwest corner of the state, almost due west of Springdale. The population is almost, if not wholly, Italian, and the mode of life of the people is a miniature of Italian rural life. The grapevine flourishes abundantly."

GALVEZ, THE BOY GENERAL

Although Mobile was next to the last of Southern cities to surrender in the war of 1861-65, having been under the Confederate flag for full four years, not a shot was fired upon the city by the enemy. Mobile became untenable for the Confederacy upon the fall of Spanish Fort and Fort Blakeley, on the eastern shore of Mobile bay, in Baldwin county, and the Confederates retired ere the Federal forces reached the city. On another, and



Galvez

earlier, occasion when an enemy had designs upon the place, the affair took on quite another aspect. On a bright February morning nearly 150 years ago, Mobilians awoke to find their streets and public places occupied by a hostile force, and the roar of cannon announced that Mobile's main defense, Fort Charlotte, was under fire. Fort Charlotte also was active, and the replies from that fortress added to the awful din

that broke upon the morning air. It may be taken for granted that the inhabitants were not slow in seeking safety in distance from the scene, abandoning their homes to whatever might happen in the course of the exchange of missiles. There was not much of a town to be abandoned, not more than 15 blocks being laid out and these not closely built upon. Joachim street was the western limit, St. Louis on the north and Monroe on the south. The fort was south of the center, close to the bank of the

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river. The fort, not the city, was the object of actual assault, for, in fact, the invading forces had occupied the city without meeting with any resistance. The fort was attacked from the north and west. The danger to houses in the city, therefore, was from the fort's guns, and not from the enemy's. For nine days the battle went forward with varying intensity, and in the end the fort capitulated and the Spanish flag was raised above its ramparts, to remain unquestioned for the next 33 years.

* * * *

In treating of an episode in the history of this southern region, and in fact, of any locality, it must be assumed that the persons addressed possess already a knowledge covering the routine history of the region; for otherwise, it would be necessary for the narrator to spend too much of his time and labor on the general field, leaving him too little with which to deliver satisfactorily the particular subject he has in mind.

For example, it is assumed that it is known that this gulf coast country was settled by the French and passed successively into the hands of the British and Spanish, and lastly and for good, to the Americans. The dates do not matter. It is enough for the purpose to say that of the three occupants, the Spanish came third, held for thirty-three years and left the least impression upon their time here.

It was fortunate that the French were the first, fortunate for the Americans, who were the last comers. At the end of the seventeenth century, after the peace of Ryswick, and the Europeans were at length at liberty to look after things away from home, the leading nations set out to make good their claims to territory in North America. The French under the adventurous Canadian officer, Chevalier d'Iberville, arrived first, and it was d'Iberville's young brother, Bienville, who actually rediscovered

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the great river, the Mississippi, that LaSalle, the French explorer, had found and lost 32 years before. What was more of value to the French, is that Bienville managed to hold on to it after he had discovered it.

About the year 1760, the shifting of politics in Europe had brought about a curious and paradoxical situation on the Gulf coast. The Spanish government had been awarded the French colony on the Mississippi and the British government had rule over the Spanish colony in Pensacola and the French colony in Mobile. At all times the colonies on the western continent were subject to this sort of shifting, according to the wishes or necessities of European monarchs and their governments. What was worse was that when the European governments fell out and went to war, the colonies became embroiled. Generally speaking, the actual fighting on this coast was done by professional soldiers, from Europe, but the damage done in war and the losses of life and property occasioned by armed invasion had to be borne by the colonists the same as if they had personal concern in the European quarrels. Sometimes the colonists were made victims of massacres, as happened twice in St. Augustine.

Accordingly, when in 1779, Spain and Great Britain went to war, it became the duty of the Spanish governor of Louisiana, stationed in New Orleans, to set out upon a campaign against the British possessions in the neighborhood.

The governor was Bernardo de Galvez, the personage now under consideration.

Don Bernardo was a gallant youth. At twenty-one he held the office of assistant governor of Louisiana, and at twenty-two succeeded to the governorship. Say, if you please, that he received this preferment because his father was viceroy of Mexico

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and had powerful influence in Spain, but it is a fact that young Galvez not only had the office but ornamented it. He was a dashing young fellow, who, already in Algiers, had seen some service; and has claim upon our attention because he was bold and self-reliant. He seems to have had a very small bump of reverence. Established things did not awe him; men were merely men, not demi-gods; he would ask the noblest and most highly reputed of them to show him proof before he would take him at the world's estimate. He formed his own opinion, and having formed it, stood to it, in spite of opposition. He did not jump to conclusions, however, but reasoned with a sagacity beyond his years. He looked a long way ahead to see if possible what would be the outcome. Two years after he reached the governorship, war broke out between England and Spain and at once he had his opportunity. He organized a force and with brilliant movement cleared the English from their posts near New Orleans, capturing first Fort Manchac, a key position, then Baton Rouge, and next Fort Panmure de Natchez.

These operations required the better part of the year, and then he prepared to move on Mobile and Pensacola, the chief seats of the English upon the Gulf coast. Galvez was deliberate, strengthening his forces with requisitions from Cuba, and coming to agreement with the captain-general of the island as to the conduct of the campaign. He sailed with 2,000 men and munitions early in 1780, making a landing on the western shore of Mobile bay, in the neighborhood of Dog river, and all along northward to Choctaw Point. He had had difficulties in the voyage and lost several of his vessels, but made up a part by capturing an English sloop at the entrance of the bay, said sloop being filled with war material.

Mobile had an English garrison of only 279 men, but was

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protected by a considerable fortification known as Fort Charlotte, armed with a number of guns. The English commandant at Pensacola, General Campbell, had refused to answer the call from Mobile for more troops. Either he thought he could not spare them, or he did not believe the Spanish force was as large as reported. So he had left Mobile practically defenseless, save for the customary garrison, and the fort above mentioned.

February 5, Galvez sent a courteous message to Governor Elias Durnford to surrender, and the officer who carried it was courteously received by Durnford, and handsomely entertained. The same day Campbell sent an expedition of 522 men toward Mobile, which force in five days reached the east bank of the Tensaw river, and set to work building rafts, upon which to float down to Mobile. The very day of their arrival at the river, the fate of the fort was sealed. The expedition from Pensacola came no farther. Hamilton's history, *Colonial Mobile*, says that Galvez planted six batteries to the west and north, and a battery just west of Conception and north of Government street, from which the main onslaught was made. On the tenth of February, a breach was made in the walls of the fort, and on the fourteenth, the garrison surrendered with the honors of war, the failure of the food supply hastening the decision; for there had been but few casualties, the list for the English reading, one killed and 11 wounded.

* * * *

Galvez established himself in Mobile, instituted a civil government to take charge in the name of Spain, and began his preparation for attack upon Pensacola. He was told that the English in that city were in such state that he would do well to proceed at once, and that there were British reinforcements already on the way to Pensacola, which he could anticipate; but

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he took his own counsel. He spent the winter in strengthening his forces, obtaining warships and troops from Cuba, and training his men for arduous service. It was in March 1781, before he was ready to move.

The expedition proceeded by sea to Pensacola. Arriving off the bar, the Spanish admiral saw that a considerable fleet of British vessels were in the bay. He doubted the expediency of trying the passage, where, if anything should happen to his ships, he would be at the mercy of the enemy. In any case the passage was hazardous on account of the shallowness of the water over the bar. The twenty-six-year-old Galvez, however, had no respect for any opinion of the sort. He told the admiral that he was going in, and the admiral could follow if he wished. So, off Galvez started in his schooner, without cannon, but resolute, and the admiral, to save his face, had to make sail after him.

It must have been quite lively in the bay for a time, as the British fleet and the forts offered active resistance; but Galvez made a landing the same day, and set about laying siege to the town, Pensacola capitulated in May, on the same generous terms granted in the case of Mobile, and the flag of Spain flew unchallenged on the whole of the gulf coast.

A few words will cover the remainder of the history of the hero of this story. In recognition of his achievements, both military and civil, young Galvez was ennobled and given the title of count, and also the rank of lieutenant-general of Spain, and in 1784, having attained to the age of twenty-nine years, he was appointed captain-general of Cuba. The year following a new and greater honor was bestowed, when he became the successor of his father in the office of viceroy of Mexico.

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In his new and larger field Galvez intended, no doubt, to prove his usefulness as in Louisiana and in Cuba, but his very activity was his undoing for when he had begun and partially completed the Castle of Chapultepec, near the city of Mexico, and instituted his government in viceregal style, his enemies charged that he intended to fortify himself and create an independent government in Mexico. The unfriendly accusation reached Spain and Galvez felt that the ground was being cut from under his feet. Possibly, the thought that his country was ungrateful broke his proud heart, for a sudden sickness carried him off, at thirty-one years of age, he having been viceroy less than a year's time. Undoubtedly, Galvez was a great man and historians record that he was one of the best administrators that Spain ever sent to America.

* * * *

The vignette heading this article shows Galvez at about 25 years of age, and dressed as the eighteenth century gentlemen were accustomed to be, and wearing a full-bottomed wig. His nose is large and prominent, and his lips and chin strong features. His expression is kindly. The picture is from an old print in possession of the Texas State Library, courteously supplied in photographic form by Miss Harriet Smither, state archivist. Miss Smither notes that Galvez, as governor of Louisiana, displayed much sympathy with the American colonists in their struggle with England, and aided them by sending arms and munitions up the Mississippi river for their use. No doubt his sympathy was of a mixed order, for his country was at war with England, but it was helpful in preventing the English plans for subjugation of this southern region.

May 23, 1926

THE OLD STREETS OF MOBILE

Mobile, as mapped in 1711 by Cheuillot, centered in a stockaded fortress located on the river front, one mile and one-half north of the mouth of Mobile river. The streets were laid off at right angles, and the blocks of uniform size, very exact and regular, and unFrench. Phelypeaux's map, dated 39 years later, shows that the original was departed from to the extent of making the streets roughly parallel to the river line, but, as a whole, the construction remained faithful to the right-angle lay-out. Royal street, however, has, as anyone will observe, a sinuosity of its own, and is slightly bow-shaped, convex toward the east. Conti, Dauphin and St. Francis streets also fall somewhat out of the straight line upon their approach to the river.

Mobile in 1750 was a very small place, mapped to St. Anthony on the north, Joachim on the west and Canal on the south; but much of this territory was unoccupied, especially northward. There was just one house north of what is now Bienville square. It stood where the State office building now stands on the north side of St. Joseph street, between St. Francis and St. Michael. There were hardly any dwellings west of Conception street, and but three south of Eslava.

In Phelypeaux's map a large, masonry and brick fort, after the Vauban style, is shown in place of the stockade first on the spot. A dotted line extending from the northeast bastion of the

Note—Much of the information in this article is from Judge Peter Joseph Hamilton's admirable history, *Colonial Mobile*. For the rest I am in part indebted to Mr. Francois Ludgere Diard.

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fort, encloses the first three blocks north of the fort, and is marked *Enceinte de Pallisade*. Within this enclosure are noted buildings belonging to the government, the commissary, etc.; but there are also private dwellings and business houses included. Vaudreuil mentions the "palisade" in 1748.

Along the river front the map shows a broad space, bearing the name of the "quay." This space now has the name of Royal street.

St. Joseph street, which in our days, inclines eastward, and would impinge upon the county court-house if it were prolonged into Government street, is shown on the map as parallel to Royal, and as running through to Government. At what time the route was changed, if, indeed, the street actually ever extended through, is not known.

Conti, on the map, is but one block long, from Royal to St. Emanuel, where it is barred off by a building of considerable size. A continuation, however, is found in the block to the south, starting as a mere alley or lane, but widening into a wedge-shaped place or court, faced at the western side by a building marked "sovager," which word Judge Hamilton, rightly, interprets as marking the council-house of the Indians or savages. A later map, that of 1765, locates the council-house at or near this locality. Facing the south side of the court is a small house, bearing the title, "haugard," which, very likely enough, reads "hangard," meaning a hanger or storage place, a stable. The passage, narrowing again along the northern wall of the council-house, emerges into Conception street; then taking on a width of a regular street, it reaches through to Joachim street. The whole of the irregularly shaped avenue, from St. Emanuel to Joachim street bears the name of Rue de Tournee. Hamilton thinks the name indicates the street of the "turn" or guard pa-

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trol. It may also be interpreted as the street detoured, or by-way street. This is the only street on the map given a name.

The French named the principal streets as follows: Running north and south: Royal, and next west, St. Charles; east and west streets: Conti, Dauphin and St. Francis. The Spaniards, when they came, changed St. Charles to St. Emanuel. The upper part of this street became St. Joseph street in 1808. To the Spaniards are attributed the names Conception and Joachim. The street we know as St. Michael, they called St. Jago. Dauphin street they changed to St. John and Conti to St. Peter. These names were replaced by the older ones under the American regime. St. Anthony is mentioned in 1800, possibly named by the Spaniards.

Government street is mentioned in a land grant dated 1788. In 1803 a deed describes a house as situated on the south side of Government street, "facing the fort." The name of the street was derived from the government house which was on that street, just east of Royal.

Conti street had its name in honor of Francis Louis, who called himself Prince de la Roche et Yon et Conti. He was the son of Armand, Prince de Conti, brother of the Great Conde.

Dauphin was named for Louis, son of Monseigneur, duc de Burgundy, and Annie Christine Victoria of Bavaria. In this association it may be mentioned that Dauphin Island, off the coast of Mobile county, first called Massacre island, was named Ile de la Dauphine in honor of Marie Adelaide of Savoy, daughter of the king of Sardinia, wife of Louis, the son of Monseigneur. Dauphin street dwindled into an Indian trail running northwest to the "portage" over Bayou Chateaugue, later known as Three-Mile creek. St. Stephens road of today crosses at or near the portage.

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Water, Commerce and Front streets are strictly American, having been created as streets by the dumping of Fort Charlotte debris into the marais or marsh in front of the city, and were given their names along in the twenties of the last century.

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The history of this gulf region is reflected in the local names, and most markedly in the names of Mobile's streets. It begins with the rule of the French king, memorialized in Royal, Dauphin and Conti. Next came the British, who left but one mark of their stay, unless, indeed, Government street was named by them. Their most noteworthy man was Governor Robert Farmer, and that region between One and Three-Mile creeks, bordering the river, is known to this day as Farmer's island. The state is building enormous slips, docks, wharves and warehouses there now. After the British came the Spaniards, who proceeded to do honor to their national saints by changing the names of the streets, and some of the names they put on have remained. The Americans followed, and, without altering what they found here, except to restore some of the French names, laid off, in due time, many new streets, giving them American names, such as Congress and State, or in honor of American heroes, Jackson, Scott, Wilkinson, or presidents, Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Monroe, Madison; and, seeing that there was considerable accretion of population from the east, men of business enterprise and often of capital, who came South to develop with the new country, the streets of a whole quarter when planned, were given New England names. Then came the Confederacy to leave its mark on the map, the loyal southern city government ordaining that Maine street should be Palmetto; Massachusetts, Charleston; New Hampshire, Augusta; Rhode Island, Savannah; Connecticut, Selma, and Vermont, Texas.

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For good measure, Stone street was changed to Davis avenue and Hunt street to Beauregard, while new streets were created to bear the names, Sumter and Manassas.

The war is long over, however, and with it sectional feeling, as was shown when, in appreciation of the sterling qualities of citizens of a far distant and Northern state who came to join their fortunes with those of Mobile, an important thoroughfare in the best quarter of the city was given the name Michigan avenue.

* * * *

The first cemetery was located on the north side of the fort plaza about at Conception street. The second was on the west side of what is now Jackson street, between Government and Dauphin, near which stood the parish church. When the town expanded, this property became valuable, and the proposal was made that there should be a public cemetery, far out, and that the existing cemetery be partitioned into building lots. The city contracted in 1819 with the Kennedy and Meslier families for an area of land south of Government and west of what is now Scott street, which was a region of pine forest and gallberry bushes, the nominal price of \$140 being paid, and this land was styled the "new burying ground." It came later to be known as the "Old Church Street Cemetery," the name it bears today. A part was assigned for the burial of Catholics and a part for Protestants, while a third part was for paupers; and the dead in the older cemeteries were exhumed and reburied in the new.

Silvain Mottus, who married the widow Catalina Espejo and was a man of means, conducted a tavern in 1793 on the river front, and had a wharf of his own, in competition with the king's wharf. Both wharves were at the foot of Government street, and reached across the marshy ground some 380 feet to

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the deep water of the river.

Miguel Eslava, the Spanish king's commissary, and notary, was a man of importance. His house occupied the square of ground just south of the fort which had formerly been for many years the home of *Sieur de Bienville*, the lieutenant of the French king and the founder of Mobile.

Phelypeaux's map (1750) records that there were in all Mobile 131 houses, 23 of which were owned and occupied by the government. Andrew Ellicott, who visited in 1799, after running the line marking the 31st parallel of latitude, made this note: "Some houses tolerably good, and for so small a place considerable trade."

* * * *

The streets of Mobile! The old streets of Mobile! How we have learned to love these dear old streets! These dear old houses that border these well-known streets; these aged trees that shade them; the moss-grown walls of time-stained brick; the old and often neglected garden plots; the iron grills and vine-clad galleries—all the repository of hallowed memories.

And what curious, even beautiful places! You would not see them unless they were pointed out; unsuspected nooks and corners, tunnels and caverns, out-of-the-way alleys and courts, strange turns and twists, and, in the summer evening, a haze that dims the outlines and covers the view with a patina as on old metal or the film on old ivory; and some places so silent and out of the world, that they pain while they enchant—all here in old Mobile and all glorified in some way by the tradition of old people and old events that hangs about them. The old people! Yes, that is it, the human element that makes it dear, and without which it would be all the same with Baalbec and Timgad.

May 15, 1927

INDIAN PERIOD

ALEXANDER MCGILLIVRAY

If a person takes his American history from the school books, which books, as likely as not, were written for the delectation of New England boys and girls, he will get quite a distorted picture of what happened, the picture being so heavily



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weighted "down East" that affairs of some importance that occurred elsewhere obtain comparatively little attention. How else could it be that a figure so heroic as that of Bienville, the pioneer, through whom eventually all the western part of the Continent was gained for the Union, comes off with five lines, or with no lines at all, in the school histories, whereas Israel Putnam, the Connecticut hero—and we say nothing against that worthy man and valiant general—gets a full page for crawling into a wolf's den and for riding horseback down a flight of steps in his haste to escape the pursuing enemy?

It is of common knowledge that when the Revolutionary War closed at Yorktown the American flag went up on this continent and everybody was happy ever after; but it is a fact, not so much emphasized in our histories, that then and for twenty-five years thereafter the colonies (the newly formed United States) had an enemy on their hands, whose presence marred their satisfaction and im-

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paired their liberty to do as they pleased in their own country. This enemy was Spain, whose territory bounded all the southern region, including the whole of Florida and the lower Mississippi, and extended northward to an undefined line, the position of which no one could point to with exactitude; and it was further a fact that in this no-man's land of indefinite border lived numerous Indians, mostly in the pay of the Spaniards, hostile to the colonists and to the United States, and resisting on their own account and at the instigation of Spain the advance of the white Saxons who believed that they had won in honorable war the right to the Far West, namely, to the Mississippi river.

It was a contest for supremacy between white peoples, with the Indians, like pawns, between, to be used by either side in promoting its success. It is into this situation the reader is invited to enter and to observe the course of one of the Indian tribes when subjected to these opposing forces; and, particularly, the conduct of the tribe's leader in a time of great difficulty and danger, when the tribal land was the prize for which the invaders were contending, and the problem the Indians had to solve was how to preserve their status of independence and save themselves and property from the impending disaster.

Early in the eighteenth century there came to America a Scotch youth, named Lachlan McGillivray. He was of good parentage and his people were well-to-do but, being of adventurous spirit, he had run away to see the world. Landing at Charleston, McGillivray soon found employment as teamster in a trading expedition and so reached the heart of the debatable region, on the banks of the Chattahoochee river. As the reward for his service, his employer gave him a jack-knife, and the knife he exchanged with the Indians for two or three deer skins. These skins he sold in Charleston on his return. With the pro-

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ceeds as his capital, he launched out in the business of Indian trader, and in a short time found himself on the Coosa river, near Fort Toulouse, which fort Bienville had established for the protection of the French colony at Mobile. An officer who had been in command at the fort was Captain Marchand, who later was killed by his own men. Marchand had married an Indian woman, the princess of the Wind tribe of the Muscogee Indians, or Creeks, as the English called them. He had by her a daughter, named Sehoy, who, at the time of McGillivray's arrival in the neighborhood of the Hickory Ground, where she lived, was a beautiful girl of sixteen years, and the princess of the tribe as her mother had been. The handsome, young and successful trader soon succeeded in making the girl his wife. He established himself at little Tallassee, four miles above Wetumpka, where he amassed a fortune and reared a large family; owned two plantations, many slaves, and operated a considerable store in Mobile. His wife bore him five children: Sehoy, Alexander, Sophia, Jeanett and Elizabeth. Of Lachlan it is unnecessary to say more than that, when war between the American colonies and the Mother Country broke out, he sided with the English, was forced to leave, and all he had was confiscated. The remainder of his life was passed at Dunmaglass, Scotland, with his people.

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Alexander McGillivray, son of Lachlan, was put to school in Charleston at the age of fourteen years and later was entered in a counting-house there, but, as he had a dislike for commerce, his father placed him under the tutorship of a learned man, of his own name, but no kin, and Alexander became quite a scholar in English, Latin and Greek. As soon as he was grown, he felt the call of the wild, and the desire to return to be with his

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sisters and other relatives on the Coosa. Thereafter, the first heard of him was at the age of thirty, when he presided at a grand council of his nation at Coweta on the Chattahoochee. As he had become a man of influence, his favor was sought by the British officer or agent, Colonel John Tate, stationed on the Coosa, who conferred upon him the rank of a British colonel. Tate became further allied with him by marriage with his sister, Sehoy.

The Spanish governor of Pensacola also courted his influence, and had little difficulty in inducing him to sign a treaty with Spain, McGillivray personally resenting the treatment the Georgians had given his father; also he sought from Spain more assurance against the further encroachment of the Americans upon the Creek lands. In 1785, at Augusta, a treaty between the Southern Creeks and the Americans had been negotiated, alienating certain lands, without the consent of the Northern Creeks, of whom McGillivray was the emperor or chief, and the Georgians were claiming these lands and forcibly taking possession of them. This was the main reason for his siding with the Spanish; but he appears to have recognized that the Americans were the stronger party, for, as early as 1789, he wrote to William Panton, his partner, that he looked upon the United States as "our most natural ally," adding that, if Congress would form a government southward of the Altamaha, he would be the first to take the oath of allegiance.

In the summer of that year the Washington government sought to reach a treaty with the Northern Creeks, but it failed because the commissioners made no offer of compensation for what the Indians were asked to surrender, but merely gave them assurance of safety for the future. McGillivray and his three thousand warriors withdrew in disgust.

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A year later there appeared as a visitor to McGillivray, Marinus Willett, a former mayor of New York, who disclosed that he had been sent as special agent by President Washington to invite the Creeks to a peace conference in New York City. McGillivray decided to accept the invitation.

Attended by his nephews, David Tate and Lachlan Durant, and by 24 chiefs, and by his servants, Paro and Jonah, McGillivray set out for New York, passing Stone Mountain, where he was joined by the Coweta and Cusseta chiefs. Going through South Carolina, and entertained on the way by General Andrew Pickens, he added the Tallassee king to his train; and came at length to Philadelphia, where the entertainment lasted three days. Thence the embassy went by sloop to New York, the city in which congress was in session and the president in residence. The visitors were welcomed by the Tammany Society, all the members being dressed as Indians, in buckskin shirts and leggings, and carrying tomahawks and scalping knives. The visitors were much pleased with the compliment paid them in this manner. A banquet was given at the City Tavern, at which Governor George Clinton presided, and among the assisting guests were Thomas Jefferson, the secretary of state, John Jay, chief justice, and James Duane, the mayor. The following day the delegation went in solemn state to call on the president.

Henry Knox was appointed to negotiate with the chiefs of the Creeks and the Seminoles, and a treaty was drawn up and signed, binding the Indians not to make any treaty with another nation; to return all property taken from the whites in war; and to accept the Oconee boundary, according to the 1785 treaty, the United States becoming bound to respect the Creek nation and its landed rights as long as water runs, etc. By another and secret treaty, the commerce of the Creek nation was to have free

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passage through American ports, and to pass through such ports only, this provision to go into effect in two years; and the chiefs were to be paid annually \$100 and to receive medals, while McGillivray should serve as agent of the United States, with the rank of brigadier-general and the pay of \$1,200 per annum. Further, the United States would undertake to feed, clothe and educate Creek youths, not to exceed four at a time.

McGillivray accepted these terms from the increasingly powerful Americans, but he had reason to doubt whether they would be acceptable at home. In fact, he did not obtain such approval, for the general feeling among the Creeks was that too much had been surrendered. We find him writing to explain to the secretary of war that this was the situation, and to remind the secretary that he, McGillivray, had raised objection to the fixing of the south fork of the Oconee as the boundary, and had candidly told him that he could not pledge himself to get the treaty confirmed. The Spaniards, he said, were busy with the Indians, inducing them to disregard the treaty obligations and to resist the efforts of the Georgians to get possession of the lands.

The record shows that the Spaniards did not confine their attention to the tribesmen, but approached McGillivray himself, appointing him superintendent-general of the Creek Nation, and fixing his compensation at \$2,000 per annum, afterwards increased to \$3,500. McGillivray's acceptance of this position and pay while holding a title and receiving pay from the United States, is something that has not been satisfactorily explained, though it is known that he had little compunction in such matters, having confided to his friend and partner, Panton, that he did not see that anyone had the right to object to his taking from the Grand Turk, or any other power, whatever was offered,

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provided said power was not at war with Spain; for "we are free people and mean to continue so." This may be interpreted that, as the Creeks were a free people, it was nobody's business what they did. Pickett says he wishes he could defend McGillivray's conduct, but with good conscience he could not. "It was eminent for treachery, intrigue and self-aggrandisement." Pickett characterizes McGillivray as the "Talleyrand of Alabama."

All that can be said in extenuation is that McGillivray was in a very difficult position, hemmed in by aggressive forces, and that he was an Indian, half-breed it is true, and part Scotch and part French, but living under, and controlled by Indian custom and method. He is not to be judged altogether by white-man's law. From our point of view he was a schemer, false in making a treaty with the United States while under treaty with Spain, and false in continuing in relations with Spain after signing a treaty of exclusive friendship with the United States; but from the Indian, he may possibly be regarded as a patriot, working solely for his people. One thing may be said for him, namely, that when he found the treaty with the United States was not fulfilled by his nation, the situation was much as it had before been, *vis a vis* Spain; and to continue in relations with Spain may have appeared the wisest thing he could do. Writing to Panton, he himself said that his attention was wholly occupied with his people. Another thing is that he used the money paid him for his people rather than for himself, as is shown by what Pickett says of his liberality to all. He kept open house, much after the fashion of his Scotch ancestors, and every comer was welcome at his table. In the end he left but small patrimony, as compared with what he had possessed, for he had been a very rich man, in plantations, in slaves and in trading property; was a silent partner of the firm of Panton,

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Leslie & Company, with stores in Pensacola, Mobile, St. Marks, Chickasaw Bluff, and elsewhere. The noted Forbes was also a partner.

In 1792 General McGillivray moved to Little River, on the boundary between Baldwin and Monroe counties, where lived many wealthy people of mixed white and Indian blood. He owned a trading house at Manchac, and often visited New Orleans, where he was highly respected. Mention is made that Governor Carondelet entertained him at dinner. On returning from one of these visits to the Crescent City he was taken with a violent fever. Panton writing April 10, 1794, says that McGillivray died February 17, 1793, of inflamed lungs and stomach troubles, and breathed his last in his arms. Panton says in the letter that it was McGillivray's leadership that enabled him to establish his business upon a solid basis. McGillivray left a son, Alexander, and two daughters.

The general was interred with Masonic honors in the garden of Panton's home in Pensacola. His death was deeply regretted by the Indians everywhere. He had been their pride; a real leader, who had elevated the nation and had stood bravely for their rights.

McGillivray was six feet tall, remarkably erect, with lofty brow, and flashing eyes. He was handsome, sagacious, polite, liberal, not given to much speech, prompt in action, and charitable in word and deed. Universally it was said that he had great charm of manner.

February 26, 1928

JOHN FORBES & COMPANY

When the business firm of Panton, Leslie & Company is mentioned as the first here in Mobile, it is not to be understood that the firm was actually the first, but the first of note, the first to get its name on the front page of the early day. In the language of our own time, the members would be spoken of as the merchant princes of Mobile; they were capitalists and bankers, and possessed no little skill in diplomacy.

There were merchants here at the very beginning of the colony, and the colony itself was a mercantile adventure, the king of France being its backer and capitalist, with a large number of his favorite courtiers as stockholders, the belief being held that immense riches here only awaited development to pour themselves into the strong boxes of the investors. The king's lieutenant was the manager of the enterprise, that is to say, the merchant. It was the lieutenant's duty to make the business pay, and if he failed, which usually happened, the king felt justified in looking around for an abler man, if he could be found, or, as the last resort, letting out the whole premises to a contractor. The last is what happened twice in the case of Mobile; for the colony, after the king's lieutenant did not succeed in conducting the business with the expected profit, passed first into the hands of Crozat, and then of John Law, both of whom promised great things, and one achieved an international notoriety as a boom nurser, only to blow up with a report heard around the world.

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The Royal interest in colonial trade kept the Mobile colony alive when, if it had been left to its own efforts, it would have certainly died, but, at the same time, the royal monopoly was a complete damper upon individual enterprise. The colonists could go only as fast as the sovereign permitted, or his resources justified; and, when the resources gave out or were cramped, the affair lagged heavily. For this reason there was no great advance here in the French times.

What happened under the British regime is mentioned in Rowland's *Mississippi*, Volume I, page 269, saying: "The vast territory was unoccupied and the Indians still had possession of the interior. With the exception of a few settlers who went above the McIntosh bluff, the Choctaws held the vast stretch between the Tombigbee and the Mississippi, with the Creeks to the east. These engaged at that period in friendly intercourse with the English and purchased goods and supplies from Pensacola and Mobile, through McGillivray and Strothers, and Panton, Leslie & Company, both carrying on a thriving business."

Hamilton's *Under Five Flags*, page 180, says that the leading house in the Indian trade was that of Swanson and McGillivray, associated with the British house of Mather and Strothers, which lasted until Spanish times. Yet, another English concern was that of Turnbull and Joyce.

In general, trade consisted in an exchange between the colony and the natives of the country of those articles each party wanted but did not produce: From the Indians, indigo, hides, furs, corn, cattle, tallow, pitch, tar, bear's oil, tobacco, myrtle wax, salted wild beef, sassafras, canes and fruits; and from the whites, weapons, gunpowder, tools, cloths, colors, liquor, and trinkets.

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Under the Spanish government, which followed the British, much was done to encourage commerce with the Indians and grants were conferred upon individual colonists, with the view of building up self-sustaining enterprises. Hamilton says the traders' caravans moved everywhere in the interior, making advances to the Indians, and receiving in return skins and other goods, and the merchants were for many purposes the agents of the Spanish government.

* * * *

William Panton was a Scotch immigrant to the Carolinas, who, not being able to agree with the South Carolinian patriots in the matter of seeking independence from England, was glad to get away with the loss of his property only, the same being confiscated and the proceeds devoted to the support of the cause of freedom. Panton took refuge in St. Mary's where he started merchandizing, and with such success that he was able to branch out, and have a store at St. Johns, another at St. Marks, then one at St. Augustine, and the largest of all at Pensacola. He traded, and had his agent, on the bluff overlooking the Mississippi river, at or near the site of the present city of Memphis, Tennessee. As early as 1792 he came to Mobile, with the firm name of Panton, Leslie & Company. Hamilton says he may have operated even before that date, but was not a landowner here. The "company" part of the firm was at least as important to the success of the operations as were the persons whose names appeared in the title. Two "silent partners" composed the "company," one being John Forbes and the other that powerful half-breed Creek chief and statesman, Alexander McGillivray, the last named being the intermediary and control in the trading over the vast interior territory inhabited by the Creek Indians.

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Panton, Leslie & Company played a great part in influencing the Indians and in building up trade, and this was done by employing the chiefs as agents, and by the giving of gifts and conferring annuities. McGillivray, for example, was made a colonel by the Spanish governor, with the emolument going with that office, and, later, when he went over to the other side, the Americans made him a general, and settled on payment of \$1,200 a year, with \$100 a year to his several sub-chiefs, and also other perquisites. For a time, McGillivray received pay from both sides in the trade battle. Panton, Leslie & Company kept open house for visiting chiefs and all traders, something after the style described by Scott as prevailing in the Scottish highlands, in the homes of the Scottish chiefs. It is probable that from his native land Panton got the idea of inviting all hands to his table. The expense was enormous, and was one of the big items reported when the condition of the concern came to be inquired into.

Panton, Leslie & Company did a large business for a number of years just prior to the opening of the nineteenth century. The firm traded with the Choctaws, Chickasaws, the Creeks and even with the distant Cherokees. A statement published showed something like \$400,000 invested. In Mobile the stock was worth \$50,000 and the firm, in its several branches, employed 15 clerks, operated the same number of schooners, and had an unnamed number of purchasing agents in the interior.

These figures were brought out in the efforts to settle the claims of the firm against the Spanish government, but it is not clear what took place, except, as Hamilton relates, the firm lost money after the death of McGillivray, and, in consequence, Panton and Leslie withdrew, and John and James Innerarity took their places in the partnership. James Innerarity became the

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local manager, under the eye of John Forbes, who had general charge, and, as Ellicott reports, was resident of Mobile.

* * * *

Forbes had long been with the firm, but how long is not known. His name appears in witnessing a deed, June 12, 1792, Mobile records. In 1795 he was owner of certain cabins on St. Charles (now St. Joseph) street, "on the corner" which Hamilton takes to mean the corner of St. Francis. It was in 1793 that Forbes testified to his name, his age of 24 years, and his membership in the firm of Pantou, Leslie & Company. In this record he is styled the "*Ingles de Tinsa*," but he was of much broader horizon than the title indicates. No pent-up Tensaw contracted his powers, he who 'dealt as far as New Providence and Cuba.

John Forbes was the son of James and Sarah Forbes, and was native of Scotland. The trading firm appears to have been founded in Pensacola in 1785. The name remained unchanged until the death of Pantou in 1804, when it became John Forbes & Company. It was this company that was the first to develop the batture in front of the city. Parallel to the shore, at a distance of three hundred and odd feet, was a shell reef, and between the reef and the shore was marsh, covered with water at high tide. The firm, which owned 140 feet of frontage, east side of Royal, next to the king's wharf, at the foot of Government street, petitioned in 1795 for a part of this batture, offering to fill in the marsh and make it solid out to the shellbank. Three years after the permission was given, the work was done. Other riparian owners followed the example, and thus Water street came into existence, and, eventually Commerce and Front streets and the wharves.

John Forbes & Company owned land in the present Bienville

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square, at the corner of St. Francis and St. Joseph streets, on which were buildings for stores, and known as "skin houses." The firm had its principal business in a large, rambling, wooden establishment on the west side of Royal street, extending from the south line of the present federal building to about the north line of the old bank, quite across the existing thoroughfare of St. Francis, that street not having been opened at that time. This establishment reached through to St. Joseph street. Among other Forbes properties was a store house, southeast Royal and Dauphin, and a lot on St. Joseph, east side, extending to St. Louis. Mention is made of a "plantation" in Orange Grove owned by Forbes, said to be reached by a trail that began where St. Charles street left off; also the firm owned part of the Choctaw Point tract.

November 9, 1811, John Forbes & Company sold out to William Simpson, of New Orleans, the price paid being \$35,000, but it is said the transaction was merely for safe-guarding the Forbes interests, Forbes not knowing what would happen if the Americans made good their claim to possession of the city. Nothing appears to have happened to him, however, and Forbes continued in business here. We hear of him in 1814 as engaged with Lewis Judson in laying off Water street, 50 feet wide, with a barrier of squared timber protecting the water side. The fact that squared timber cost $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents a foot is carefully noted in the record.

Forbes spent the latter part of his life in Matanzas, Cuba. A copy of his curiously-worded will is on file in the Mobile Probate Court.

October 7, 1928

FORT STODDERT

One hundred and twenty-seven years ago, May 5, 1799, a force of men from the Second United States Infantry, under Lieut. John McClary, took possession of St. Stephens, on the Bigbee river, and the Spanish commander and his troops moved south beyond the 31st degree of latitude which Andrew Ellcott had just finished surveying, the line which marked the boundary between the territory of the United States and that of his majesty, the king of Spain.

In July following, Captain Bartholomew Shaumburgh, with two companies of the same regiment, arrived at St. Stephens from Natchez. He proceeded at once to establish a military post below the confluence of the Bigbee and Alabama rivers, nearer the boundary than St. Stephens. This post he named Fort Stoddert. Historian Pickett says the fort consisted of one bastion and a stockade.

The place chosen for the post was not at the line, but near it. It was at the first suitable spot south of the junction of the two rivers. Below the junction, the Mobile river flows through a delta region, thickly overgrown with vegetation and trees of many sorts. The river meanders about in this flat, splits into many sidings and branches, the whole area being a net-work of water courses. The banks are low and swampy. Here and there on the right bank, however, are outcroppings of the neighboring hills, which outcroppings, although of no great height above the river, are styled "bluffs;" namely, Twenty-one-

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Mile Bluff, Twenty-seven-Mile Bluff, Twenty-eight-Mile, Twenty-nine-Mile, etc.

The site of the fort was at and on what was known as Ward's Bluff, and elevated some 20 feet above tide level. The hillock was crowned with beautiful live-oak trees. The fort was not precisely on the river, but on an old bed or branch of the river, known as David's lake, and which empties into the river about an eighth of a mile east of the fort. A circumstance favoring the choice of that situation was that it was at the head of sloop navigation, and, also, within the lake was dead water, and watercraft could there be protected from the river current, which in flood was known to be strong. The post was established for the purpose principally of affording protection to the eastern frontier of Mississippi territory, where the Creek Indians were hostile and causing the American settlers much trouble.

The fort having been established, a garrison was stationed there, which, in 1812, as Josiah Blakeley relates, consisted of 500 officers and men. Fort Stoddert was a customs port also. The collector's duty was to collect, but there is no information whether or not he collected an additional duty on imports after the Spaniards had taken in $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. ad valorem, as was their custom in Mobile. It is made clear, however, that the cost of goods brought up the river route came high. Hamilton records that a \$4 barrel of Kentucky flour at Natchez cost \$16 by the time it reached the planters on the Bigbee.

* * * *

On Christmas morning, 1800, Captain Shaumburgh had risen early and was mixing a bowl of egg-nog when the voices of approaching visitors were heard. The night before there had been merry-making at old Sam Mims' home across the river, and

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at the conclusion of the festivity, Daniel Johnston and Elizabeth Linder decided that the hour had struck and that they should be married at once, before Elizabeth's parents could have time to file an objection. Accordingly, accompanied by a number of the younger people, they entered skiffs and paddled down Lake Tensaw to the river, and arrived at the fort just after daybreak. When their purpose was made known, Captain. Shaumburgh declared he knew nothing about such business as marrying people. He was persuaded, however, when it was argued that he was there as the general protector and regulator of affairs, and that the marriage was something the couple were bent upon. The ritual the captain employed was unique. He stood the young man and woman up before him and made this brief but effective address.

"I, Captain Shaumburgh, of the Second Infantry of the United States Army and commandant at Fort Stoddert, do hereby pronounce you man and wife. Go home! Behave yourselves—multiply and replenish the Tensaw country!"

It was long said that this was the best married couple in the whole delta region.

* * * *

It was to Fort Stoddert, on the night of February 18, 1807, that Colonel Nicholas Perkins, who had recognized Colonel Aaron Burr at Wakefield Tavern, near the Bigbee, in Washington county, hastened in a canoe from Nannahubba Bluff. Arriving at the fort, he told his news to Captain Edmund Pendleton Gaines in command there. Burr, he said, was traveling secretly through the country, hoping to escape into Florida. A reward of \$2,000 had been offered for his arrest. Captain Gaines set out with a file of soldiers and with Colonel Perkins, and the party soon came up with Burr and a companion in the

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road, Burr being on his way, after staying the night at Hinton's near the Bigbee.

The Rev. Dr. James M. Glenn, of Atmore, in a recent article upon Fort Stoddert and vicinity, printed in *The Register*, July 8, was particular to locate the place of the capture of Burr. Some writers have said the capture was effected at Hinton's home, where Burr had passed the night. Dr. Glenn says that it occurred at McIntosh, which is about seven miles north of Calvert. Cornelius Raine had his home on the road Burr was traveling in his effort to escape into Florida. The house was within 300 yards of the place of capture.

There is now, at that place, says Dr. Glenn, a house, which was built later, owned by Mrs. Hooks, the widow of the late Fletcher Hooks. From Mr. Zeno Orso, Dr. Glenn learned that Cornelius Raine had shown Orso the spot, which Orso explained was on the south side of a small wet-weather branch and on the rise of a small incline as the road passes in front of the Methodist church, the church standing about one hundred yards distant. There is now a new road (highway) there which bears somewhat to the left of the former road in front of the church.

Having arrested Burr, in the road, Captain Gaines took him as prisoner to Fort Stoddert, and there Burr remained several weeks while Gaines was arranging for his transfer east.

The time passed pleasantly enough at the fort. Burr was not the person to sulk. He had made his formal protest against arrest and had warned Captain Gaines that he was committing a blunder. After that he dismissed the matter, and sought to make himself agreeable. He was well treated and became good company. He spent some of his hours at chess with Mrs. Gaines, the daughter of Judge Harry Toulmin, and in conversation with the captain's brother, George S. Gaines, the Indian factor, Burr

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showing much interest in learning of the Indians and their ways.

To this same locality came, in 1813, Edward Steadham, one of the very few persons who escaped death in the fearful massacre at Fort Mims. Leaping from the bastion at Fort Mims, and suffering a wound as he fell among the Indians crouching there, he fled to the swamp, swam the river above the cut-off, and made his way down, arriving with his terrible news four days after the disaster.

* * * *

The available record does not give the date of the abandonment of Fort Stoddert. The fort ceased to figure in 1811, when Mt. Vernon, two miles west, grew in importance. During the Creek war, Mt. Vernon was General Claiborne's headquarters and the rendezvous for all troops coming from Mississippi territory. The building of an arsenal at that point was authorized in 1828. Whatever was of permanent value on the site of the fort was moved to Mt. Vernon post or to Mobile.

The fort has been gone a long time, and little remains to tell the tale except a few scraps of history and the tradition of its location. The writer visited the site a few Sundays ago.

There is a fine gravelled road out from Mt. Vernon station to the Mobile River Lumber company's mill property on David's Lake. The seeker of the site of the old fort does not follow this fine road quite to the mill, but turns off to the right, through a gate and some cultivated ground, until he comes to a hummock by the lake-side, with a house and some trees. Inquiry at the house brings the answer that "the fort is right over there," and that it is indicated by a pile of brick. A colored woman volunteers to show the way through the tall grass and the weeds, but upon arriving at the spot it is found that the grass is so thick

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and so matted that the bricks, if there, are not visible. Fortunately, at a little distance, a few yards away, is a bit of plowed land, and there the plow had turned up pieces of brick. A piece is chosen for a memento, and possibly is to be regarded as an actual relic of historic Fort Stoddert. The locality pointed out agrees with the mark of the site of the fort on the soil map of Mobile county. It commands a fine view of the lake and also of the river.

Old residents report that the fort stood just back of the government wharf and warehouse, and situated to the south was the Mt. Vernon (Cooper) warehouse. In 1889-90 this warehouse was in charge of Mrs. Mollie Beasley, daughter of John Cooper, who settled in Mt. Vernon in 1858, and was a government clerk, having charge of the Barracks on Mt. Vernon hill. Mrs. Beasley resides now at Mt. Vernon.

Fort Stoddert is now nothing more than a name, and even the name has become uncertain in its spelling. Pickett writes it "Stoddart," while Brewer does the same, and some writers have presented it as "Stoddard." Hamilton says that the spelling "'Stoddert' is official." It is worth while to explain, as I learn from the *Cyclopædia of American Biography*, that Benjamin Stoddert, in whose honor the fort was named, was a distinguished man and patriot, and the father of the American navy. He was admired by the army for his gallant conduct at the battle of Brandywine, where he was wounded, and incapacitated for further service in the field. He was major of cavalry at the time. Thence onward until the end of the Revolutionary war he was a member of the board of war, and gave wise counsel and direction. He was commissioned secretary of the navy by President Adams in 1801. Having been a successful merchant, he encouraged American shipping, and was very useful in this

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work during the early years of the republic. For a time, while secretary of the navy, he performed the duties of secretary of war. He died in 1813.

* * * *

Fort Stoddert deserves a monument, as it was the pioneer military post in the south built by the Americans, and held the frontier which might easily have been alienated from American control; and also it bore the name of an honest, capable, courageous and serviceable citizen and soldier of the republic.

October 24, 1926

Note—Bartholomew Shaumburgh's military record: Sergeant major: commissary military stores, Sept. 1, 1790; ensign, First Infantry, March 4, 1791; Lieutenant, March, 1792; captain, June, 1794; aide-de-camp to Gen. Wilkinson, 1796; in Second Infantry, November, 1796, quartermaster, same month and year; disbanded, June 1, 1802; sutler, Fort Adams, Mississippi, April, 1803; deputy quartermaster general, May 15, 1812; asst. paymaster, April 22, 1815; disbanded in 1817. Died in New Orleans, December 8, 1835.

THE FORT MIMS MASSACRE

When one has his house done over, and everything in it has to be moved in and out and about, and back again, it is astonishing how many forgotten trifles are discovered and brought to notice, trifles that never had any use, perhaps, but were carefully stored away under the idea that they might at some future day be of service.

In a few instances, of course, things of some use and value come to light under such circumstances. My own recent experience was to find an old, much-broken and mutilated "history" of the Indian wars, by Henry Trumbull, of Connecticut, published in 1819, and bearing a formidable title, reading: *History of the Discovery of America, of the Landing of our Forefathers at Plymouth, and of the most Remarkable Engagements with the Indians in New England, to Which is annexed the Particulars of almost every important engagement with the Savages to the Westward to the Present Day; Including the Defeat of Generals Braddock, Harmer and St. Clair by the Indians of the Westward*,—(the rest of the title page is missing, but relates, no doubt, to the events of the Creek war which are found recorded in the course of the volume).

This battered old book, which falls into three pieces in the hands, has a frontispiece, crudely designed and printed in colors, purporting to show the battle of Moravian Town, which took place October 5, 1812. The American cavalry are seen retreating to a swamp, while the Indians, drawn up in files under

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Tecumseh's discipline and leadership, riddle them cruelly with arrows, and a burly savage, in the foreground, with a cheerful smile on his face, scalps a wounded or dead drummer of the American infantry.

Of interest to Alabamians and Mississippians, and particularly to Mobilians, is the story the book tells of the Massacre at Fort Mims, a frontier post in upper Baldwin county, the interest deepened by the fact that it is told in the words of Judge Harry Toulmin, the first United States judge in the Bigbee district, the grandfather of the late Judge Harry Toulmin, of Mobile. The account bears date of September 7, 1813, and reflects the feelings of the border people, horrified by the unprecedented barbarity perpetrated in their neighborhood. The information conveyed, except in minor particulars, is to be found elsewhere in many histories, but, coming from a contemporary, and written at a time when the whole district was almost paralyzed with fear, it has a peculiar appeal even at this late day. Judge Toulmin was then living in the country, near Fort Stoddert, and was, therefore, upon the very frontier where the massacre took place. He might himself have been a victim of Indian outrage of like character. In his letter he says:

"The dreaded catastrophe which we have been for some time anticipating has at length taken place. The Indians have broken in upon us, in numbers and fury unexampled. Our settlement is overrun and our country, I fear, is on the eve of being depopulated. The accounts which we received led us to expect an attack about the full moon of August or September, and it was known at Pensacola, when the ammunition was given to the Indians who were to be the leaders of the respective parties destined to make the attack."

The judge explains that the Indians had been supplied in

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Pensacola at the suggestion of a British general, but, as soon as the action became known to the settlers, efforts were made to get the ammunition away. In this the settlers were reported successful, but they were only partially so. Also, there had been rains which delayed the proceedings, until "in consequence of the delay, our citizens began to grow careless and confident, and several families who had removed from Tensaw to Fort Stoddert returned again, and fell a sacrifice to the merciless savages.

"Our whole plan was erroneous," continues the judge. "It was adopted by the citizens under an imperfect view of their danger. I suppose there must have been twenty forts erected on the two sides of the river, between Fort Stoddert and the upper settlements, a distance of about 70 miles, which, in a country so thinly settled as ours, could not be defended even if they had been better constructed.

"About the 20th of August intelligence was communicated to us by the Choctaw Indians that in eight or ten days an attack would be made by distinct bodies of Creeks on Mims' fort in the Tensaw settlement, which is on the west side of the Alabama, nearly opposite Fort Stoddert; on the forts in the forks of the Tombigby and Alabama; on Easley's fort, near the Choctaw line on the Tombigby, and, finally on the fort and United States trading-house at H. Hopkins'. Fort Mims, however, where the greater number of families and property collected, seems to have been the sole object of attack in that quarter."

The judge further explains that a few days before the attack reports came to the fort that Indians had been seen a short distance up the Alabama; next that a trail of a considerable body of Indians had been discovered near the fort. On Sunday morning, negroes attending cattle returned saying they had seen 20 Indians. Scouts were sent out, and nothing was found, and one

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of the negroes was whipped for bringing in a false report. On the next day, again seeing Indians, this negro made off to Pierce's fort, fearing he would be whipped if he reported at Fort Mims. It appears from the judge's account, and from other records, that the white people were well persuaded that they had only to congregate, and that the Indians would be afraid to come near them. They did not use even ordinary precautions. It may be that the presence of the Mississippi territorial soldiers inspired them with this confidence; but the soldiers themselves were fatally lax in performance of their duty, though when the attack came they fought with admirable courage and even heroism. To continue the judge's story:

"The gate was open. The Indians had to come through an open field 150 yards wide before they could reach the fort, and yet they were within 30 steps of the fort at 11 in the morning before they were noticed. The sentry then gave the cry of 'Indians!' and the Indians immediately set up a most terrible war-whoop, and rushed into the gate with inconceivable rapidity, and got within it before the people had an opportunity of shutting it. This decided their fate. Major Beasley was shot through the body near the gate. He called to the men to care for the ammunition and to retreat to the house. He went himself to a kitchen, where it is supposed he must have burnt."

The fort was originally square. Major Beasley, when he arrived, enlarged the eastern end, by an addition which made the fort oblong, and by a smaller extension of the western end; but left the original pickets standing. When the Indians gained the eastern inclosure, they drove the defenders into the inner square, and themselves used the inner line of pickets, firing through the port-holes upon the people in the interior. The Americans, says Judge Toulmin, sustained the attack with un-

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daunted courage. They stationed themselves behind the pickets at the opposite side of the square, and fired upon the Indians wherever in sight. Some of the Indians got upon the blockhouse at one of the corners. They were dislodged, but not before they had succeeded in setting fire to a house near the pickets, which fire spread to the main dwelling.

“When the people in the fort saw that the Indians retained full possession of the outer court, and, and the gate continued open, while our men fell very fast, and the houses were in flames, they began to despond. Some determined to cut their way through the pickets and escape. Of the whole number of white men and half-breeds in the fort it is not supposed that more than 25 or 30 escaped, and of these many were wounded. The rest, and almost all the women and children, fell a sacrifice, either to the arms of the Indians or to the flames. The battle terminated about an hour after sunset. The women and children took refuge in the upper story of the dwelling-house, and it is said that the Indians, when the buildings were in flames, danced around with savage delight. The helpless victims perished in the flames.”

Seeing that they were overpowered, the defenders collected all the guns and ammunition possible and threw them into the fire, to prevent their being used by the Indians against fellow settlers. “Surely,” writes the judge, “this was an instance of determined resolution and benevolent foresight of which there are not many examples.

“But notwithstanding the bravery of our fellow citizens,” concludes the judge, “the Indians carried all before them and murdered the armed and the helpless without discrimination. Our loss is seven commissioned officers and 100 non-commissioned officers and privates of the First Regiment of Mississippi territory Volunteers. There were about 24 families of men,

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women and children in the fort, of whom almost all have perished, amounting to 160 souls. I reckon among them, however, about six families of half-breeds, and seven Indians. There were also about 105 negroes, of whom a large portion were killed."

* * * *

Pickett's history locates the fort at 400 yards from the Boatyard on Lake Tensaw, one mile east of the Alabama river and two miles below the cut-off. Samuel Mims' house was of frame, one story high with outhouses. It was in the center of a one-acre lot, enclosed with pickets, interlaced with fence rails. At the northwest corner of this enclosure was what was called the blockhouse but this building was not finished. There were batten gates at the east and west ends of the square. The fore-court, which had been constructed by Major Daniel Beasley, and which had been used as quarters for the soldiers' tents, also had a gate, the eastern gate. The Indians made direct attack on that point, and, as Pickett reports, the gate, being open, was held in that position by the sand that the rain had washed against it. Beasley received his mortal wound while trying to close that gate. Pickett says there were in all 553 persons in the fort, of whom 14 were known to have escaped. Some others, half-breeds and Indians, were made prisoners.

The news of the massacre was first brought to Fort Stoddert by a negro woman, Hester, who escaped, and, although wounded, managed to make her way through the woods and swamps to the river, and finding a skiff, paddled over the river to the fort.

May 29, 1927

PUSHMATAHA, ORATOR

Prominent in our gulf-coast history were two Indians, a Choctaw chief, Pushmataha (A-pushi-ma-ta-ha, meaning "No more in the bag"), and La-mo-chattee, better known as The Red Eagle, a war-chief of the Muscogees or Creek Indians. His war name, according to J. D. Driesbach, was Hoponica Futsahia, or the Truth Teller. His English name was William Weatherford.



Pushmataha

Some day, perhaps, it may be possible to write of these men and of their achievements; of Pushmataha, the statesman, and of Weatherford, "Red Eagle," the warrior, but for the present let us pay attention to the evidence that these Red Men were orators of distinction among a people who are racially noted for their power of speech.

Neither was what is known as educated. Pushmataha possessed some little knowledge of letters, but history classes him as unlettered. Red Eagle showed a contempt for book-learning and never, in his long life, took time to learn to read. With both, the art of speaking was, seemingly, a natural gift, and to that gift was allied the courage to speak the truth and face the world with an opinion.

We do not have to offer excuses for either man as an orator, or to say that they did well for Indians. It is doubtful if ever any white man has done better or could do better than they,

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faced with conditions so important to themselves and their people.

* * * *

To tell first of Pushmataha: This Indian chief was a native of what is now eastern Mississippi, a region which, when he was born, was owned and inhabited by the Choctaw tribe, and a part by the cousins of the Choctaws, the Chickasaws. His life was lived on the banks of the Tombigbee river. He was known throughout the whole country, and had powerful influence with his tribe, the Choctaws.

Pushmataha and his people had always been friendly toward the white men, first with the French and later with the Americans. East of the Bigbee lived the Muscogee or Creeks, who while not more warlike or brave than the Choctaws and Chickasaws, were of an entirely different opinion with respect to the white settlers. The Creeks were influenced by the Spanish in Pensacola, who had a grievance against the Americans, and by the British, who were about entering upon active hostilities against the United States. Rumors were current that danger threatened the whites of the Tensaw country and of the settlements along the river at St. Stephens and beyond.

At this very critical moment Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief and orator, undertook to unite the Indians of the valley in an effort to drive out the Americans; and he came down from his fort on Tippecanoe creek, in Indiana, to preach war to the Gulf-coast Indians. Tecumseh believed the Indians would be furnished ammunition by the British, through the Spanish, and if war broke out between Great Britain and the United States, the British would be actual fighters on the Indians' side; so that it would be easy to drive the Americans back across the mountains and leave the Indians free to enjoy their lands undisturbed. He

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came, therefore, to wave the fire-brand and to persuade the Indians to join his enterprise, which already had made some progress in the region north of the Ohio.

First, Tecumseh approached the Choctaws and made his appeal to them for co-operation. The story of this meeting has been dramatically told by Hon. Charles D. Carter, of Oklahoma, who was chairman of the commemorating exercises in Washington, May 21, 1921, in honor of the life and character of Pushmataha, whose body lies in the national cemetery near Washington. Mr. Carter said, in opening, that Pushmataha was a great chief; one of the greatest Indians who ever lived; was more than that: he was one of the greatest characters of his generation.

* * * *

The issue in 1812 was whether there should continue peace between the Choctaws and Chickasaws and the white people of the Mississippi territory. Tecumseh had asked that the Choctaws and the Chickasaws be called into general council, to hear his appeal. All the Indians knew the object of his visit, and attended in a vast assembly to hear him. Tecumseh came with a suite of thirty splendid warriors from the Indiana and Ohio country, and their appearance made a strong impression. Their attitude was reserved, they spoke no word, and neither looked to the right nor to the left. Tecumseh trusted to his eloquence and also to the effect of his claim that the Great Spirit had told him what to say and what to promise; also he brought his brother, the Prophet, along, and the Prophet was a noted medicine man among the Indians. The orator used the Algonquin dialect, although, through his Creek mother, he knew something of the language of these Southern Indians. His speech, therefore, had to be interpreted to the Choctaws and Chickasaws, but a person who heard him said that such was the animation of his countenance and the

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strength of his gestures that it was easy to understand what he was saying. He made appeal to the Indians for solidarity, saying that the whites had come as beggars and had remained to make slaves of the Indians—and all because the Indians had not held together to resist the invaders. The Indians had parted with their heritage for beads and trinkets, and were now strangers in the land of their forefathers, scorned and despised by their pale-face neighbors. The Great Spirit had given the western hemisphere to the Red Men in common, and, therefore, the sale or relinquishment of any part by one tribe was illegal and void. The other owners had not joined in the sale nor had any part of the profit from it. The whites had inveigled the Indians, tribe after tribe, and in that way had succeeded; first weakening their resistance, and then overcoming them. All that the Indians had to do was to drive the hated whites back where they came from; and the time was most opportune as it was known that help would come both from Spain and Great Britain; the Indians would be well equipped, and able to meet the enemy on equal and perhaps superior terms. The Red men would have also divine aid, as it was well known that they would be under the protection of the Great Spirit, and the whites would be unable to hurt them. Would the Choctaws and Chickasaws take their part in this great work for the freedom or await complete subjugation, such as was inevitable if they refused to do so?

Mr. Carter expressed regret to those assembled at Pushmataha's grave that no historian had recorded Pushmataha's reply. He, however, as he proceeded to show, had instituted study among the elder Indians in Oklahoma, finding that the speech had been handed down by tradition, and that it could be reported to him. This was many years ago, and he said he was doubtful whether he could give it with entire accuracy as to the

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wording, though the purport would be faithfully presented:

Pushmataha's Reply

Omiske, tushkahoma ho chunkma hashche yumma! Anumpa tilofasih ish huklo! (Attention, my good red warriors! Hear ye my brief remarks!)

The great Shawnee orator has portrayed in vivid picture the wrongs inflicted upon his and the other tribes by the ravages of the paleface. The candor and fervor of his eloquent appeal breathe the conviction of truth and sincerity, and, as his kindred tribes, naturally we sympathize with the misfortunes of his people. I do not come before you in an disputation either for or against these charges. It is not my purpose to contradict any of the allegations against the white man, but neither am I here to indulge in any indiscreet denunciation of him which might bring down upon my people unnecessary difficulty and embarrassment. The distinguished Shawnee sums up his eloquent appeal to us with this question:

"Will you sit idly by, supinely awaiting complete and abject submission, or will you die fighting beside your brethren, the Shawnees, rather than submit to such ignominy?"

These are plain words, and it is well they have been spoken, for they bring the issue squarely before us. Mistake not, this language means war. And war with whom, pray? War with some band of marauders who have committed these depredations against the Shawnees? War with some alien host seeking the destruction of the Choctaws and Chickasaws? Nay, my fellow tribesmen. None of these are the enemy we will be called upon to meet. If we take up arms against the Americans we must of necessity meet in deadly combat our daily neighbors and associates in this part of the country near our homes.

If Tecumseh's words be true, and we doubt them not, then

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the Shawnees' experience with the whites has not been the same as that of the Choctaws. These white Americans buy our skins, our corn, our cotton, our surplus game, our blankets, and other wares, and they give us in fair exchange their cloth, their guns, their tools, implements and other things which the Choctaws need but do not make. It is true that we have befriended them, but who will deny that these acts of friendship have not been abundantly reciprocated? They have given us cotton gins, which simplify the spinning and sale of our cotton; they have encouraged and helped us in the production of our crops; they have taken many of our wives into their families to teach them useful things, and they pay them for their work while learning; they are teaching our children to read and write from their books. You all remember well the dreadful epidemic visited upon us last winter. During the darkest hours these neighbors whom we are now urged to attack responded generously to our needs. They doctored our sick, they clothed our suffering, they fed our hungry; and where is the Choctaw or Chickasaw that has ever gone to St. Stephens with a worthy cause and has been sent away empty-handed? So, in marked contrast with the experience of the Shawnees, it will be seen that the whites and the Indians in this section are living on friendly and mutually beneficial terms.

Forget not, O Chickasaws and Choctaws, that we are bound in peace to the Great White Father at Washington by a sacred treaty and the Great Spirit will punish those who break their word. The Great White Father has never violated that treaty and the Choctaws have never yet been driven to the necessity of taking up the tomahawk against him or his children. Therefore, the question before us tonight is not the avenging of any wrongs perpetrated against us by the whites, for the Choctaws and the

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Chickasaws have no such cause, whether real or imaginary, but rather it is a question of carrying out that record of fidelity and justice for which our forefathers ever proudly stood, and doing that which is best calculated to promote the welfare of our own people. We do not take up the warpath without a just cause and an honest purpose. Have we that just cause against our white neighbors who have taken nothing from us except by fair bargain and exchange? Is this a fair response to them for their assistance to us in our agricultural and other pursuits? Is this to be their gracious reward for teaching our children from their books? Shall this be considered the Choctaws' compensation for feeding our hungry, clothing our needy, and ministering to our sick? Have we, O Choctaws and Chickasaws, descended to the low estate of ruthlessly breaking the faith of a sacred treaty? Shall our forefathers look back from the happy hunting grounds only to see their unbroken records of justice, gratitude and fidelity thus rudely repudiated and abruptly abandoned by their unworthy offspring?

We Choctaws are a peace people, making our subsistence by honest toil; but mistake not, we are not afraid of war. Neither are we strangers to war, as those who have undertaken to encroach upon our rights in the past may abundantly testify. We are thoroughly familiar with war in all its details, and we know full well all its horrible consequences. It is unnecessary for me to remind you, O Choctaws and Chickasaws, veteran braves of many conflicts in the past, that war is an awful thing. If we go into this war against the Americans we must be prepared to accept the inevitable results. Not only will it foretoken deadly conflict with neighbors and death to warriors but it will mean suffering to our women, hunger and starvation for our children, grief for our loved ones and devastation of our beloved homes.

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Notwithstanding these difficulties, if the cause is just, we should not hesitate to defend our rights to the last man; but before that fatal step is irrevocably taken, it is well that we fully understand and seriously consider the full portent and consequences of the act.

Hear me, O Choctaws and Chickasaws, for I speak truly for your welfare. It is not the province of your chiefs to settle these important questions. As a people, it is your prerogative to have peace or war, and as one of your chiefs, it is mine simply to counsel and advise. Therefore, let me admonish you that this critical period is no time to cast aside your wits and let blind impulse sway. Be not driven like dumb brutes by the frenzied language of this wonderful Shawnee orator. Let your good judgment rule, and ponder seriously before breaking bonds that have served you well, and ere you change conditions that have brought peace and happiness to your wives, your sisters and your children.

I would not undertake to decide the course of a single Choctaw warrior. Permit me for the moment to speak not as your chief but as a Choctaw warrior, weighing this question beside you. As such I shall exercise my calm, deliberate judgment in behalf of those dear to me, and dependent upon me, and I shall not suffer my reason to be swept away by this eloquent recital of alleged wrongs I know naught of. I deplore this war, I earnestly hope it may be averted; but if it be forced upon us, I shall take my stand with those who have stood by my people in the past and will be found fighting beside our good friends of St. Stephens and the surrounding country.

I have finished. I call on all Choctaws and Chickasaws indorsing my sentiments to cast their tomahawks on this side of the council fire with me.

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All but a few of the warriors cast their tomahawks on the side with Pushmataha. Tecumseh, baffled and angry, spoke in the Shawnee language, saying: "Pushmataha is a coward, and the Choctaw and Chickasaw braves are squaws!" Pushmataha, however, had a smattering of many Indian dialects, for he had traveled much. He understood the slur. Turning to face Tecumseh, he clenched the argument with even the most wavering of his people by saying:

Halt, Tecumseh! Listen to me! You have come here, as you have often gone elsewhere, with the purpose to involve peaceful people in unnecessary trouble with their neighbors. Our people have had no undue friction with the whites. Why? Because we have had no leaders stirring up strife to serve their selfish, personal ambitions. You heard me say that our people are a peaceful people. They make their way not by ravages upon their neighbors but by honest toil. In that regard they have nothing in common with you. I know your history well. You are a disturber. You have ever been a trouble-maker. When you have found yourself unable to pick a quarrel with the white man, you have stirred up strife between the different tribes of your own race. Not only that, you are a monarch and unyielding tyrant within your domain. Every Shawnee, man, woman and child must bow in humble submission to your imperious will. The Choctaws and Chickasaws have no monarchs. Their chieftains do not undertake the mastery of their people, but rather are they the people's servants, elected to serve the will of the majority. The majority has spoken on this question, and it has spoken against your contention. Their decision has therefore become the law of the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and Pushmataha will see that the will of the majority, so recently expressed, is carried out to the letter. If after this decision any Choctaw should be so foolish as

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to follow your imprudent advice and enlist to fight against the Americans, thereby abandoning his own people and turning against the decision of his own council, Pushmataha will see that proper punishment is meted out to him, which is death. You have made your choice. You have elected to fight with the British. The Americans have been our friends and we will stand by them. We will furnish you with safe conduct to the boundaries of this nation as properly befits the dignity of your office. Farewell Tecumseh! You will see Pushmataha no more until we meet on the fateful war-path.

* * * *

Pushmataha was both loyal and prudent. He chose the wiser course. His warriors fought in all the battles side by side with the Americans, and Pushmataha was recognized by the American government, rising to the rank of major general in the American army, a position never before or since achieved by any Indian, and when he died (December 24, 1824) the big guns were fired over him, and a monument over his body in the National Cemetery testifies to his great virtues. The Shawnees joined the British, and Tecumseh was slain in leading a forlorn charge at the Battle of the Thames.

Upon the monument is the inscription, reading:

"Push-ma-ta-ha, a Choctaw chief, lies here. This monument to his memory is erected by his brother chiefs who were associated with him in a delegation from their nation to the General Government of the United States."

January 1, 1928

WILLIAM WEATHERFORD

An earlier chapter tells of the visit of Tecumseh to the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians of this southern region, and how Pushmataha, chief of the Choctaws, defeated Tecumseh's attempt to involve those Indians in the war by which he hoped to drive the Americans from the Mississippi valley and restore



Red Eagle

the lands to their aboriginal owners. Tecumseh next made his appeal to the Muscogee or Creek Indians, and this time success crowned his efforts, for he readily gained the Creeks to his cause. The Creeks were already under the influence of the British, and looked to them, with the aid of the Spaniards at Pensacola, to arm and equip them in the conflict which they foresaw was coming. The way the matter was presented to them was very attractive. It chimed in with their tribal desire. As in his appeal to the Choctaws and Chickasaws, Tecumseh had to face opposition, but only from two of the Creeks, William Weatherford, known as the Red Eagle, and Sam McNac, by some spoken of as Sam Moniac. Weatherford was much of the opinion of Pushmataha that the war, if it came, would be fought against neighbors, some of whom were his friends; and also Weatherford knew that the undertaking was not as easy as Tecumseh described it, and the result might be disastrous to his people. Weatherford, however, was overruled, his tribesmen being eager

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for the war. Already they had received encouragement from the Spanish governor, and found at Pensacola both weapons and ammunition, and pledges that further supplies would be given them by both the Spanish and British governments. In response to Tecumseh's appeal, they declared for war, and Weatherford, obeying the tribal law, cast his lot with his brethren.

In the *Life and Times of Gen. Samuel Dale* is found an interesting account of Tecumseh's visit to the Creeks, as related by Dale himself, who was present and heard and saw nearly all that was said and done. The account is herewith quoted:

* * * *

"In October, 1811, the annual council of the Creeks or Red Sticks, was called at Took-a-batcha, on Tallapoosa river. A vast number of the Creeks and some Cherokees and Choctaws were attracted thither by the report that Tecumseh, chief of the Shawnees, would be present.

"The day after the council met, Tecumseh, with a suite of 24 warriors, marched to the center of the square. All stood erect, as so many statues, faces painted red and black. They were dressed in tanned buckskin, hunting shirts and leggings, close-fitting, and wore a profusion of silver ornaments. Each carried a rifle, tomahawk and war club. The famous Blue Jacket was among them.

"Tecumseh was about six feet high, well put together and of austere countenance. He was in the prime of life. No word was spoken and the men looked neither to the right nor the left. Big Warrior presented his pipe to Tecumseh and the pipe was passed in succession to the other warriors. They were then lodged in a large cabin and provided for. At night the Shawnees danced in their own fashion in front of the cabin. So several days passed.

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"On the fourth day at noon, the Shawnees entirely naked except for the loin flap, appeared without any arms, but scowling. Tecumseh was their leader. They went through their tribal ceremony in the principal square and then presented their pipe to Big Warrior, who was seated in front of what was called the king's house, with his tribesmen on either side. In the center burned a ceremonial fire, and there was a pole flying the Creek flag. Tecumseh handed Big Warrior a wampum belt made of five different colored strands, which Big Warrior passed to his followers. No word had been spoken on either side up to then from the time of the arrival of the visitors.

Tecumseh's Speech

"At length, Tecumseh spoke, at first slowly and in a low voice, but soon impassioned, the words flowing in avalanches from his lips. His eyes burned with supernatural fervor and his whole frame trembled with emotion; his voice resounded over the multitude, now in low, musical whispers, now rising to its highest key, hurling out his words like thunderbolts. His countenance varied with his speech; its prevalent expression being that of hatred and defiance, and sometimes his look was murderous. For a brief interval it seemed as if he were overcome with profound sorrow, and then, toward the close there were anger and revenge pictured such as I suppose grace the face of the arch-enemy of mankind.

"I have heard many great orators, but never one with the vocal powers of Tecumseh, or the like command of the facial muscles. Had I been deaf, the play of his countenance would have told me what he said. The hearers shook with emotion, and thousands of tomahawks were brandished in the air. Big Warrior, himself, more than once grasped the handle of his knife."

All of this was the effect of his delivery purely, for Tecum-

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seh spoke in the northern dialect, and an interpreter explained his meaning to the assembly as he spoke.

Dale gives a summary of the speech; not the exact words, but a true report of the substance:

“Accursed be the race that has seized our country and made women of our warriors! Our fathers, from their tombs, reproach us as slaves and cowards. I hear them now in the wailing winds. The Muscogeese were once a mighty people. The Georgians trembled at your war-whoop, and the maidens of my tribe sang the prowess of your warriors. Now your blood is white; your tomahawks have no edge; your bows and arrows are buried with your fathers. O Muscogeese, brethren of my mother, brush from your eyes the sleep of slavery! Once more strike for vengeance, once more for your country! The spirits of the mighty dead complain. Their tears drop from the weeping skies. Let the white race perish!”

Here followed a recital of the injuries inflicted upon the Indians by the whites. “Back, whence they came, the white men must be driven. Burn their dwellings, destroy their stock, slay their wives and children! The Red Man owns the country, and the paleface must never enjoy it. War now! War forever! War upon the living! War upon the dead! Dig their very corpses from the grave. Our country must not give rest to the white man’s bones.”

This, declared the chief, was the will of the Great Spirit, as revealed by the Shawnee prophets, whom he would send to dwell with the Creeks. Great Britain and Spain, whom he styled “two mighty warriors across the seas,” would send the warriors arms. “My prophets will stand between you and the bullets of your enemies. When the white men approach you the yawning earth will swallow them. Soon shall you see my arm of fire stretched

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athwart the sky, and at the stamp of my foot at Tippecanoe the very earth shall shake."

The pipe was again passed, when the Shawnees arose and with an appalling yell entered upon their tribal war-dance.

* * * *

General Dale, describing Weatherford, said that "he had not the education of his grandfather, Lachlan McGillivray, but nature had endowed him with a noble person, a brilliant intellect and commanding eloquence, and that he was in every respect the peer of Tecumseh." Dale regarded Weatherford as one of the greatest of orators, and Dale had heard Tecumseh and Pushmataha, and, later, listened to Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun and Thomas H. Benton, noted American statesmen and speakers. Unfortunately, we have no report of any oration of Weatherford's, and only the handed-down report of the chief's appeal to Jackson in behalf of his people. Short as is this speech, however, it proves Weatherford possessed the art of true eloquence—directness, simplicity and force.

Pickett, page 530, says of Weatherford:

"Weatherford was uneducated but was a man of great native intellect, fine form and commanding person. His bearing was gentlemanly and dignified, and was coupled with an intelligent expression, which led strangers to suppose they were in the presence of no ordinary man. His eyes were large, brilliant and flashing. He was one of Nature's noblemen, a man of strict honor and unsurpassed courage."

This courage was illustrated by his conduct throughout life, but possibly stood its greatest test in an affair related by J. D. Driesbach, in his article printed in the *Camden Progress* in 1894. At an auction sale in Monroe county, while a dispute was on between two persons, a third ran up and plunged a knife into

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the back of one of the men, causing almost instant death, the victim bearing the name of Bradberry. The murderer and the other man then defied the assembly, brandishing a knife and a pistol, swearing they would kill the first man who approached them. Weatherford, who was an onlooker, noting that nobody moved, stepped forward, saying that he had never seen so savage and cowardly deed done by any Indian, and that if the white men were afraid to bring the villains to justice, they had but to summon him to do what should be done. Justice Henderson, who was there, told Weatherford he had the authority and that the law stood back of him. Thereupon, Weatherford drew his long, silver-handled hunting knife, which had been presented him in Pensacola, and advanced at once upon the murderer, seized him by the throat, saying if he moved he would kill him. Weatherford bade the bystanders tie his man, and then walked up to the other, who surrendered without resistance, saying, "Bill Weatherford, I'm not man enough for you."

In the war between the Creeks and the Americans Weatherford bore himself with courage and tact as a warrior. The assault on Fort Mims was carefully planned and conducted and a complete success, although immediate success was due to the carelessness of the fort's defenders, and the horrible massacre that followed was no part of Weatherford's plan. The chief had pleaded that the women and children of the fort should not be harmed, and to this his followers agreed; but when the fighting, hand to hand, grew fierce, the savage blood was aroused to fury, and indiscriminate slaughter followed. Weatherford, seeing that he could not restrain his men, left the scene, regretting deeply what was taking place. Afterwards he declared, with much feeling, that it had been impossible, under the conditions, to withhold the Indians in their lust for blood.

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For his success in leading the attack on Fort Mims, Weatherford was elevated to the position of *tustenugge*, or war chief, and thereafter directed operations, which resulted as he had feared, in the crushing defeat of his tribesmen by the Americans, at Talladega, at Hillabee, at Econachaca or the Holy Ground, and finally at Tohopeca or the Horseshoe Bend, wherein, and in lesser conflicts, some 4,000 Creek warriors lost their lives. Weatherford himself escaped from the battle of the Holy Ground, when, being closely pursued, he forced his horse to leap with him from a steep bluff 15 feet down into the waters of the Alabama river. Swimming to the farther bank, he turned and shouted defiance at his pursuers.

* * * *

When all was over, his followers either killed or scattered, and no responsibility of further effort rested on him, Weatherford adopted the daring expedient of going directly to General Jackson, then at Fort Jackson, on the site of old Fort Toulouse, on the east bank of the Coosa river, four miles from its junction with the Tallapoosa.

It is emphasized that he did not do this for himself but for his people, his going being equivalent to signing his own death-warrant. Seldom has history recorded a sublimer sacrifice than this unlettered Indian offered in his own person for others.

Weatherford rode up to the general's tent, where he was halted by the excited soldiery, who threatened him with violence; but Jackson, hearing the disturbance, invited the Indian chief inside. There, the Indian faced the American general, and looked him proudly in the eye.

Red Eagle Speaks

"I am not afraid of you, General Jackson," Weatherford said. "I fear no man, for I am a Creek warrior. I have nothing

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to ask of you for myself. You can kill me if you wish. But for the women and children of the war party, for them I speak. They are now starving in the woods; their cribs and fields have been destroyed by your people, who have driven them into the woods, without an ear of corn. I hope you will send out and have them brought in, and fed. As to myself, I did indeed try to stop the killing of the women and children at Fort Mims, but I ask for nothing. I am done with fighting, though if I could fight you any longer I would do it. The Red Sticks are nearly all killed. Send for the women and children. They have done you no harm. But kill me if the whites want it done."

According to Brewer's *History of Alabama*, the officers and soldiers who stood by were unaffected by this appeal, if, indeed, they were close enough to hear it, and some cried out, "Kill him! Kill him!" General Jackson raised his hand and said "Any man who would kill as brave a man as this would rob the dead."

Jackson took Weatherford under his protection, and required him to stay for some time at the Hermitage in Tennessee until the feeling against him cooled down among the settlers, and Weatherford's part in the trouble was better understood. Then Weatherford returned to his home on Little river, in Monroe county, where he lived in peace, dying on March 9, 1824. Dale relates that Weatherford's marriage took place shortly after this return, and that he, Dale, stood up with him as his best man at the wedding.

Several versions of the address of appeal quoted above are given by the writers; and some depart very far from the text and from what an Indian warrior, such as Weatherford, would have been likely to say in such a situation. Dale says, in particular, that Parton, in his *Life of General Jackson*, makes an

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incorrect report, and Dale gives as his authority Gen. Thomas Woodward, of Macon; Col. Robert James, of Clarke, and William Sizemore, of Baldwin, who said they had it from Weatherford's own lips. Pickett's version, in his *History of Alabama*, is substantially the same as Dale's.

* * * *

From the late Thomas Tate Tunstall, long a resident of Mobile, I obtained the genealogy of Weatherford, including the colonel's genealogy also:

Captain Marchand, a French trader in the latter part of the eighteenth century, married the daughter of a tribal chief of the Creek Indians.

From this union sprang Sehoya, who was recognized as the princess of the tribe of the Wind. Sehoya became the wife of Lachlan McGillivray, a young Scot who came to the Indian country to trade. The two had four children: Sehoya, 2d., Alexander McGillivray, one of the most astute men of mixed blood that ever lived in the region now known as Alabama, Elizabeth and Sophia. The last named was married to Benjamin Durant, and their daughter became the wife of LeClerc Milfort.

Sehoya McGillivray was twice married. Her first husband was John Tate and her second, Charles Weatherford.

From the first union was David Tate, who married a Miss Randon. Their daughter, Eloisa, was married to George Tunstall. Their son was Thomas Tate Tunstall, the father of Dr. Brian Tunstall, of Mobile, and Dr. T. T. Tate of El Paso, Texas.

From the second marriage were William, John, Elizabeth, Washington and Rosanna Weatherford. William had three sons,

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one of whom moved to Texas. Rosanna was married to John Shomo. Their son, Dr. Joseph Shomo, for many years was a resident of Mt. Pleasant.

January 15, 1928

Note—According to my information, there were five Lachlan McGillivray children: the fourth being Jeanette, not mentioned by Colonel Tate.

BIG SAM DALE, EPIC HERO

Pioneering is not child's play. It takes men of unusual strength of mind and body to face the forces of nature in the wilderness and overcome them. There are human foes to be met as well as animal; the forests and the plains offer their special difficulties, while the rivers and the mountains rise as seeming impassible barriers to progress. Man must rely upon his intelligence, his courage and skill to an extent hardly necessary in civilization; and as a rule in this contest the strong survive, while the weak are driven to the wall. They were big men who settled this country, big in body and big in mind; able, ready, resourceful, courageous, honest and loyal to their race.



Samuel Dale

Among them all and standing out in our local history was Sam Dale, a native of the Virginia frontier, and early emigrant to Georgia and Alabama, and an active participant in all the events of the troublous times of the first and second decades of the nineteenth century. In recognition of his military services he was the object of the special action of the Alabama legislature, which in its session of 1821 passed resolutions of praise and thanks, and conferred upon him the rank of brigadier-general, together with the emolument of a colonel in the United States army.

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Dale's parents were born in Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent, and Dale was born on the Virginia frontier in 1772. The early death of both father and mother threw responsibility for the family upon him, and he became a man before he was of age. Moving into Alabama, or what became Alabama, he had part in all the incidents of the time, including battles with the Indians, and later the organizing of government. He was delegate to the first Mississippi territorial assembly, and to the first Alabama legislature, serving from 1819 to 1821, and again from 1824 to 1828. He was one of the legislative commission appointed to receive General Lafayette upon his visit to the state; and also one to superintend the removal of the Choctaw Indians to the banks of the Arkansas river. Another public service was the opening of the road from Tuscaloosa to Pensacola. He bought land in Lauderdale county, Mississippi, being the first to settle there, and his last years were spent in that locality. He died, May 24, 1841, at his home near Daleville, in that county, and there his body lies buried.

* * * *

Dale had a distinguished part in the Creek war, and his adventures in that affair and elsewhere were related by himself, taken down and published by J. F. H. Claiborne under the title of *Life and Times of General Sam Dale, the Mississippi Partisan*, Alabama, at the time, being a part of Mississippi territory.

It would be interesting, if space allowed, to review at some length this thrilling history of a great man and pioneer. For the present, however, it must suffice to recall, in Dale's own words, the story of his principal affair, the most dramatic incident of the Creek war, called the Canoe Fight, in which Dale, Jeremiah Austill and James Smith met and overcame three times their number of Indian warriors, in deadly battle, mid-stream, on the

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Alabama river. Dale was 41 years of age, Smith 25, and Austill 19. With them was their oarsman, Cæsar, a free colored man, who bravely seconded their efforts and earned a full share of the praise the exploit occasioned.

Several accounts have been published telling of this celebrated Canoe Fight in which Dale was the leader and chief actor. None, however, can be so relied upon as Dale's own story; and none is so graphic and thrilling.

The war between the settlers in the eastern part of the Mississippi territory had begun with the attack by the Creek Indians upon the Tensaw settlements in Baldwin and Monroe counties, the massacre at Fort Mims being the initial act, which aroused the whole country as far north as the Cumberland, and brought General Jackson into the field, ultimately causing the destruction of the hostile Indians.

As in border warfare generally, the knife, the tomahawk, and the torch were freely used, and harrowing scenes of torture and death were enacted. Fort Mims, for example, was made a slaughter-house, and scores of victims, men, women and children, were slain, or were burned alive in the destruction of the buildings. It was war to the death, though carried on in a desultory fashion, accentuated by individual contests and affording much opportunity for personal heroism. There was but little of organization on either side, and the engagements resembled what we should call raids, rather than battles. The Canoe Fight illustrates very well the character of this war.

The Canoe Fight

Rumor had it that a large body of hostiles under William Weatherford, were gathered in the region east of the junction of the rivers, and the volunteers set out from the neighborhood of St. Stephens to intercept them. Dale was the leader, and the ex-

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pedition had reached the west bank of the Alabama river when the incident about to be described took place. Not knowing whether the Indians had crossed the river or not, Dale put a part of his force over to the east bank, and continued moving northward on the west bank, with forty men. The two parties proceeded parallel toward Randon's Landing, in the present Monroe county, about ten miles below Fort Claiborne. The date was November 13, 1813, doubly unlucky for the Indians.

"A dozen fires were burning," says Dale, "and numerous scaffolds for drying meat denoted a large body of Indians, but none were visible. About half-past ten a. m. we discerned a large canoe coming down stream. It contained 11 warriors. Observing that they were about to land at a canebrake just above us, I called to my men to follow, and dashed for the canebrake with all my might. Only seven men kept up with me. As the Indians were in the act of landing, we fired. Two leaped into the water. Jim Smith shot one as he rose and I shot the other.

"In the meantime they backed into deep water, and three Indians were swimming on the off side of the canoe, working her as far from the shore as they could, to get out of the range of our guns. The others lay in the bottom of the canoe, which was 30 feet long, four feet wide and three feet deep, made of an immense cypress tree, especially for the transportation of corn. One of the warriors shouted to Weatherford (who was in the vicinity, as it afterwards appeared, but invisible to us), 'Yos-ta-ha! yos-ta-ha!' (They are spoiling us!) This fellow was in the water, his hands on the gunwale of the pirogue, and as often as he rose to shout, we fired, but ineffectually. He suddenly showed himself breasthigh, whooping in derision, and said, 'Why don't you shoot?' I drew my sight just between his hands, and as he rose I lodged a bullet in his brains.

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"Their canoe then floated down with the current. I ordered my men on the east bank to fetch the boats. Six of them jumped into a canoe and paddled to the Indians, when one of them cried out, 'Live Indians, by God! Back water, boys!' and the frightened fellows paddled back whence they came. I next ordered Cæsar, a free negro fellow, to bring a boat. Seeing him hesitate, I swore I would shoot him the moment I got across. He crossed a hundred yards below the Indians, and Jim Smith, Jerry Austill and myself got in. I made Cæsar paddle within 40 yards, when all three leveled our guns, and all missed fire. As the two boats approached, one of them (an Indian) hurled his scalping knife at me. It pierced the boat through and through, just grazing my thigh as it passed. The next moment the canoes came in contact. I leaped up, placing one of my feet in each boat. At the same instant the foremost warrior leveled his rifle at my breast. It flashed in the pan. As quick as lightning he clubbed it and aimed at me a furious blow, which I partially parried, and before he could repeat it, I shivered his skull with my gun. It parted in two pieces. The barrel Jerry seized, and renewed the fight. The stock I hurled at one of the savages. Being then disarmed, Cæsar handed me his musket and bayonet.

"Finding myself unable to keep the two canoes in juxtaposition, I resolved to bring matters to an issue, and leaped into the Indian boat. My pirogue, with Jerry, Jim and Cæsar, floated off. Jim Smith fired, slightly wounding the Indian next to me. I now stood in the center of their canoe—two dead at my feet, a wounded savage in the stern who had been snapping his piece at me during the fight, and four powerful warriors in front. The first one directed a furious blow at me with his rifle; it glanced upon the barrel of my musket, and I staved the bayonet

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through his body. As he fell, the next one repeated the attack. A shot from Jerry Austill pierced his heart. Striding over them, the next sprang at me with the tomahawk. I killed him with the bayonet, and his corpse lay between me and the last of the party.

"I knew him well—Tar-cha-chee, a noted wrestler and the most famous ball player of his clan. He paused a moment in expectation of attack, but, finding me motionless, he stepped backward to the bow of the canoe, shook himself, gave the war-whoop of his tribe, and cried out, 'Sam tholocco, Iana dahmaska, ialanestha-lipso-lipso-lanestha!' (Big Sam, I am a man—I am coming—come on!). As he said this, with a terrific yell, he bounded over the dead body of his comrade, and directed a blow at my head with his rifle, which dislocated my left shoulder. I dashed my bayonet into him. It glanced around his ribs, the point hitching in his backbone. As I pulled the weapon out, he put his hands on the sides of the canoe and endeavored to rise, crying out, 'Tar-cha-chee is a man. He is not afraid to die!' I drove my bayonet through his heart.

"I then turned to the wounded villain in the stern, who snapped his rifle at me as I advanced and had been snapping at me during the whole conflict. He gave the war-whoop, and, in tones of hatred and defiance, exclaimed, 'I am a warrior—I am not afraid to die.' As he uttered these words I pinned him down with my bayonet, and he followed his eleven comrades to the grave.

"During this conflict, which was over in ten minutes, my brave comrades, Smith and Austill, had been struggling with the current of the Alabama, endeavoring to reach me. Their guns had become useless, and their only paddle had been broken.

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Two braver fellows never lived. Austill's first shot saved my life."

* * * *

Pickett's history says that all three men stood, each with one foot in either boat, thus holding the boats together, and that they "mowed down the savages;" also that Austill knocked one of the Indians into the river. Dale, as above quoted, credits Austill with killing one, but with his rifle. Pickett says two of the eleven Indians escaped. There were, as Dale shows, three who were swimming alongside and under the protection of the pirogue. One of these Dale slew with his rifle. The other two swam ashore before the actual fight in the canoe was begun. Cæsar, the colored man, helped to hold the canoes steadily together, as the men standing in both canoes could not do. His help was vital until the boats became separated when Dale leaped into the Indians' pirogue.

Of Dale's personal appearance Dale himself says, page 130, telling of his addressing the officers at Point Jackson:

"I was at length called on for an opinion. I was a stranger to most of the council, and my appearance did not recommend me. I was smoke-stained, and gaunt from fatigue and protracted anxiety; I wore a hunting shirt of a rusty-brown color, homespun pants, moccasins and leggings of dressed buckskin, and buckskin cap. This, with my pouch and hunting knife and long rifle, good for one hundred yards, completed my equipment."

Claiborne describes him, saying: "General Dale was six feet, two inches; erect, square-shouldered, raw-boned and muscular; noted particularly for the great length and strength of his arm. In many respects he resembled his antagonists of the woods. He had the square forehead, the high cheek-bones, the

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compressed lips, in fact the physiognomy of the Indian, relieved, however, by a fine, benevolent Saxon eye. Like the Red Man, too, his foot fell lightly on the ground, and turned neither to the right nor to the left. He was habitually taciturn; his face and manner grave. He spoke slowly and in low tones, and seldom laughed."

Tar-cha-chee called Dale "Big Sam," which was the name Dale was known by through all the district. Dale was a big man although not heavy. He had enormous strength and endurance.

January 29, 1928

SAM DALE'S RIDE

Having told of Big Sam Dale's courage and address in deadly combat, it is now my purpose to record, mostly in Dale's own words, the story of his great endurance of hardship and danger as exhibited in his famous ride from Georgia to Louisiana at a critical moment in American history, when defeat or victory hung upon the events then taking place on the Plain of Chalmette, below the city of New Orleans. The government in



Washington had sent instructions to the agency in Georgia, the same to be forwarded with the utmost dispatch to General Jackson, wherever he might be; and Sam Dale was the man selected by the agent to carry the papers onward.

Dale, in telling of the incident, makes no parade, although admitting that he recognized there were difficulties in the way. He mounted and was off on a journey which, as he described it, was through an inhospitable wilderness.

"Toward the close of December, 1814," begins Dale's account. "I was at the Creek agency in Georgia on business. Late at night an express arrived for General Jackson from the secretary of war. The general was supposed to be in or near New Orleans, preparing for its defense against the rumored British invasion. Colonel Hawkins, the Creek agent, and General McIntosh, in command of the Georgia troops, then in that vicinity,

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urged me to take charge of the dispatches. An inhospitable wilderness and a perfidious and revengeful people lay on the route, but I accepted the trust. Mounted on a compactly-built horse, noted for his wind and muscle, I set out the same night, taking only my blanket, my flint and steel, my pistols and a wallet of Indian flour for myself and horse.

"In seven days and a half I reached Madisonville on the Tchefuncta river, and forthwith engaged a fishing smack to carry me across Lake Pontchartrain. Landing at Fort St. John, I found Quartermaster-General Piatt, who put me on a fine horse and directed me to headquarters, under charge of an orderly. At headquarters on Royal street, I learned that the general was below, with the army, in front of the British, on the plains of Chalmette."

Here follows Dale's account of his visit to the battlefield, and of the battle he witnessed there.

"It was after midnight before I could deliver my dispatches to General Jackson. The general asked if I was broken down by my rapid ride. I told him no. Holding up the dispatches and my credentials from Colonel Hawkins, he turned to his officers and said: 'This express has been brought from Georgia in eight days. From Mobile our expresses are often fourteen days on the route.'"

Something was said about Dale remaining with Jackson, now that the Creeks were no longer giving trouble. The general said: "Chotard, don't speak to me of stopping Dale. No, sir. You must return to the agency and to Milledgeville as fast as you have come. In one hour Major Reid will deliver you your papers."

The general ordered Piatt to mount Major Dale on the best horse to be had.

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" 'And what,' I asked, 'is to be done with Paddy?'

" 'Who the hell is Paddy, sir?'

" 'The pony, general, that I brought from Georgia.'

" 'You don't mean to say, sir, that you rode one horse all the way from Georgia in seven and one-half days?'

" 'I mean nothing less, general.'

" 'Then, by God, sir, he won't be able to go back!'

" 'He's like myself, general, very tough.'

" 'Well,' he said, 'I know you don't talk with a forked tongue. Now tell me, how far can you ride that horse in a day?'

" 'Seventy or eighty miles from daybreak to midnight, with light weights.'

" 'Light weights?'

" 'Yes, sir—an empty belly and no saddlebags.'

" 'Well major, that will do.'

" 'I set off at daylight, and after crossing the lake I met an officer, who demanded where I was from.'

" 'Headquarters.'

" 'Well, you must stop and tell me the news.'

" 'I can't stop. If you want news you must travel my way.'

" 'Sir, you don't know me. I'm Colonel Sparks of the United States Army. You must stop.'

" 'And I, sir, am Maj. Samuel Dale, and when I am under orders I stop for no man.'

" 'The colonel bit his lip, but wheeled and rode with me several miles. When parting, I asked him whether I was right or wrong in refusing to halt.'

" 'Right, major, and I ask your pardon.' "

On the third day, past midnight, Dale reached Mobile, got papers from General Winchester after half a day's delay; then up the river to Randon's landing, where he swam Paddy across

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the stream—the Alabama river—which was in flood, as were all the streams at that season, and the weather was unusually cold, with incessant rain, freezing as it fell. Camping under trees at night for a few hours, but pushing on, Dale reached Fort Decatur on the Tallapoosa on the fifth day out of Mobile. McIntosh's army was encamped there.

"It was the coldest night I ever experienced," says Dale. "My clothes were glued to my body. When challenged by the guard and told to report a half a mile to the right to the main guard, I felt I should be dead before I got there. One of the guards then ran to apprise the general, who met me, and on learning my name, put his arm around me, aiding me to dismount. He showed me every attention. He would not let me speak until my exhausted energies were restored and I had drunk a pint of strong coffee, and then he asked for the news. . . . The officers came crowding in half-dressed, and then the men in masses around the door, and I was obliged to stand there and repeat the story until daylight. The general then insisted on my taking some rest and had to place a guard at the door, such was the desire of all to hear more of the glorious 8th of January."

Dale spent the day at the encampment.

"Next morning, on my faithful Paddy, now quite recruited, I set out for Milledgeville. On the third day, at sunset, I arrived there, and immediately waited on Governor Early with my dispatch. He warmly invited me to be his guest, but, travelworn and fatigued, I preferred to go to the inn; but, had scarcely got to bed before I was serenaded, and the whole city was a blaze of light. I was treated with great kindness and civility by the public-spirited citizens of that high-toned city.

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"Soon after, I returned to Dale's Ferry and resumed business."

* . * * *

The distance between the agency and New Orleans is about 450 miles in an air-line; but the route Dale had to follow was circuitous, because of the hills and the rivers, so that it was all of 550 miles, and perhaps farther. As a feat of endurance, both of man and beast, this ride is without known parallel. Paul Revere's midnight ride of 12 miles from Boston to Lexington, important as it was from the military point of view, and celebrated as it is in song, is hardly to be mentioned in the same class. Revere rode through familiar country and had no physical difficulties to overcome. The pony express across the Western plains in pioneer times was speedier than Dale, but was made in relays, and not on one horse. A nearer approach to Dale's performance is found in the ride by Count de Montenoy, on one horse, from Paris to Vienna, in 1809, 600 miles, in six days, which is considered a record; but it was accomplished through a settled and friendly country and over fairly good roads, bridges and ferries, whereas Dale rode through the primeval forests of an unsettled country, swarming with hostile Indians, and his way was through swamps and canebrakes, across unbridged rivers, and in mid-winter, when the streams were in flood and the weather was bitterly cold. No wonder General Jackson could hardly believe the official documents which proved that Dale had made this unexampled journey. The little horse, also, deserves a distinguished place in this history, not only for making the remarkable journey, but for being ready to repeat it at once, by carrying Dale back whence he came.

It is worthy of mention that in United States Cavalry endurance tests in 1923 the distance to be covered was 300 miles,

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to be done in not less than five days, at the rate of not less than 60 miles a day. On record also is the famous ride of Archibald Forbes, 120 miles in 15 hours through Zululand. It was done, however, in six stages, with fresh horses, and with guides and an escort for his protection.

Sam Dale was in all respects an admirable character; courageous without rashness, powerful but not arrogant; generous, often to his own hurt; and always loyal to the truth. The Indians thought highly of him; Weatherford, his chief enemy in war, regarded him as one of his good friends in peace, and had him act as his best man at his wedding. A Choctaw chief, standing at Dale's grave, said: "You sleep here, Sam Tholocco, but your spirit is a chieftain and a brave in the hunting grounds of the sky."

February 12, 1928

EARLY AMERICAN PERIOD

AMERICAN MOBILE, 1814-1928

It is well for the loyal members of the community to become familiar with the early history of the place in which they live; for not only will they find that history interesting, but they will be stimulated to contribute, as good citizens of the past have done, to the up-building of their locality. The late Judge Peter Joseph Hamilton performed a prodigious and welcomed service when he opened the history at its beginning, thus revealing what had been virtually a blank page and telling of the long years in which the doings of Mobile were either obscured or wholly unknown to the inhabitants here. A compendium or summary of this monumental work was prepared by him and published for the use of the schools here, with the title of *Under Five Flags*. This text book has been and continues to be of great value in the instruction of our youth with respect to Mobile's history.

To other laborers is presented the task of adding particulars which that accomplished and illustrious historian had to pass by because, according to his plan, he had to include mention of all the major actions of a two-hundred-year period in a single volume. As one who gleans in a field where Dr. Hamilton harvested so magnificently, I seek in this article to call attention to some of the details of the beginnings of the Mobile Municipality, from a time before Alabama became a state, and covering what is known as the "American Period."

As Hamilton relates, Mobile obtained its name from the Indian town of Maubila, the scene of DeSoto's great battle with the Indians under the Black Warrior, and also from the fact

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that the early French colonists found in this region Indians who were styled Mauvilians, or Mobilians. The first settlement on the river was officially named Fort Louis de la Louisiane, as is proved by the text of the rescript to the Archbishop of Quebec giving notice of the consecration of the church at the fort; but Iberville, the founder, wrote of the place, saying that it was the custom to call it Mobile. The fort was built on Twenty-seven-mile Bluff in 1702. Nine years later, upon the request of the inhabitants, and because of the floods to which the locality was subject, the colony was moved to the present site at the mouth of the river.

Mobile passed to the English in 1763, and to the Spanish in 1780. In 1813 it was taken possession of by General Wilkinson, of the United States army, and from that time on, until 1861, was under the American flag. Four years passed with the Stars and Bars flying from the staff of the city hall, and then the Old Glory was raised again, emblematic of the Union One and Inseparable.

* * * *

My story begins, therefore on January 20, 1814, when the territorial government of Mississippi passed an act incorporating the Town of Mobile, to be governed by five commissioners, elected annually, one of whom should be chosen by the others to be president. This commission met and organized, and on December 1, 1814, the limits were prescribed by ordinance, the line running from Choctaw point to the portage over Three-Mile creek, about where St. Stephens road now crosses the creek, and thence in a generally eastern direction to the river at the mouth of Bayou Marmotte, or One-Mile creek, enclosing a triangular space. December 24, the president was empowered to establish a recorder's court, and in 1816, to appoint port wardens and

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members of a board of health. Alabama became a state in 1819, and that same year, December 17, a charter was granted by the state legislature for the city of Mobile, under the title of the Aldermen of Mobile, the aldermen to be elected annually, and required to elect a mayor from their own number. January 1, 1826, the charter was amended to provide for the election of the mayor by the people.

By virtue of the act of 1831 the city government was authorized to divide the city into four wards, to be known as the North, South, Middle and West wards. Reminiscence of this division is found today in the custom of the older inhabitants of speaking of the outer parts as the West ward and particularly that part now known as Five Points, where for many years was a hotel bearing the name "West Ward Hotel." In 1838 the number of the wards was increased to seven.

Mobile was very prosperous in the years immediately preceding the war, because of the growth of commerce upon the rivers emptying into the gulf at this point. The war, however, set everything backward, and recuperation was slow. Moreover, the city, in hope of development, pledged its credit for public improvements, going deeply in debt in the issue of bonds for a public wharf; and was unable to carry the burden. A settlement had to be made with the bondholders in order to reach some position where interest could be met. The government by mayor and alderman and common council was accordingly abandoned by act of 1879 and a commission was authorized, to consist of one member from each ward, one of their number to be elected president and recorder. Most rigid economy was entailed, the budget to be limited to \$100,000 per annum. The City Hall also was abandoned, for economy's sake, the meetings being held in a room in the guard-house on Conti street. Likewise

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almost all of the city offices were abolished. The banks were to act as city treasurer, all officials handling public money being required to pay into bank daily their collections, taking receipt for the same and the banks rendering daily account to the city clerk, who was the sole book-keeper, record keeper and paymaster. As the recorder, the president held daily court in the guard-house, and there dispensed petty justice to the drunk and disorderly of the city. A settlement was made by the city with the creditors, and a trustee for the bondholders was appointed to see that the interest on the refunded debt was promptly paid. It was proposed as part of the plan that the whole of the funded debt should be paid off by this process in the ensuing twenty years. A good part was indeed paid off, but the "Old City Debt" still is with us, in this year of Grace, 1928, near fifty years later.

As may be easily understood, the city of 29,000 population, in its attempt to operate upon one hundred thousand dollars per annum, was exceedingly cramped to perform its necessary functions, and was forced to leave undone many things that should have been done; as for example, the care of the streets, the provision of water supply, and the sanitation. Long after other Southern cities had obtained the modern necessities of street paving, sewers and pure water, Mobile staggered along with mud streets, open drains, and a very scanty supply of water. The street ditches were open, and took up about four feet of roadway space on each side of the street. Often they were full of growing vegetation and stagnant water. A patron of the Battle House wrote to the newspaper that he had been kept awake at night by the barking of the alligators in the gutter beneath his window. This, while a "yarn," reflected the impression of the drainage system of the city made upon the traveler; and it is a fact that a small alligator was caught in the gutter on Congress

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street. As to street conditions, they were absolutely bad. Commerce street was roughly paved with stone; lower Conti, Dauphin, St. Francis and St. Michael streets were likewise paved with stone, after a fashion. The rest were as nature made them, with oyster shells laid on from time to time, the same to be ground in with the soil. Royal street, that had not even good surface-drainage, was perhaps the worst of the lot. In the seventies, Colonel William D. Mann caused to be laid a block of Nicholson wooden pavement on Royal between St. Michael and St. Francis, but it sank, very soon, out of sight and was not seen again until hard paving was to be laid, when it was found, in fairly sound condition, under ten inches of soil. In wet weather the whole of the roadway from curb to curb was a pool of mud and water, and its bad condition may be judged by the fact that the recorder, at the request of the newspaper, detailed the city prisoners, armed with brooms, to sweep the crossings so that the citizens might pass across without wading.

Apochryphal as this may appear, it is a true description of what actually happened, and of what the writer himself was a witness; and let him add, that the realization of the bad situation was the inspiration that led the public-spirited citizens to efforts to bring about a change both in the form of the government and in the methods employed in the conduct of the city.

As for the sanitary situation under such conditions, it was necessarily harmful to health and to the progress of the community. The record shows that in 1881 the number of deaths per 1,000 of population ran as high as 31; in 1884, 31.69; in 1886, 38! whereas today, with all the machinery of sanitation, the ratio of deaths per 1,000 of population is 13.93, a figure comparing well with the best shown elsewhere in the country.

December 8, 1880, an act was passed providing for the

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popular election of the president-recorder.

December 10, 1886, the legislature abolished the commission and returned to the mayoralty form, legislating the incumbent president into the office of mayor, to which office he was subsequently elected by the vote of the people. This official was the Hon. Richard B. Owen, a scholar and a gentleman, who might be said to have borne the the burden of Mobile's bankruptcy from start to finish, bravely and conscientiously.

From the last mentioned date to the end of the century the new spirit showed itself strongly in Mobile. It was then that the development of the ship-canal through the bay from the city to the deep water began to bring results in increase of commerce, each year seeing larger vessels coming up to the city. A water company was formed, and a large, though, as proved, inadequate supply of pure water was brought into the city from Clear Creek, the deficiency soon being remedied by the building of municipal waterworks, and the purchase of the private company's plant by the city. With the water supply, came the pressing need of sewers, and these the city provided in a manner to reach all parts of its territory, as was the case also in respect to the city water supply. Still, the streets needed attention, which, it appeared they would not soon get, as the city government was actually embarrassed by the fact that all at one time the things had to be done that ought to have been done in the 50 years preceding. The actual paving of Dauphin street, for a considerable space with round-block wooden material, though this untreated wood proved highly unsatisfactory as a permanent covering, aroused the public desire for better things than existed; and there was begun a movement which resulted in legislation creating for Mobile a special body, styled board of public works, to take over street improvement. The mayor was ex-officio chair-

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man of the board, and the final voice as to expenditures was in the council, but practically the board functioned independently. The board was organized in 1901, and under it the first permanent pavement was laid in Mobile, some of which, laid in that year, has lasted until this day.

In 1911, the situation was further improved by changing from the aldermanic to the commission form of government, under which the city operates at the present time.

April 8, 1928

MAYORS OF MOBILE

In seeking to go more intimately into the history of Mobile's municipality, the student finds that there are few of the older records available, and that the continuous record runs not farther back than the year 1880. The four years of war and what happened at the close appear to have had a wasting effect upon the city's archives; and then came the change of government in 1879, which also had regrettable results. The change was physical as well as political when the city government, for economy's sake, abandoned all but a small part of the city hall and the several departments were abolished. The importance of documentary evidence is best shown when one comes to tell of the beginning of the municipal administration of Mobile, for there is actually no specific record preserved in the City Hall, or, if it is there, it is not indexed so that it can be located. Of late I discovered in a city directory of 1879 a reprint of a report by the assessors, William DeForest Holly, Franklin G. Kimball and J. H. Hunt, giving a list up to 1851 (the date of the report) of the officials of the city. In this list Lewis Judson is recorded as the first president of the first city commission, elected in 1814, when the first town government was authorized.

This greatly surprised me, as all other statements I had seen on the subject had shown James Innerarity as Mobile's first commissioned executive. I was inclined to credit a report made by sworn officials, who, in all probability, had access in the fifties to documents since destroyed or lost; but, on restudying what Hamilton says on the subject (*Colonial Mobile*, p. 439),

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I recognize that his account is too circumstantial to be doubted; and I give it here, in condensed form.

January 20, 1814, the territorial legislature of Mississippi passed an act to incorporate the town of Mobile. March 11, 1814, a meeting was held at the house of Michael McKinsy, Josiah Blakeley presiding, and it was resolved to hold an election at the house of Wilson Carmon. Lewis Judson, James Innerarity and B. Dubroca were appointed inspectors, while Innerarity and a lawyer, named Samuel Acre, were instructed to prepare and publish posters in French and English, calling on the inhabitants to vote. The poll was opened Monday, March 14, and the voting resulted in the election of Lewis Judson, James Innerarity, B. Dubroca, P. H. Hobart, T. Powell, A. Robeshow, and S. H. Garrow to be commissioners for the conduct of the affairs of Mobile. At the same time Miguel Eslava was elected treasurer, Dominique Salles assessor, and Michael McKinsy collector. March 15, these officials were sworn into office by Josiah Blakeley, one of the justices of the quorum. The commissioners then elected James Innerarity president and Michael McKinsy clerk.

According to Hamilton, Innerarity was re-elected the following year, and, at the end of his second term, gave way to Lewis Judson. Innerarity served a third term, and was followed by Daniel Duvall, and he in turn by Samuel H. Garrow, who served two terms of one year each, at the end of which the city government was inaugurated.

* * * *

The Mayors of Mobile

- 1820-22 Addin Lewis, three terms.
- 1823 John Elliott.
- 1824-26 Samuel H. Garrow, three terms.

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- 1827-30 John E. Everett, four terms.
1831-34 John Stocking, Jr., four terms (died).
1835-36 John F. Everett, two terms.
1837 George W. Owen (died).
1837-38 George Walton, two terms.
1839 Henry Chamberlain.
1840-41 Edward Hall, two terms.
1842-45 Charles A. Hoppin, four terms.
1846-47 Blanton McAlpine, two terms.
1848 J. W. L. Childers (resigned).
1849-51 Charles C. Langdon, three terms.
1852 Joseph Seawell.
1853-55 Charles C. Langdon, three terms.
1856-60 Jones M. Withers, five and one fourth terms.
(Resigned, 1861).
1861 John Forsyth (pro tem).
1862-65 Robert H. Slough, four terms (removed).
1865 John Forsyth (appointed).
1865-66 Jones M. Withers, two terms (removed).
1867 Gustavus Horton (appointed).
1868-69 Caleb Price, two terms.
1870 George F. Harrington.
1871 Martin Horst.
1872 Gideon Marsena Parker.
1873-74 Cleveland F. Moulton, two terms.
1874 John Reed, Jr. (elected, but Moulton held over).
1875-77 Alphonse Hurtel, three terms to September, 1877
(died).
1877 Daniel P. Bestor (elected by the city council).
1878 George G. Duffee.

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President

1879-85 Richard B. Owen, two terms of three years each.

Mayors

1885-87 Richard B. Owen

1888-93 Joseph C. Rich, two terms.

1894 Constantine Lawrence Lavretta.

1897-'00 John Curtis Bush, one and one-half terms. (Resigned January 16).

1900-02 Thomas S. Fry (died February 6, 1902).

1902-03 Walter F. Walsh.

1903-04 Charles E. McLean (died September 2, 1904).

1904-10 Pat Lyons, two terms.

Commission Government

1911-12 Lazarus Schwarz, two years.

1913 Pat J. Lyons.

1914 Harry Pillans.

1915 Pat. J. Lyons.

1916 Harry Pillans.

1917 Pat. J. Lyons.

1918 George E. Crawford.

1919-20 Harry Pillans, two years.

1921 George E. Crawford.

1922-23 Richard V. Taylor, two years.

1924 Harry Hartwell.

1925 George E. Crawford (died August 10, 1926).

1926 Harry T. Hartwell.

1927 Leon Schwarz.

1928 Cecil F. Bates.

Board of Public Works

As the Board of Public Works, both in its plan and in its execution, may be said to have been the first active agent for the

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systematic modernization of the streets of Mobile, its composition deserves attention equal to that given the mayoralty and council. The board was organized in 1891, under Thomas S. Fry, the mayor. As mayor, he and his successors down to 1912, were ex-officio members of the board. The first appointed members were: C. Lawrence Lavretta and Stewart Brooks, serving through four administrations altogether, Lavretta being president. In 1906, Louis Bart became a member in place of Lavretta and Brooks was elected president. In 1908, the board was enlarged to five members by the addition of Laz Schwarz and John T. Schley, Stewart Brooks being chairman. He resigned at the end of his term in 1909, although the legislature had extended his term for two years. In 1910, the new members were William Yuille and M. P. Levy, in place of Bart and Brooks, with Schley as president, and in the final year before the duties of the board were transferred to the city commission the new members were Charles F. Schaffer and Dr. J. D. Terrill, in place of Yuille and Levy.

When the original board went in it was found that there was very little material from which to work out the problem of transforming an old unpaved town into a modern American city and very extensive study and surveying were necessary to get up data for proper construction of pavement and storm drains and at the same time avoid unnecessary interference with complicated existing conditions. This general study naturally had to go much farther than the area covered by the first paving venture. After nearly a year of study and surveying, actual construction was started on the first paving venture which embraced Water street from Government to St. Michael, and Conti, Dauphin, St. Francis and St. Michael east of Royal, together with modern storm drainage for this area. This pavement was rock

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asphalt on concrete base with granite curbs. Mayor Walsh had the distinction of laying the first of this pavement at the junction of Water and Conti streets.

As if foreseeing the coming of the automobile and the increasing need of more roadway space, the board in addition to caring for the paving of the streets, carried out a general plan of widening the roadways by lessening the width of the sidewalks. The same method of gaining more space for wheeled vehicles has been more recently followed in the widening of St. Joseph street, greatly improving that street for traffic, and also in looks.

April 22, 1928

SPANISH FORT AND BLAKELEY

According to the maps showing the route of the Mobile bay bridge, the eastern bridge-head is not far south of the locality known as Spanish Fort. A short distance farther north, and fronting upon the Apalachee river, is another interesting Baldwin county feature, the site of the vanished city of Blakeley.

Of the origin of Spanish Fort very little is known. In Hamilton's *Colonial Mobile* there is reference to Milfort's Memoirs, which is authority for saying that, about 1787, the Spaniards "retook and rebuilt the old Apalache fort, situated upon the Tensaw river, near the Apalache oldtown," but nothing is said as to when and how they took it for the first time or how they had lost it. The fort was possibly of Indian origin, and was old even at that early day.

The fort must have been a formidable structure, for now, after 140 years, the remains, as they exist, arouse astonishment

Note—I do not overlook the inference drawn from Judge Hamilton's history that Spanish Fort was built by Galvez, the Spanish governor, for the purpose of repelling the English advance upon the French village, the report saying that in January, 1781, General Campbell, the English governor of Pensacola, sent Captain Von Hanxleben, with 100 infantry of the Sixtieth regiment, eleven militia cavalymen, 300 Indians and 60 Waldeckers, to drive the Spaniards from the French village, a location on the eastern shore of Mobile bay where Galvez had placed some troops and where there was an entrenchment. The English were defeated and Von Hanxleben was slain. See *Colonial Mobile*, page 258. The French village however, was at least two miles south of Spanish Fort.

It does not appear to me at all probable that Spanish Fort, situated two miles north, was used to defend the village from an expedition which approached it from the southeast.

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by their extent and height. It was from this fort the Confederate earthworks that were cast up in front of it in 1865 took their name, as did the battle there, March 30 to April 8, 1865, between the Confederates and the Federals, which was the last important battle of the war of 1861-65. The Confederate works at Blakeley fell April 9; the Confederate bay-batteries, on the eleventh, and Mobile, on the twelfth.

I wish I could tell more of the history of the fort, but the records of Baldwin do not reach so far back as to disclose its origin. The fort speaks for itself as a tremendous monument to human labor.

* * * *

When Josiah Blakeley stood on the bluff at the foot of Dauphin street in Mobile town in the autumn of 1807 and gazed across the delta land between him and the distant shore of Baldwin county, his enterprising Connecticut mind saw in the prospect an opening for his unemployed talents. Behold! a rich land, a great expanse of unoccupied and unutilized real estate, needing only intelligent industry to draw from it a reward beyond the dreams of avarice. It would be a great place for raising cattle and hogs, he thought; and rice, sweet potatoes, cabbage and all varieties of fruit. Also, wheat, possibly, for was it not a vast alluvial deposit, unappreciated and waiting upon man for cultivation? Doubtless, Blakeley felt surprise that the opportunity to develop this rich land was still open. He hastened to invest in the marsh-land which formed three main islands lying between Mobile and eastern shore of Baldwin county. These islands he purchased, 7,000 acres in all, and on a hummock overlooking an interior lagoon or bay he placed his home. From that point he began the development of what he called his Festino plantation. He planted cotton, rice and Indian corn; also,

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as he informed his sister, Abby, in a letter dated 1812, he stocked a part of his place with cattle. He had then about thirty head of cattle and hundreds of hogs, the latter so wild that guns had to be used in hunting them. Of fruit trees he had set out orange, fig, quince and peach.

At this moment the curtain falls. One does not know, except in a general way, what was the result of Blakeley's agricultural effort. The marsh-land is still as Blakeley viewed it more than one hundred years ago, and is as inviting now as it was then, there being hardly any question that it could be developed; but the operation would take far more money than Blakeley had, or imagined would be needed, to put it through. A mark on the map shows where Blakeley's house stood, some three miles distant from Mobile, and a name on the map tells the world that the land confronting Mobile on the east is Blakeley Island—the map, however, contrary to title deeds and tombstone inscriptions, spelling the name "Blakely," with but one "e," which error is perpetuated in local usage in spite of the efforts of historians to overcome it.

The fame of Josiah Blakeley survived the obscurity that veils his farm from further view. He was born in Connecticut and was of a roving and enterprising disposition. Before coming to Mobile he spent six years in Santiago de Cuba. He arrived here in 1806, and took the Spanish oath of allegiance July 10, 1810. He died in the early spring of 1815. He was a man of importance in the little community, holding the office of justice of the quorum of Mobile county, and serving as the chairman in the organizing of Mobile as a town. He had large vision, and originated the plan to found a town over against Mobile on the eastern shore, which town was designed to be for the back-country there what Mobile was for the back-country on the west side

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of the bay; a further inducement being that there was greater depth of water on that side of the bay, and ships of larger draft than could approach Mobile could make a landing there. There seemed to be good prospect of extensive trade with the Creeks, who inhabited a vast region to the eastward and northeastward.

Associating himself with a number of enterprising immigrants from the New England states, and with some of his new-made friends in Mobile, Blakeley purchased, in 1813, a large tract of land on Apalachee river, where that river separates from the Tensaw. This had been the seat of the Apalachees, but at the time of the purchase was owned by Dr. Joseph Chastang, and was known as the White House plantation. The purchasers caused the tract to be laid off into city lots by James McGoffin, with broad straight streets, the main street bearing the name of Washington; others being Orleans, Franklin, Greene, Baldwin, Blount, etc., while the cross-streets were given the names of trees, shrubs, and flowers. Two public squares were provided, one for the public buildings and the other for the market. The lots were at least 429 in number, that being the highest number listed in the sale record. The town was opened to investors in July, and the first sale was made to Warren Ross Dodge. The same year, Mr. Dodge purchased the McVoy mill site on Minette bay, and a woodland tract of 480 acres.

Mobilians attended the sale in considerable number, with the idea that if the new town had any advantage over Mobile, they would not be left with the bag to hold.

The town was incorporated January 6, 1914, under the name of Blakeley, and a map describing it was posted in the Mobile deed book A, where it remained until 1822, when it was removed and placed in the records of Baldwin county. Some time later it disappeared.

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Mobile in 1814 was yet a small place of several hundred inhabitants, the American government having taken possession only the year before, and, although it increased rapidly, its census taken in 1822 showed but 1,200 summer population—enlarged in winter to 2,700 by persons taking part in business, which was at its best during the cooler season of the year. There were 110 stores and warehouses, 240 dwellings, two newspapers, three hotels, a custom-house, a postoffice, a bank and several churches.

Blakeley soon made its rivalry felt. It was recognized as a port of entry; it built and owned steamboats that plied the bay and the rivers; possessed cotton factors and warehouses, a courthouse, a tavern and a newspaper. Indeed, it appeared that Blakeley was making off with the older city's prosperity, when a thing happened which, according to the story told in Strickland's *Mobile Directory* of 1855, caused the younger city's downfall.

Thomas Lawrence Hallett, of Connecticut, one of the many New Englanders who came South shortly after the opening of this section to American development, arrived in Mobile bay with a schooner load of goods, which cargo included a number of ready-made houses, fully supplied with all things needful for their erection. Mr. Hallett was first attracted by reports of Blakeley's fine beginning and rapid growth, and went thither; but, upon making known his purpose to settle there, he was astonished and disconcerted by the great activity in the Blakeley real estate market that ensued, the prices soaring as soon as he began his negotiations. Disgusted by such treatment, Mr. Hallett turned his back on Blakeley and repaired to Mobile, where, in the course of a short time, he became one of the prominent citizens. Coincident with this event, Blakeley began to decline,

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while Mobile took on new life; Blakeley soon ceasing to be regarded as a competitor, although dragging out an existence for some decades longer because the court sessions continued to be held there, awakening the town and the tavern to spasmodic activity. There is nothing there now except a row of ancient trees marking where ran the main street; a fine spring of pure water in the hillside beyond, and a lonely graveyard in the distant pine woods.

* * * *

I visited the locality a few days ago, as the guest of Mr. Hammond Gayfer, and found that in the interim of twenty-five years since my previous visit the pine forest had been ravaged by the hurricane and devastated by fire, so that the graveyard appeared more lonely and desolate than before, there being no inclosure, and no attention whatever having been given to the place. A great pine tree had fallen upon and broken the slab covering the remains of the young mother and her two-day-old child, that pathetic memorial of a domestic tragedy of over one hundred years ago; the pinnacle had toppled from the monument to the two young "founders" of Blakeley; the half of one of the headstones at another grave lies on the ground, telling in mournful words the story whose sequel is inscribed on the upright part. The visitor learns from the inscriptions upon these ancient monuments that it was the custom of the pioneers to spell the name of the place "Blakeley." Some examples: "Charlotte, wife of Dr. Israel Stoddard . . . She resided in Blakeley 3 months; Lavinia, relict of Dr. William Stoddard . . . One of the first female residents of Blakeley;" and this inscription which I give in full:

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DIED

In this place December 1st, 1822,

JAMES W. PETERS

3d Son of Gen. Absolom Peters, Aged 31 years,

who with his partner

RUSSELL STEBBINS,

emigrated to this Country in 1816.

These two, with a few other enterprising young gentlemen from the North, commenced in the wilderness and founded the town of Blakeley in 1817.

It is impossible to reconcile the dates in this inscription with those given by Hamilton in his history, which are from official documents, showing that the first sale of Blakeley lots took place three years before Peters and Stebbins are said to have reached this region. The natural conclusion is that the inscription was prepared by some one not well acquainted with the facts.

The names of others registered in stone in this little, now neglected, burying-ground, their places of origin, (when stated) their ages and death dates, are:

Dr. William Stoddard, Watertown, Connecticut, 38 years, 1818.

Lavinia, relict of Dr. William Stoddard, Guilford, Connecticut, 33 years, 1820.

Charlotte, wife of Dr. Israël Stoddard, Guilford, Connecticut, 34 years, 1820. An added inscription tells that her husband died the following year in New Orleans, of yellow fever.

Ira Hempstead, Albany, New York, 19 years. 1818.

Frances Arabella, wife of Francis B. Stockton, 26 years, 1818, and her son, aged two days, died the same day.

Mathurin Reingear, 71 years, 1822.

John Louis Ovide Reingear, 11 years, 1822

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James Stebbins, Richfield, Connecticut, 22 years, 1818
(from a fall from a horse).

Daniel McCall, Society Hill, South Carolina, 40 years, 1839.

Celia Aaron, wife of Samuel Aaron, 28 years, 1824.

John Austin, 45 years, 1836.

Angeline Knight, 18 years, 1841.

Caroline Matilda Watkins, 49 years, 1857.

Maj. George Peters, U. S. army, second son of General Absalom Peters, of New Hampshire, 30 years, died at Fort Gadsden, E. F., where he was in command, 1819.

Lorraine Hitchcock Peters, wife of Maj. George Peters, 27 years, 1815.

Horatio S. Butler, Troy, New York, 28 years, 1820.

Henry Boyd, New York City, 28 years, 1822.

There is painful significance in the early deaths of so many adventurous young persons, who came South only to fall victims to the climate, or, to write more correctly, the mosquitoes of that pioneer era.

July 3, 1927

THE CANTONMENT

"Espejo's 1803 ranch at the cantonment, nine miles from Mobile, near the Great Spring, was on Bayou del Salto (Cascade).

"One of his (Jackson's) encampments on the way was in the Espejo grant on Bayou del Salto, between Cottage Hill and Spring Hill, and in consequence both creek and tract have ever since been called the Cantonment."—Hamilton's *Colonial Mobile*, page 380.

* * * *

Antonio Espejo, Catalina, his wife, whose infantile brains the savages thought they had dashed out against a tree in Baldwin county; Bayou del Salto; Big Spring; the Cantonment, and Arden, of these I sing, as Virgil would do, though in plain English prose, not in Latin hexameters.

When first from Spain and Malaga's vine-clad hills, Antonio came, he was a young man fired by a laudable ambition to make a name and a fortune in the new world. So he came to Mobile, as many before him had done, and found that both name and fortune took time in the making; but, being a youth of skill, having knowledge of carpentry and of several other useful arts, he was never at a loss for employment. Yearly he advanced in favor and in fortune, until at length he prospered. History knows of him in his prime, when he was the royal baker here, and also the brickmaker; whether royal or not is not recorded. He acquired property on the river front, some for the purpose of accomodating the bakery and some for the brick kiln and the making of brick. The bakery was south of the fort, and built

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upon filled ground, which Espejo himself had filled, with this end in view. Also Espejo had a farm in the country, situated near the Big Spring, some nine miles from town, on Bayou del Salto, or Cascade Bayou, where was situated the Cantonment, a station which had been used as a post by the Spanish military, and where General Jackson's troops encamped on their march to New Orleans in 1814. The locality had long been the summer resort of well-to-do Mobilians. Nor was this all, for in 1802, Espejo applied for a grant of land in the suburbs of Mobile, urging that, as the population of the town was increasing rapidly, there was need of provisions, and, therefore, the land should be cultivated.

This was a sensible proposition, and the intendant of Spain thought well of it, but first the grant had to be located and valued, and how could that be done when the assessor had resigned and no one had been named in his place? Espejo cut the matter short by saying that he knew of the proper location, a piece of land already in part under cultivation, and that as for the valuation, that could wait; while the hunger of the people might at any time become acute. Had the intendant forgotten when the colonists had had to send to Pensacola to beg for food because they had none, or when they had to take refuge among the Indians, to escape from starvation? That was a long time before, of course, but it had happened, and the same might happen again if foresight were not exercised.

The intendant was impressed, and he acted at once, issuing a patent on February 22, 1803, to Antonio Espejo, described as an "old and respected man," and locating the grant on the south or right bank of what is now known as Three-Mile creek, beginning at a point where Ryland lane, if extended, would strike the creek, and continuing up the creek four-fifths of a

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mile, the creek being listed as a "bayou or passage de los portals," evidently a reference to the portage over the creek. Southward, the grant extended one mile and a half, nearly to what is now the eastern end of Government Street Loop. The whole covered 20 arpents by 40 arpents. What Espejo paid for this now valuable piece of Mobile real estate is not put down in Hamilton's mention. The property figures in the maps as the Espejo tract, and the last considerable part of it remaining unplotted into city lots is the old Robbins homestead, facing St. Stephens road at the head of Catherine street, and now owned and occupied by the writer of these lines. Because of the magnificent grove of twenty-three live oak trees which crowns the elevation on which the dwelling house stands, approximately where Espejo's plantation house stood one hundred years ago, the place has been given the name of Arden. The present owner fancies that he is figuratively the heir of old Antonio Espejo.

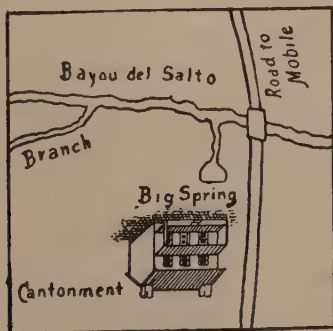
Antonio's wife was Catalina Plock, more properly spelled Ploch, the daughter of L. Plock, who farmed west of Weeks' bay, in Baldwin county. That was in the time when the French held sway in Mobile, and the Spanish in Pensacola were hostile. The Plocks lived midway, between Mobile and Pensacola, and a raid of Indians under the Spanish influence took place in that no-man's land; Plock and his wife were carried off, both dying of exposure on the road to Pensacola. Little Catalina, an infant of nine months, was dashed against a tree and left for dead by the savages. The child was picked up by a rescuing party, was adopted by the Fonvilla family, and reared by them at their home on the western shore of the bay. As a maiden she became the wife of Espejo, and from the marriage sprang Antonio, Jr., Gertrude, who became the wife of Richard Tankersley, and Catherine, wife of William J. Ingersoll. Their descen-

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dants are yet to be found in Mobile.

Espejo did not live long after acquiring the tract near the city. He died in 1805 of yellow fever contracted from a ship coming from Havana. His widow then became the wife of Silvain Mottus. The greater part of the Espejo tract was laid off into streets and lots in 1828, and a division was made among the parties having interest.

Not long ago a visit was made to Espejo's Big spring. The direction was obtained from the records kept by Mr. Charles C. Lowder in the Title Insurance Company's office. A map was exhibited, made in 1831, showing the Espejo land in township four, southward from Government-street road, just beyond where MacGregor avenue joins the road. A dimutive reproduction of the map is here given. It shows the Big spring, the "Cantonment," the road to Mobile, and a dwelling house, curiously upside down.



A possible explanation is that the surveyor sketched the map from the north side, looking south, and, on discovering his error, oriented the map, and then wrote in the text.

On the rising ground south of the stream represented in the

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map, which is a tributary of Dog river, is now the house and home of Mr. Leopold Heim, an affable gentleman of middle age, who, however, had little information to impart on the subject of most interest to the investigator who called on him. He had heard the stream called Cantonment creek though there had never been an encampment there during any of the wars, so the old people said. When told that the encampment was a matter of more than 100 years ago, he said that he now understood why nobody around there had heard of it.

"Yes," he replied to the question, "there is a spring here, the only one south of the creek in this section, 38, though there are several north of it."

"It is a big spring?"

"Why, no; but come and see it."

Mr. Heim led the way along the hill-side to a spot below his dwelling where was seen a spring, not at all what the visitors had expected to see as the reward of their long search; for, instead of being a large expanse of water it was found boxed in, and serving as a reservoir from which its water is pumped to the farm house above. If unconfined, the spring might cover a considerable space, and, may be, deserve to be called a big spring; but today it is in a wooden box, some three feet square and as many feet deep, and fills the box to the top with clear sweet water.

The land adjacent to the spring and along the course of the creek is covered with trees and shrubs, natural to the border of the water course, but west of the Heim home is cleared land which is said to have been the location of the summer homes of Mobilians. Indeed, here and there on the upland, are to be seen accumulations of brick, indicating where the houses once stood.

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Bayou del Salto is a considerable stream of water and is distinguished by several small cascades, one of which falls with melodious sound just below where the road to Mobile crosses.

June 20, 1926

THE FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH

The first church of any in Louisiana was the Catholic church, established in 1704 in Fort Louis de la Louisiane at Twenty-Seven-Mile Bluff, on the right bank of Mobile river, the dedication of which was authorized in 1703 by the bishop of Quebec, and of which the Rev. Henri Roulleaux de la Vente was the pastor, and which pastorate was moved to the present site of Mobile in 1711, upon the colony's change of base.

A point marked with a cross on the map of Mobile, 1711, locates the first church in the present Mobile on the south side of Government, between Royal and St. Emanuel streets. This was temporary, for in 1713 Bienville caused a church to be built for the colony. In 1741 the cure, Father Armand, built a new church ("Toute a neuvre," as the record says), on a new location, southwest of the fort, about where St. Emanuel and Church streets of the present day intersect. On Phelypeaux's map, (*Colonial Mobile*, p. 150) this church is indicated by a cruciform mark, just off the southwest bastion of the fort. The longest dimension of the church was north and south, To the north of the mark of the church is an irregularly shaped space, inscribed "Terrain conserve pour l'eglise." This church was dedicated to the Holy Virgin, and called Notre Dame de la Mobile. In 1780, under Spanish dominion, the name was changed by Don Jose Espelata to Yglesia de Purissima Conception. In 1792, the De Lusser heirs sold for \$200 two lots, N. W. Royal and Conti streets, the corner lot being the site of a par-

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sonage and the lot next north for a church. The cross from Father Armand's old church was brought to the new church. Rev. Father McKenna was the builder of this church, which bore the name of the Immaculate Conception. The parsonage afterwards was the United States Hotel. Conti street was for some time called Church street, because of the proximity of the church. At the head of Conti street, at the west line of the present Jackson street, was the cemetery, with its gate opening upon Conti street. In 1827 the church was destroyed by fire. Bishop Portier constructed a small church in the graveyard. In 1829 he built a larger church on the southwest corner of Conti and Claiborne streets, and took up his residence in the house, southeast corner of those streets, before occupied by an old Creole family. In 1838 the foundation of the present Cathedral was laid on Claiborne, between Dauphin and Conti, west side; and this edifice was consecrated in 1850, December the eighth. The two towers were completed in Bishop O'Sullivan's time.

* * * *

The first Protestant church was the garrison church of the British forces, and was located in Fort Charlotte. There was no church edifice. The services were held in a bastion of the fort, and in good weather on the parade, west of the fort, the celebrant being the chaplain of the regiment stationed there. The first clerical incumbent whose name has been handed down was the Rev. William Gordon, chaplain in 1779. His stipend was one hundred pounds per annum, the regular pay for such service. The chaplain had a house outside the fort, which was burned by the British when they prepared to defend the fort against Galvez. The ground to the westward had to be cleared so as to give free range for the artillery fire of the fort. When the Spaniards succeeded to control of Mobile, and the British

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had departed, Protestant services came to an end, and were not revived until the American regime was well under way.

The first Protestant church building was constructed in 1822 on a donated lot at the northwest corner of St. Emanuel and Church Streets, and the street on the south side took its name from the church. The building, which was of wood, was of no architectural pretensions. Hamilton, in his *Under Five Flags*, records that it was a Union church. The official name was the "Independent Protestant Church," and the records of Christ church say that the church, though it was a union church in practice and welcomed all Protestants as members, was actually instituted under the Anglican ritual, the understanding being that when members of other branches of religion grew strong enough in numbers they would organize on their own account; which was, in fact, the course pursued by the Presbyterian and the Methodist members.

Before this, however, there had been occasional Protestant services held in Mobile. An article entitled *The Beginnings of Presbyterianism in Mobile*, by that devoted daughter of the church, Mrs. Daniel B. Cobbs, says that at first there was no regular mission here, explaining; "If now and then some preacher of righteousness dropped down the river from Claiborne or St. Stephens, or came riding out of the wilderness, his saddle bags worn and dusty, keeping time to the jog-trot of his tired horse that had borne his master from the red hills of Georgia, he was permitted to deliver his message in the tavern, with a bar for the pulpit, or in the house where the court was held, or in the lowbrowed Spanish theater that stood on what is now Bienville Square."

The faithful were dependant at first upon itinerants for spiritual administration, and the first regular pastor was, says

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the Christ church record, the Rev. Mr. Murdock Murphy, Presbyterian. I gather from the contemporary newspaper, however, that the first pastor was the Rev. Mr. R. Bell, elected in 1822 and re-elected the following year. As Mr. Murphy could not have preceded a pastor elected the year the church was organized, he necessarily must have come after, and I learn from Presbyterian sources that he was the second supply; also, that he resided at Spring Hill and was an ancestor or a collateral antecedent of the Benjamin and Thomas McMillians of Stockton. From the fact that the pastor, Mr. Bell, was a Presbyterian, the church itself was styled the Presbyterian church, as evidenced by several notices in the newspaper. Of the trustees of the Independent church elected in 1823, namely William D. Stone, John Elliott, Lewis Judson, William Raser, George E. Holt, William Robertson and Henry V. Chamberlain, at least one, Mr. Holt, was a Presbyterian, for he was later a trustee in the organization of the first Presbyterian church, January 21, 1831.

The persons credited in the Christ church record with getting the church started and the building erected were Henry Stickney, Edward Hall and George Cleveland. About 1829, when the Presbyterian and Methodist members were beginning their respective organizations, the first Anglican minister, Shaw, by name, was installed and Christ church became an entity. Mr. Shaw's tenure was marked "temporary," though it lasted some two years, and the Rev. Mr. Norman Pinney, who came in 1833, is regarded as having been the first rector of the church. Mr. Pinney was a man of parts and greatly admired, but did not remain long, as he entertained views favorable to Unitarianism. He resigned in 1834 and set up a school that afterwards gained much reputation as Pinney's College, situated on Government

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street, near Ann, whereat many of the men noted in local history obtained education. It was during Mr. Pinney's rectorship that the floor of the church fell under the weight of the persons attending a Fourth of July service, and the necessity for a more substantial and larger building was recognized.

In 1835 the corner-stone of the present Christ church was laid, and the edifice began to be used in 1840, the congregation having harbored during the construction of the new church in the county court-house for a while and afterwards in a temporary church, southeast corner of St. Francis and Jackson streets. In 1841 the new Christ church was consecrated by Bishop Leonidas Polk, bishop of the joint diocese of Louisiana and Alabama.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel Seymour Lewis became rector the year the corner-stone of the new church was laid and his ten years of service were fruitful in many ways, but especially in endearing him to his people. At his death, in 1848, his body was laid to rest in the sanctuary of the church. After him came the Rev. Mr. Francis Priolean Lee, who, the second year of his rectorship, was carried off during an epidemic of yellow fever, while bravely ministering to the sick and dying, and helping to bury the dead. His mortal remains lie under the altar.

The Rev. Mr. Nathaniel P. Knapp followed in 1847, and served some six years. He died in 1854, and, like his two predecessors, found his last rest in the church he loved.

In succession thereafter came the Rev. Mr. B. B. Leacock, 1853; the Rev. Mr. G. W. Stickney, 1856; the Rev. Mr. James Mulchahey, temporary, 1859; the Rev. Mr. J. S. Shipman, 1860, and the Rev. Dr. Henry Samson, 1861, who remained throughout the period of the war. It was in 1862 that the long-standing debt upon the church was extinguished, largely through the generos-

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ity of such men as H. A. Schroeder, Daniel McNeill, R. O. Brewer, A. J. Ingersoll and William Barnewall.

Dr. Samson resigning in 1865, and affairs being in a much disturbed condition, Bishop R. H. Wilmer, the second bishop of the Alabama diocese, himself filled the vacancy, acting as rector of the church during the earliest days after the war. It was then that he came into conflict with the federal military authorities, not, as the church brochure says, for praying for the president of the Confederate States when the Confederacy had ceased to exist, for this he did not do, but for refusing to pray by military order for the president of the United States, the bishop explaining that it was a matter of conscience whom he should pray for, and that the government had no authority over him in the premises. Another error in the statement in the brochure is that the good bishop was imprisoned for his alleged contumacy. This, I find, is rather generally believed. The fact, however, is that the punishment took the shape of a military order closing the churches of the diocese, so that for a season the religious services had to be conducted in private. Bishop Wilmer appealed directly to President Johnson, and the president, being a good constitutional lawyer, said the bishop was right. He commanded the military interdict removed. This outcome was hailed everywhere as a victory for the freedom of religious worship.

Upon the reopening of the churches of the diocese, in January, 1866, the Rev. Dr. George L. Wilmer came to Christ church as its rector. He was succeeded in 1869 by the Rev. Dr. John Fulton; he by the Rev. Mr. Alex. L. Drysdale, in May, 1875; he, in 1883, by the Rev. Dr. Joseph L. Tucker, under whose direction the recess chancel was added to the church, and the parish-house; and he by the Rev. Dr. Matthew Brewster, 1900, who instituted the free-pew system, the church having up to his time

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had its chief support in pew-rent.

It was in 1906 that one of the severest tropical hurricanes swept the city, and Christ church was among the heaviest sufferers, for the big steeple was blown down, and in falling wrecked the interior of the sanctuary, including the fine organ made famous by the playing of Madame Maria Kowalewski, for years the church organist. With courage the congregation set to work, rebuilding the edifice almost entirely new within, and changed on the outside by dispensing with the steeple. The interior is one of the handsomest in the city, and well suited to its sacred purposes. The stained glass in the windows is a feature much praised, the Nicodemus window, a Tiffany design, being possibly the most artistic work of the sort in Mobile.

The Rev. Mr. Louis Tucker, son of a preceding rector, followed Dr. Brewster in 1817, and him, in 1926, the present rector, the Rev. Mr. R. A. Kirchhoffer.

* * * *

It was during the rectorship of Mr. Knapp that the church sent out its first missionary, Miss Emma Jones, who spent a life of useful work in China. Christ church was also active in home work, helping in 1847 to establish the Trinity parish, and again, early in the fifties, to establish St. Luke's, the leaders in the movement being S. S. Lewis, F. P. Lee and Mr. Knapp. In 1854, Christ church congregation inaugurated the Church of the Good Shepherd. In 1867, the several Mobile parishes united under Bishop Wilmer's inspiration in establishing the Church Home for Girls, which, in 1878, was enlarged in its scope so as to harbor boys also, all under the care of an order of deaconesses. The present handsome group of buildings on Spring Hill, the Episcopal Church Home of the diocese, is the outgrowth of that establishment.

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It must be said of the First Protestant Church of Mobile that it remained always true to the spirit that led to its creation; earnest in good works, and charitable in word and deed. It never seemed to forget that it was instituted by what may be termed a popular movement, and that its service belonged to the community. No other organization has surpassed it in labors for the extension of good influence and helpfulness in the religious field. There is much satisfaction in being able to add that its one hundred and sixth year finds it still young and vigorous; still pressing forward.

May 20, 1928

SPRING HILL

The Spanish under Galvez recognized the "Hill" as the source of water and as a healthy region in which to live. They established a cantonment or encampment in that region, between Spring Hill and Cottage Hill, to which they sent the troops to pass the summer season. At the Cantonment was good water, and the nights there were cool. Insects were few; while in the city, in summer, mosquitoes were a great nuisance, and the inhabitants had learned no way of getting rid of them. When Jackson and his men were on their way from Mobile to New Orleans, preparatory to meeting the British at Chalmette, they rendezvoused at the Cantonment.

From the earliest times Spring Hill was the resort of Mobilians upon the approach of yellow fever, a tropical disease. There was nothing for them to do in those days but run away from it, as preventive measures were then unknown; and Spring Hill was not only the nearest but the best place of refuge.

There was no fever on the hill. It had been observed that it was safe enough to remain in town in the daytime, but to stay there at night was to be in danger of catching the disease. Accordingly, there was a decided exodus to the hill as the shades of night began to fall.

The idea as to day immunity and night danger was not all fancy; for modern investigation shows that the fever-carrying mosquito strikes only in the night time. See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 11th edition, vol. 28, page 911.

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The epidemic of 1819 was a very severe one, causing 274 deaths in the small and depleted community in the short space of two months, beginning August 15. From that year up to the conquest of the fever in 1905 Spring Hill continued to be sought by Mobilians as a refuge in the fever season. In this way it became settled and developed, until in a few years it acquired a charm all its own; and now, although the fever has been banished for ever from these shores, Spring Hill is resorted to more than ever before in its history; and has become the most beautiful of all Mobile's residential suburbs.

* * * *

The first promotion scheme on the hill was by H. Hobart, who purchased from the heirs of Regis Durette the property which Durette had patented in 1823, being described as section 13, township 4 south, range 2 west, the price paid being \$2,000. Hobart was a member of the first municipal administration of Mobile. He was from Connecticut, and with native shrewdness perceived the possibilities of Spring Hill development. He had Silas Dinsmore and Charles L. DeLage lay the tract off into building lots, and in compliment to the Napoleonic exiles, called it the "City of Refuge."

William H. Robertson bought the tract from Hobart, March 17, 1828. It was again plotted, this time by Dr. Willis Roberts, who was the first superintendent of the Mobile City hospital. Robertson sold the south end of the section, 222.50 acres, to Bishop Portier, who in 1830, built the first portion of the College of St. Joseph, known as Spring Hill College. Other sales were made to C. and A. Batre, and William Ledyard, who built homes on the eastern slope; Daniel Wheeler, A. Broun and James B. Deas, who built farther west; Charles DeLage, Purvis, Eslava, Ravesies, Marston, Austill, Ervin, and others. For

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many seasons the Rev. Dr. James R. Burgett was a resident in the Wheeler homestead.

The first construction for the college was made possible by a donation from Baron de Vendel. This building burned in 1869, in which burning Father Turgese lost a valuable botanical collection, and also what was known as the "dying crucifix," a most rare piece of native art, made for him when he was serving in Central America. Father Turgese had asked a native, who was reputed talented in the use of tools, to carve for him a crucifix, and the Indian asked, in turn, whether he wanted it "dead" or "dying." The priest chose the latter, and the resultant work seemed miraculous, for when one was gazing upon the features of the Saviour, death appeared to spread over them, and one thought he was seeing Christ actually dying, the carving was so lifelike.

* * * *

When the Vine and Olive Society, composed mostly of persons exiled from France upon the fall of Napoleon, failed to gain a foothold in Marengo county, many of its members drifted down to Mobile, and followed the fashion of seeking summer homes upon the hill. The last to leave Marengo was Frederic P. Raviesies, president of the society and founder of Arcola. He it was who first cultivated the azaleas on Spring Hill in any large number. Although azaleas were known there in French times, Raviesies may be regarded as the first to bring the hill into notice because of these flowers. In the present day the azaleas there are truly wonderful and, it is said, unique. Particularly admired is the floral display of the Tom Boone estate.

Not all the members of this distinguished company are recalled to mind, but among them was Baron Emilius de Vendel, from the court of Louis XVI. and forced to emigrate to England

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by the Reign of Terror. He taught in the school of Mesdames Georges (Mme. Edward and Mme. Achille) on the hill, until his wife established a school there, when he joined her in the enterprise. Others were General Count Lefebvre Desnoettes, a cavalry officer, Colonel Nicholas Raoul, who was with Napoleon at Elba, Basil Meslier, who charted the Bigbee and Warrior rivers, Simon Chaudron of Philadelphia, a poet and critic, who wrote a book of poems which was printed in France, and who died in Mobile in 1846; John A. Peniers, who voted the death of Louis XVI.; Colonel Jerome Cluis, who was aide to the duke of Revigo, and his wife, the charming and talented Emilie de Mazieres, Colonel Charles Louis DeLage, the engineer, banished by Louis XVIII., and who came to Mobile in 1818, with his wife, Virginie Gabrielle Landry. The two were members of the society, but did not go up the river. Then there were Charles Villar, agent of the colony, Henry L'Allemand, Soulier, Lakanal, the Marquise de Almavaldi, Madame Davide, and others. It was Colonel DeLage who applied the name of "Fontainbleau" to the hill, in memory of the sylvan beauty of the palace and grounds where the Old Guard parted from Napoleon, and where they greeted him on his return from Elba.

Another of note was Adolphe Batre, who was a generous entertainer of his friends. It is related that once on his birthday he displayed for the admiration and delectation of his guests an enormous pate de foie gras, 15 pounds in actual weight, which he had had made in France and sent over to crown the feast. It is further said that the host was so much delighted with what he had to offer that he made a great speech in its praise, continuing until some of the guests protested that hunger was getting the better of them, and Bishop Portier suggested that the

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rest of the speech would keep, and would be gladly listened to the next day.

* * * *

The following I have from Mrs. Julia Blocker Montgomery, that lovely woman who, in 1846, was crowned in Mobile queen of love and beauty by the gallants of that day, and who lived to take part in the Preparedness Parade in New Orleans in 1916. It shows that up-to-dateness in education is no new thing. Recalling her life in the early forties, Mrs. Montgomery wrote:

"Prominent among the instructors from Paris who sought homes in this country were Monsieur and Madame Dieudonne de Felhorn, who came to Mobile, bringing with them the teachers and paraphernalia for a large educational establishment, which was conducted in the French tongue exclusively, and was open in summer as well as in winter. This was an innovation in this latitude, but proved popular. The winter session was held in Mobile, and the summer session on Spring Hill. The institute on the hill occupied a galleried building, in the midst of spacious grounds; the sunny stretches were dotted with pavilions covered with vines and surrounded by flowers. The purpose of the school was to 'finish' the young southern women in the best Parisian fashion. Book-learning was not relied upon for this effect so much as intercourse. Young people were taught to observe and think, and to express themselves elegantly, always in French. No text books were used. The class wandered out into the open, or under the trees, and the teacher read aloud, or talked or lectured, and encouraged the pupils to give their impressions. Each teacher had a band of such followers. The exercises began and closed with song. Music and art were taught very carefully.

"Once a month there was a concert, dance or play, the pu-

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pils attending to all the various social details, and, by actual practice, learning the habits and conversation of good society. The plays were sometimes of home manufacture and the girls were proud of their literary efforts, but they also performed classic pieces. *Athalie* was one that gave everyone great pleasure. If a supper was to be given, the students saw to its preparation and arrangement, table decorations, etc., and served the feast. Thus they learned some of the art of housekeeping, while in preparing for the play they were instructed in designing and making the costumes. It was all more like play than study, but there could be no doubt that it gave confidence to the young and enabled them to bring out their best qualities of mind and disposition. Often it has been observed that the young, although crammed with knowledge from books, seem dull and stupid because of lack of ability to display their learning to advantage. They have learned how to take in but not how to give out knowledge. The Felhorn girls may not have been profoundly learned, but they made an impression wherever they were; and, in after life were quite successful as wives and mothers."

* * * *

In the fifties the hill became the favorite residence place for the rich cotton merchants, several being English. Through their influence a company was organized and in 1851 a toll road was constructed and surfaced with shells, and was known as the "Shell road" the adjective "old," being added later to distinguish it from the bay-side shell road. There were toll-gates at Ann street and at the three-mile post, the charge being twenty-five cents a vehicle. The railroad from the city to the hill, which was chartered in 1861, put the toll-road out of business, and the road fell into neglect for a long time; in fact, until recent years, when the county rebuilt and hard-surfaced it.

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It was said to be a sight worth seeing when the cotton merchants came driving their thoroughbred horses down the Shell road on their way to business.

The railroad to the hill was in the beginning operated with steam, but later with mule power, to the foot of the hill, where an ox team, driven by Andrew White, colored, took hold, and hauled the car to the top. At a later date, steam was again resorted to; and, still later, electricity.

Albert Stein was one of the most noted men of the community on the hill. He was the builder of the waterworks of Cincinnati, Louisville, Richmond and New Orleans, and was the first to give the city of Mobile the pure water of the hill region. He was a great writer on matters of public interest, and especially upon the subject of the deepening of the mouth of the Mississippi river, suggesting the jetty system afterwards successfully employed by Captain James B. Eads.

Bishop Michael Portier, the first bishop of Mobile, was often enough on the hill to be counted as a Hillian, and one of the most distinguished and useful. He was born in France, and while studying for the priesthood was appointed to come to America as a missionary; and arriving in this country, he completed his studies, and as titular bishop of Oleno, was sent as vicar apostolic to the Floridas. That was in 1826. It was rather a discouraging field. After some experience in it, he wrote, "I need three priests and dare not ask for them, as I am afraid I cannot support them. I have neither a pectoral cross, nor chapel, nor crosier, nor mitre." In 1829 he was appointed bishop of Mobile, where he set to work to develop educational and charitable institutions in connection with the religious life of his church. In the wilderness, so to speak, he imagined he saw a great institution of learning; and so, without any capital, he be-

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gan the building of Spring Hill College. That was in 1830. First the Eudists had charge, then the Brothers of Mercy, and in 1846, the Society of Jesus, which has since brought the college to the first rank, with immediate prospect of raising it to a university. During the bishop's administration he introduced here the Visitation nuns; founded an orphan asylum, conducted by the Sisters of Charity: a parochial school, taught by the Christian Brothers; and a girl's school, known as the Academy of St. Augustine. At his death, May 14, 1859, the Mobile establishment in Alabama and west Florida contained 12 churches and 27 priests, 14 schools, three boys' academies, three girls' academies, one ecclesiastical seminary; one college, two orphan asylums, and one infirmary. To this may be added that the bishop in 1835 laid the corner-stone of that imposing edifice, the principal religious temple of the city, the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, which was finished in Bishop Jeremiah O'Sullivan's time.

* * * *

It was Spring Hill's distinction to be chosen as the home of another high ecclesiastical dignitary, Bishop Richard H. Wilmer, second bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Alabama, and vindicator of the right of the church to liberty of conscience and jurisdiction over spiritual affairs. The bishop's home stood amid spacious grounds, on the main avenue, at College lane. The house burned some years ago. The handsome residence of Mr. James F. Maury, whose wife is the granddaughter of the bishop, occupies the site. It was in the bishop's house that Bishop Wilmer composed his work, *The Recent Past*.

The church next west, known as the bishop's church, but entitled St. Paul's, was built by private subscription some time early in the fifties. Bishop Green came from Mississippi to

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consecrate it. The first church on the hill was located near the graveyard at the top of the hill. It was known as the Union Church, and was served by the pastors of the city churches. Its site is shown on Willis Roberts' map.

Across the street from Mr. Maury's is the former home of the Tuthill family. The main house, now the residence of Mr. T. Shannon Hunter, is of late date, the older house having burned, but some of the structures are original. The House and grounds are very attractive, and the main driveway paved with flagstones from old Mobile sidewalks. Farther west, on the south side of the avenue is Roger Stewart's home, a palatial residence, such as pleased the heart of that generous and hospitable Englishman. It was in the forties that Stewart laid out the grounds and built the house, standing at the end of the long avenue of oaks. The place goes now by the name of Maxon Field, and is owned by the college. It was Stewart's boast and pride that his house and wine-cellar were always ready for company. He had become very rich in the cotton business, which was then in its prime here, and he lived like a prince, he and all his people.

Westward, below the Stewart place on the sloping ground toward Cottage Hill, stands that beautiful Italian villa, known in later years as Luling's, and now owned and occupied by Dr. W. W. Purdue. It was built by William Dawson, and faces southward; for the early road to that region passed in the valley below, reaching from Mobile toward Portersville. The grounds were laid off so as to add to the imposing appearance of the residence. F. A. Luling was from Louisiana, where he accumulated a fortune. His talented and attractive daughter, Alice, is the wife of that fine former Mobilian, Sir Arthur Shirley Benn, member of the British Parliament.

The Jules Eslava home is on Tuthill lane, north of the main

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avenue. It was built by Benjamin Marshall, and was reputed one of the prettiest places on the hill. It is still worth seeing, but it has many rivals more modern and costly.

Archibald Broun is remembered as one of the most hospitable entertainers on the hill. Some one has said that he had "unbounded hospitality." It was from such as he that travelers in the South gained the idea that the whole South was overflowing with cordiality.

North, on Tuthill lane, resided for a time Mary McNeill Fenollosa, poet and writer of fiction and vignettes of Japanese life. Her house and grounds, very beautiful in situation, and bearing the name of Kobinata, recalled the country where she spent her younger years. The house was burned a short while ago, but the grounds possess still their peculiar beauty and charm.

Farther north, on the same side of the lane, amid spacious woodland, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley S. Sheip, containing a unique collection of Mobiliana, the result of several years of interest shown by its owners in finding and obtaining works by Mobilians and writings concernings Mobile and Alabama.

There are several members of the Stein family on the hill. The eldest is Mrs. Alexander Gordon, sister of Albert Stein, the great engineer. Of the Stewart family there remains but one member, Mrs. Annie Stewart Field. These two aged ladies live in a flower-embowered home down on MacGregor avenue.

May 1, 1927

THE MOBILE REGISTER

I have it from Mr. F. L. Diard, who has made some study of the history of the art of printing in the Gulf coast region, that Mirelle, the manager and actor in the theatre of 1791, published information concerning his productions in what he styled *La Journal de la Mobile*. It was a single sheet of paper, printed on both sides.



The first newspaper published anywhere in the region now Alabama was the *Mobile Centinel*, by Samuel Miller, in association with a man named Hood, the place of publication being Fort Stoddert, the military post on the Mobile river, near the present Mount Vernon. Miller had expected to begin publication in Mobile, but the town was in Spanish hands and there was no knowing *John Forsyth* when they would move out. Thirteen issues are said to have been printed, but whether any saw the light in Mobile cannot be asserted. Two copies are in the state archives in Montgomery, one bearing the date of May 23, 1811.

Another early editor and printer was G. B. Cotton, who had more enterprise than Miller, for he penetrated Mobile and put his press to work without waiting for the Spanish to leave. This fact is proved by the quotation which Hamilton, *Colonial Mobile*, makes from a letter written by Josiah Blakeley to his sister, Abby, in Connecticut, the letter bearing date of February 28, 1812. In it Blakeley says: "*The Gazette* will from time to time inform you what takes place in this country."

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December 10, 1821, appeared the first number of *The Mobile Commercial Register*, with Jonathan Battelle and John W. Townsend as publishers, Battelle holding the position of editor. The new paper was a folio, about the dimensions of the present-day paper, with the first, third and fourth pages given to advertising and the second to editorial writings and news clippings. It was issued twice a week to city subscribers and once a week to the country, the price being four dollars a year.

In 1823 there was printed in *The Commercial Register* the announcement that the title, interest and property of the *Gazette* (which at that time bore the name of the *Gazette and Advertiser*) had been purchased by the owners of *The Register*, and that all contracts, obligations, etc., would be fulfilled by the purchasers. The name of the *Gazette* was dropped, but in all other respects *The Commercial Register* perpetuated the *Gazette*, and there has been a continuous publication covering a period of not less than 116 years.

June 2, 1828, Townsend, surviving partner, sold the paper to Thaddeus Sanford, who, singly and in various partnerships, edited the paper with great vigor until 1854, during which time another noted man came to the front, John Forsyth, son of the Georgia statesman of the same name.

October 6, 1832, after the purchase made by Sanford of the paper known as the *Patriot*, the paper became *The Mobile Commercial Register and Patriot*. At the same date it was announced that the paper would be issued daily to city subscribers for the eight winter months and tri-weekly for the four summer months, at \$10 a year; and semi-weekly to country subscribers for \$5. "Daily," however, meant only six issues a week. No seven issues a week were attempted before 1898, when the war with Spain appeared to justify the issue of a Monday paper.

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It will not be worth while to follow the paper through all of its changes of ownership. After Sanford, Forsyth was owner, sole and in partnership with a number of persons, and was active as editor for nearly 30 years.

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June 2, 1861, Mobile's two morning dailies were merged under the title of *The Advertiser and Register*, and ownership of W. G. Clark & Company, Mr. Clark as publisher and Colonel Forsyth as editor. The editor was soon called into active service in the Confederate army, but he kept in close touch with the newspaper, directing its policies and writing for it. At the end of the war, both he and Mr. Clark were absent from Mobile; and their plant was taken possession of by E. O. Haile, who had an order from General Canby to publish a newspaper with any material he could find. Haile began a paper, the *Mobile Morning News*, and when Major Henry St. Paul returned from the war, gave him a half interest and made him the editor. It was through Major St. Paul that Colonel John L. Rapier entered the publication business; and in April, 1866, Haile sold his interest in his paper then bearing the title of *The Mobile Morning Times*, to St. Paul and Rapier.

In the meantime, Clark and Forsyth had returned and revived *The Advertiser and Register*, and also their evening edition, which bore the name of the *News*. It was because of the revival of the last named that Haile changed the name of his paper to the *Times*.

In 1867, Col. William D. Mann, who had come to Mobile at the head of a Michigan regiment, but who was a Democrat in politics, entered the field by purchasing a third interest in the *Times*. Colonel Mann soon recognized that Mobile of that time had an over supply of newspapers. Said he to Colonel Rapier

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early in 1868: "Rapier, what do you think *The Advertiser and Register* can be bought for?" Rapier replied that forty thousand dollars was about all it was worth. "You are right!" was Mann's comment, and he supplied himself with that amount in bills and paid the office of his contemporary a visit. "I have come," he said, "to offer to buy your newspaper. What will you take for it?" Clark looked at Forsyth and Forsyth at Clark. They asked time to consult in private. In a short while they returned to the room in which Mann was waiting, and said their price was forty thousand dollars.

"Sold!" said the colonel, slapping his roll down upon the table.

Colonel Mann added that he would engage Colonel Forsyth to edit the paper, the old name of which he proposed to restore. He explained that Major St. Paul would remain editor of *The Times*, which would be published as a Sunday issue only. John L. Rapier became business manager for both papers.

Colonel Mann's association ended March 15, 1871, with the sale of his interest to Isaac Donovan, John Forsyth continuing in editorial charge. March 27, 1874, the publication style was Forsyth and Rapier. In July, 1876, by another change, it became John L. Rapier & Company. May the second of the following year Colonel Forsyth died. His successor was Colonel Joseph Hodgson, with a brilliant record as officer in the army, as state superintendent of education and as editor of the *Montgomery Mail*. He served until 1893, when he resigned, to take charge of a Birmingham daily. As editor of the *Mail* he was originator of the term "carpetbagger," to designate the class of impecunious northerners who invaded the south after the war; and, as editor of *The Register*, he had the honor of being quoted for his tribute to General Grant on the death of that noted general and

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president. *Harper's Weekly* printed a front page portrait of the general, and on one side, as upon a tablet, was inscribed Grant's appeal in behalf of peace and restoration of brotherhood, and on the other *The Register's* recognition of the service of the man who had spoken it, the editorial reading:

"The South unites with the North in paying tribute to his memory. He saved the Union. For this triumph—for time has shown it to be a triumph for the South as well as for the North—he is entitled to and will receive the grateful tribute of the millions who in the course of time will crowd this continent with a hundred imperial states and spread to the world the blessings of republican freedom."

In March, 1889, the individual interests were merged into corporate form, as The Register Company, with John L. Rapier, president and publisher. Colonel Rapier died May 7, 1905, and was succeeded in 1906 by his son, Paul E. Rapier, who sold the paper, April 23, 1910, to Frederick I. Thompson, the present owner and publisher.

* * * *

One will rarely encounter so brilliant a succession of men of parts as is revealed by calling the roll of *The Register* staff, beginning with Jonathan Battelle, who possessed all the qualities of a good editor, and continuing with the names of Thaddæus Sanford, Alexander Buford Meek, John Forsyth, Theodore O'Hara, Willis Gaylord Clark, William d'Alton Mann, Thomas Cooper DeLeon, Hannis Taylor, Erwin Ledyard, Joseph Hodgson, John Lawrence Rapier, Warren Huddleston Roberts and John Buckner Myrick.

The name, John Forsyth, stands for one of the boldest, most cultured and most influential editors that ever wielded pen in the South. It was before the war, in the days of South Carolin-

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ian nullification, that his writings commanded national attention. He counseled against extreme views and rash decisions, expressing the hope that a peaceful solution would be found; but when war came he devoted himself as editor and as officer in the army, to the southern cause. Willis Brewer says of him as a writer: "His style was peculiarly fresh, bold and trenchant, and secured for him the highest honors of the profession of journalism." Benjamin F. Riley says: "There was a fastidious touch in his style, a classical mold to his thought, which, while they pleased the most scholarly of readers, equally charmed the common people."

Quite a history could be written of the major policies and accomplishments in which *The Register* had its part to play for Mobile, beginning with the building of railroads, the opening of a ship channel from Mobile to the sea, and following, with the popular movements for street paving, for ampler water supply, for sewers, for a better and more compact form of municipal government, to all of which Mobile owes its rapid advancement in business, in health and in beauty.

Progress moves with ever-increasing ratio; every effort seems to make its successor easier of accomplishment; and we see done in a few years more than was done in decades that preceded them. As a people, we live faster, and do more in a given time; and succeed in what would have been hopeless to our grandfathers. Hence it is that the recent fifteen years form the most brilliant period in Mobile development, the crowning achievement, celebrated this year, being nothing less than the freeing of the seaport and the equipping it for the handling of the world's commerce.

Not alone in support of local measures, however, but in respect to all matters affecting the welfare of the state, *The Mobile*

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Register has borne its part; in the campaign for good roads; for putting an end to the iniquitous system of working convicts for private gain in the coal mines; for extension of the state's aid in education; and for upholding the laws and enforcing respect for the same.

July 15, 1928

THE MIDDLE PERIOD

BIENVILLE SQUARE

The beautiful little city park, shaded with venerable live-oaks, which is the unique feature of Mobile's business quarter, was purchased for public use in the thirties of the last century. At a later date, 1866, it was dedicated to the memory of Jean Baptiste LeMoyne, Sieur de Bienville, who in 1711, founded Mobile on its present site, after a vain effort of nine years' duration to establish the French colony on Twenty-Seven Mile Bluff.

The first real estate transaction of record in relation to this park area is a Spanish grant, March, 1793, to Mary Ann Dupew, of land fronting St. Joseph street. The corner of St. Joseph and Dauphin streets was granted, April 17, 1793, to Peter Lavallett. A third early grant, of date December 21, 1802, was to Don Miguel Eslava, the king's treasurer, who at the time resided in Bienville's old home, south of and facing the fort.

All the holdings of land in the square appear to have their basis in Spanish grants. John Forbes and Company held a large block at the corner of St. Joseph and St. Francis where for a number of years the firm kept stock in what was termed a "skin" house. At the opposite corner, at Dauphin and Conception streets, was an equally large plot, marked "Old Hospital." Other plots, large and small, bore the names of R. and M. Dunwoody, B. and D. Alvarez, B. Laurant, Augustine and M. Collins, and Regis Bernoudy, spelt "Barnody." The locations are shown in a map of 1830. Quite unexplained is another map, dated fifteen years earlier, that shows the square devoid of private

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holdings, and with only one mark, reading "Old Spanish Hospital," located not at the corner of Dauphin and Conception, but on Dauphin, half-way between Conception and St Joseph. That the later map conveys the more trustworthy information seems to be proved by the fact that when the city acquired property on the square, one piece was the corner lot, marked "Old Hospital."

This "Old Hospital" plot of ground was the first to pass into the possession of the city. The hospital had been used for some time as a theatre. It belonged to the United States, In 1824 congress passed an act transferring it to the city on condition that the land should forever be used as a city park. Not until 1830, however, were all the conditions adjusted. Then the transfer took effect.

By the time that the city was ready to purchase the private holdings, ownership had very generally passed from the grantees, and the transfers show the names of the sellers as Catherine Samson, lot on St. Joseph street, November 4, 1834; Willis Lang, lot corner of St. Joseph and St. Francis, July 14, 1835; and others: Antonio Pinto, Catherine Durand, Z. Chastang, John A. Herpin, Rodenberg and Ward, Martin and Diego McVoy, John J. Everitt, Charles Batre, Louis Calderow, and Polite, Margaret and Josephine Collins; the last sale being in 1849.

* * * *

Early in the third decade a plan was formed to create a public place in the midst of the town, as the site for the municipal government; and to this end the purchase of all the land in the square bounded by St. Joseph, St. Francis, Conception and Dauphin streets was made. In the large map of the city by Surveyor Charles DeLage, in 1836, approved in 1837, the square

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is shown devoid of all private holdings, and having, in its center, a ground-plan drawing of a considerable edifice, designated in the map's index as the "City Hall," while the square is styled the "City Park."

There was at the time in the center of the square a building styled the city hall—a one-story, wooden structure, which, with its peaked roof and flag-pole atop, had the appearance of two stories. A wide veranda surrounded it on three sides. In front, on the Dauphin street side, was the "city park" or parade ground. When the building became dilapidated in 1849, it was abandoned, the recorder's court being moved to Conti street.

The real estate records show conclusively that the whole square was not cleared of private holdings at the date of the De Lage map, and it must be inferred that the map, insofar as related to the square, was made in the Pauline view of "the substance of things hoped for."

The people also were looking forward to the erection of what moderns call a Civic Center, as is shown by their purchase in England of a fine clock to go in the tower of the new city hall, when built. The clock arrived in due course, only to find no city welcome awaiting; for there was no new city hall and no tower. The clock led thereafter a nomadic life, as I have described in another article, and served last in the tower of the Central Market. It is now in a packing case somewhere, awaiting disposition by the city authorities. Never did this time-telling machinery find a home in a city hall.

Not in Mobile alone did the young men see visions and the old men dream dreams; for all over the country there were "flush times" and great development. In 1837 settlement day came, and the last holders of speculative schemes were ruined. It was a great crash, carrying down banks, business houses and individu-

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al owners, in one general disaster. The idea of creating an imposing Civic Center in Mobile's public square had to be abandoned.

In an important respect the bank panic was a good thing for Mobile, as it came in time to prevent the carrying out of the city plan, which, had it been successful, would have given Mobile the sort of public square found elsewhere generally—a bare and desolate space, sparsely planted with discouraged and stunted trees, or not planted at all, and having as its central feature a more or less American renaissance structure, all angles, cornices, plastered pillars, pitched roof and pinnacles, of which style our own court-house, in its former pinnacled state, was the conventional example. This would have been our city hall; and, perhaps, a market house would have been an added detraction. Fortunately, the panic stopped all that, and we have gained our park, with its magnificent trees, its deeply shaded walks, its flowing fountain—Mobile's much loved beauty-spot.

* * * *

It is interesting to recall that, following the panic which had prevented the carrying out of the original design with respect to the square, conditions were such that the city actually contemplated disposing of the property. An assignment was made to H. C. Chamberlain, Thaddeus Sanford, N. Gwathmey, John Bloodgood, Jonathan Emanuel and T. M. English, trustees, and the trustees advertised that on the second Monday in April, 1843, they would offer at public sale sixty-seven building lots in the square, and the ends of all the city streets with wharves at said ends, from and including Theatre street to St. Anthony street; and also a mortgage obligation of the school commissioners for \$15,000.

No part of the city property mentioned was sold, however,

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as the discovery was made that the land having been dedicated to public use could not be alienated. Some leases must have been made of square property notwithstanding the discovery, for mention is made in Hamilton's history of a livery-stable erected there, and a minute of the city council, dated December 11, 1843, records the approval of a bill for \$12.50 presented by P. B. Taylor, "for the services in leasing property on the public square."

The city plainly was in distress when it was proposed to proceed to such an extremity as the sale of public property; but the trustees managed in the usual way, by settling with the creditors and issuing a new bond, the legislature granting the necessary authority.

It was in 1850 that complaint arose because some citizens were using the square for pasturing their horses, cows and even hogs, and were breaking down the lower branches of the trees by hanging their linen thereon to dry. In answer to this complaint, a fence, of five bars, with posts ten feet apart, was erected to enclose the square, and for the time the public was barred out, save for viewing the circus performances, and, on one occasion, a balloon ascension. In 1852, a subscription of \$1,600 was expended in an effort to bore a public well in the square. The contractor reported June 3, 1854, that he had gone down 200 feet and found only hard clay.

* * * *

It must have been a little earlier than this that the planting of trees in the square began. The complaint made in 1850 indicates that there were trees there to be damaged by misuse—probably small trees, and bushes, such as the crepe myrtle. Tradition says that Mayor J. W. L. Childers, who served in 1847, began the planting of the live-oaks. Dr. Thomas Jenkins, who was in charge of the United States Marine hospital, and was

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in practice with Dr. Ketchum in the forties, pointed out to J. D. Bloch, a few years before his death, the trees on the Conception street side he said he had planted. It was early in the fifties that the grounds were laid off with walks connecting opposite angles and sides; and in 1858, by public subscription of \$10,000, raised under the lead of L. T. Woodruff and A. R. Meslier, a handsome iron fence was bought and put in place. This included large double gates at the corners and sides of the square.

In laying off the grounds, a mound about a yard high, and forty feet in diameter was built in the center. On this mound the contractor, Daniel Geary, who supplied the fence, exhibited some ornamental products of the Philadelphia foundry—an iron deer and an iron effigy of a ragged negro boy to guard the animal. Just after the close of the war the iron-boy disappeared, and rumor had it that the recently-freed negroes of Mobile had taken away the statue of the boy and thrown it into the river. In fact, however, Mr. Geary, having some fear lest the statue might be made away with, took it at night and hid it. Later, in 1890, he confided it to the St. Joseph gymnasium, where it remained until 1924 when the gym building was torn down. The statue is now in the possession of one of Geary's heirs, Mr. F. L. Diard. The iron deer was moved to Washington square in 1890, when the central part of Bienville square was utilized for the erection of the fountain in honor of Dr. George A. Ketchum.

Besides the magnificent display of trees, the square contains an imposing monument to Mobile's founder, Sieur de Bienville, erected by the Colonial Dames of Alabama. It is a large, rough-hewn granite cross, resting on a pedestal in the center of a circular mound.

There are also several old cannon originally employed in Mobile's defenses, and later as corner-posts on Water street,

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whence at the time of the paving of that street they were rescued by Peter Joseph Hamilton, president of the Iberville Historical society, and placed in the square.

Another object of interest is the basemark, erected in 1880 by the United States coast and geodetic survey. It consists of a granite pillar, so placed as to indicate the true north.

It was in Mayor Joseph C. Rich's time (1888-93) that the old and well-worn tar and gravel walks were replaced by patent-stone pavement; and it was Mayor Pat J. Lyons (1904, until his last incumbency, in 1917) who took the park under his personal charge, causing the grass to be cared for, the trees to be treated by experts, and sub-tropical plants to be planted and their growth encouraged. Succeeding administrations have carefully followed his example, making the most possible of the opportunities offered, and preserving for Mobile what many regard as the city's peculiar and most admirable ornament.

July 29, 1928

BALDWIN, RAILROAD BUILDER

Mobile's first railroad enterprise was introduced under the high-sounding title of the Mobile and New Orleans Railroad Company; but as the line was projected to go no farther in the direction of New Orleans than the southeastern extremity of the Mobile county mainland, it became locally known as the Cedar Point Railroad. Of that early iron-road, its originators and its untimely fate, something may be said when occasion offers. The first railroad that was actually put through by Mobile, and was operated and continues to be operated, was and is the Mobile and Ohio, which is cited here as the visible demonstration of the fact that Mobilians of three generations ago had initiative beyond the ordinary and perseverance that commanded success.



Baldwyn

The railroad was characterized at the outset as the crazy scheme of a crazy promoter; and, indeed, it so appeared to the conservatives of that day, who, true to form, did not recognize that oft-times the impossible is the easiest of accomplishment. There is an old saying that it is the unexpected that happens; and there must be some truth in it to account for it.

Mobile at the time had not more than 20,000 inhabitants, one-third negro slaves. A community of less than 15,000 white persons, therefore, proposed to build a railroad, 500 miles long,

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from the Gulf to the Ohio river, in order to promote industry in and trade with the intervening territory. The man who fathered the plan had never built a railroad, nor was he greatly distinguished in any sort of endeavor. He had, however, the essential qualification for the work he took in hand—resolution. He believed he had hit upon the very thing to make Mobile a great city and port, and, in that belief, he wavered not nor wearied, until he had brought the community to share his belief and to back that belief with actual money, to an extent which, in proportion to the community's wealth, no enterprise since has had support here, and few enterprises have had elsewhere.

* * * *

Marshall J. D. Baldwin was this man. The name will sound unfamiliar to most of the citizens of this generation, and, in truth, it has passed out of memory of man. Formerly it was to be seen engraved in stone over the main entrance to the terminal building facing Beauregard street; but in the changes of ownership and construction the tablet was taken down, and is now stored in one of the company's warehouses.

For a year or more, Baldwin went about with his maps, his plans and estimates, telling Mobilians of the great opportunity presented of tapping all the railroads and waterways up to and including the Ohio, the artery through which flowed a tremendous commerce to New Orleans. Baldwin played a lone hand for a considerable time, but, in 1848, he had enlisted the aid of a number of prominent citizens and these had authorized a preliminary survey of the route—a sort of "look-over," to discover whether it were worth while to proceed further. A provisional association was formed, headed by Sidney Smith, one of the men of that time looked upon as the leader.

On February 2, 1849, the *Mobile Advertiser*, Col. Charles

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C. Langdon's newspaper, took editorial notice of the movement for the building of the railroad, reflecting the impression Baldwin's efforts had made upon the public mind, saying:

"When our friend Baldwin first broached the project of a railroad to the mouth of the Ohio river— Whew! its magnitude made it preposterous and threw a shade of doubt over every part of its feasibility. The route, the features of the country, the possibility of acquiring subscriptions, were laughed down with scarce a thought; but our friend, like every other projector of great schemes, became more earnest the more he was opposed. He would be listened to, and he seized upon every man's button-hole and held him until he was heard through; he stuck to it through thick and thin, to use a homely phrase, and though considered a monomaniac on this subject, he persevered until people began to think, and from thinking began to act. It is now the opinion of every one that what seemed at one time to us impossible and impracticable, is both possible and practicable; nor are the views now of even the most timid and prudent of that limited character in regard to the benefits this road will confer upon the city that first occupied the public mind." And so on, for the better part of a column of type, describing what those benefits were expected to be.

* * * *

On May 25 of that year a stock company was organized, as follows: Sidney Smith, president; Alfred F. Irwin, secretary and treasurer, and Charles P. Gage, Francis B. Clark, Duke W. Goodman, Dr. Richard Lee Fearn, Sidney Smith, Moses Waring, Jonathan Emanuel, Charles Gascoigne, William J. Ledyard and John J. Walker, directors.

The preliminary work began at once, and the engineering board was appointed, with John Childe, of New York, as chief

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engineer. At the September meeting Captain Childe announced that he had advertised for bids, to be opened December the eighth, for grading, bridging, woodwork and masonry for sixty-two miles of roadway, and for cross-ties for seventy miles, work to begin as soon as contracts were awarded. At the December fifth meeting, which appears to have been what is now known as a mass meeting, the proposition was brought forward and enthusiastically adopted for a subscription of \$300,000 to the stock of the company, payable in two and three years. Books were opened and committees were appointed for each of the seven wards, and such was the support given that before the month was out the whole of the amount named was subscribed.

The state legislature granted a charter in January, 1850, which the governor vetoed because the charter exempted the railroad from taxation until it showed an earning power. This defect was shortly remedied and the charter obtained. Application was made also to Mississippi, Tennessee and Kentucky for charters to operate in those states, and this was promptly granted. The original charter of the railroad is said to be deposited in the corner-stone of the federal building, southwest corner of Royal and St. Francis streets.

The Alabama legislature showed its interest further in the promotion of the railroad by levying a tax of twenty-five cents per \$100 on real estate in Mobile, and the next year raised the tax to two dollars per \$100, the same to run for five years, but all subject to the approval of the property owners. It is said that there were only seven dissentient votes in Mobile when this taxation measure was put to a vote. In the same way the people of Mississippi taxed themselves in support of the enterprise; and the state of Tennessee voted bonds, \$10,000 for every mile of the road built through Tennessee territory.

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Next, the Mobile and Ohio was made a land-grant road, by a bill introduced in congress by Senator Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi, which became a law in September, 1850, giving to the company alternate sections of the public land for six miles on either side of the right of way in Alabama and Mississippi, comprising 1,500,000 acres of land, estimated at three dollars an acre in value, or \$4,500,000, conditioned that fifty per cent. of the cost of constructing the road should be met by the stockholders. This donation assured the building of the road. The date was September 17.

Early in February, however, on the twenty-fifth day of that month, 1850, the actual construction began, a great assembly witnessing the first step or stroke when Mr. Baldwyn, ax in hand, cut down a pine tree at the northeast corner of Royal and Lipscomb streets in the city of Mobile.

The first locomotive, described as "a one-cylinder affair," was delivered December 27, 1851, and bore the name "Citronelle." A passenger car had been received here in the month preceding. Chief Engineer Childe estimated that the actual cost of the road would be \$10,000,000, and the time of construction three years, while the income to be expected was \$2,890,000 per annum. In February of the next year, the actual cost of constructing the road for thirty-three miles, to Citronelle, was given at \$13,318 per mile, total \$439,473, and \$57,614 less than the estimate. June 23, trains began to be run regularly between Citronelle and the city, and Mr. Baldwyn received mention, he now appearing as the freight and passenger agent, with office in the terminal station-house. In 1855, he was appointed commissary agent of the company.

At the fifth annual meeting, 1854, it was announced that William R. Hallett had succeeded in selling six million dollars

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worth of company bonds in London, and had purchased 8,000 tons of rails. In the meantime, the state of Alabama at its recent session had voted a loan of \$400,000 to the company.

The road having been completed to Winchester, Mississippi, at midsummer of that year, a Fourth of July celebration took place there, a great excursion from Mobile being run, carrying the local military, under Colonel John B. Todd, and a cannon to fire salutes there and on the way. Governors McRae, of Mississippi, and Winston, of Alabama, were the leading orators in the ceremony.

March 3, 1856, A. F. Hopkins was elected to succeed Sidney Smith as president. *The Mobile Register* editorialized on the event, paying great compliment to Smith and Baldwyn, saying of their "mad dream": "By courage, faith, perseverance and energy, their labors now have become a great and splendid realization."

* * * *

There is but little more to tell. In March, 1861, the road, which had been under construction from both ends, was completed when the rails were joined at Corinth, Mississippi, Mr. Baldwyn driving a silver spike, in celebration of that event. April 20, 1861, under the presidency of Milton Brown of Tennessee, who succeeded Mr. Hopkins in 1856, the public was notified that the work was finished and that trains, beginning that day, would run between Mobile and Columbus, Kentucky.

The shops were first designated to be located at Citronelle, but actually were placed at Whistler, when Jacob Magee donated the considerable body of land there for the purpose. Charles Vallant was the engineer to take out the first train to Citronelle, and Ham Tuttle the conductor. J. Phil Collins, who entered the service in 1859, was the conductor of longest service.

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Of the pioneer, M. J. D. Baldwyn, I learn but little. He died before the war's end, and although his body is said to lie in the old Church-street Cemetery, the record of that burying-ground bears not his name, and there is no tomb or inscription there commemorating him. His picture which I am able to present through the courtesy of his grand-niece, Miss Loomis B. Clemmons, shows that he was a man of impressive form and feature, massive forehead, clear-eyed, strong of chin and firm of lip, as became one of great purpose.

There were four brothers: Marshall, Henry Cornelius, Edward and William. They were of English decent and born in Greenville, North Carolina. In what year they moved to Mobile, is not remembered.

Marshall married Louisa Stanhope, widow of Count Cavaliere or Caballero, a Spanish gentleman. She was a lady-in-waiting upon Queen Victoria. The couple had one son, named Marshall, who died in the seventies, and a daughter.

Henry Cornelius was a planter and owner of steamboats which plied these rivers. He had several places along the eastern shore of Baldwin county. He built the hotel at Point Clear, which has been for years the fashionable summer resort of the southern country.

I spell the promoter's name "Baldwyn," as he himself spelled it. His father, however, used the "i" and the name is so written in the family Bible. All the living members of the family follow this customary spelling. Also, Colonel Langdon, in praising him, and calling him his friend, twice printed the name as "Baldwin." The name of the widow and son appears in the city directories of 1866 and 1867 as "Baldwyn," with residence at number seven North Jackson street.

March 25, 1928

GENERAL ARCHIBALD GRACIE

Mobile was represented in the war of 1861-65 by five general officers, all brigadiers: Jones M. Withers, Zach C. Deas, James Hagan, Danville Leadbetter and Archibald Gracie; and by Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes, commander of the famous cruiser "Alabama," who came to Mobile in 1849, and died in this city August 30, 1877. Temporarily here during the war was Rear Admiral Franklin Buchanan, who commanded the



"Virginia," commonly called the "Merrimac," in the conflict with the "Monitor" in Hampton Roads, and later the ram "Tennessee," in the Battle of Mobile bay. General Braxton Bragg was resident here immediately after the war, while in charge of the improvements of the Mobile harbor.

General Withers was born in Madison county, 1814; graduated at West Point, 1835; served in the Creek and Mexican wars, in the *General Gracie* latter having the rank of Colonel, and was for a time stationed in the state of Chihuahua, where, in recognition of his merits, a handsome sword was presented to him, also a silver-mounted Mexican saddle, which relics are preserved by his family. Colonel Withers came to Mobile in 1841, where his character and actions made a good impression, as is shown by his election in 1855 to the office of mayor, and his re-election four successive times, and once again on his return after the war. When the war came, he placed his services at the command of

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the state. He received the commission of brigadier-general in July, 1861; had part in the strenuous Kentucky campaign, and closed his service as departmental commander in Montgomery. After the war he edited the *Mobile Tribune*. His death occurred March 13, 1891.

General Deas was born in Camden, S. C., 1819; came to Mobile in 1835; served in the Mexican war; and when Alabama seceded, in 1861, recruited and became colonel of the Twenty-second Alabama regiment, equipping it at his own expense. He led that regiment at Shiloh, where he was severely wounded; served through the Kentucky campaign; was commissioned brigadier-general December 13, 1863; fought through the Atlanta campaign, and confronted Sherman all the way down to the sea. After the war, resided in New York.

General Hagan was born in Ireland, 1821, and came to Mobile a young man. He was in Mexico at the breaking out of war between that country and the United States; volunteered and was at the storming of Monterey; and for gallantry was appointed captain of the Third Dragoons. In 1861 he entered the Confederate army as a captain, and became colonel after Shiloh, the Third Alabama cavalry having just been organized with himself as commander. He was a brigade officer under General Joseph Wheeler, and was in many engagements, being wounded three times. His commission reached him just before the close of the war. His later years were passed in Mobile.

General Leadbetter was born in Livermore, Maine, 1811; graduated at West Point, 1836, and was assigned to the engineer corps. As captain he was on duty in Mobile, 1845-6 and in 1853, where he superintended the construction of the Federal building, still today one of the handsomest and solidest structures in the city. When war came in 1861, Leadbetter resigned

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his captaincy and accepted the position of lieutenant-colonel from the state, and the command of Fort Morgan at the entrance to the bay. Under his direction were erected the earthen work defenses of Mobile. He served in Tennessee with the rank of brigadier-general, and later was chief of engineers of the Western army, and had part in the Battle of Mission Ridge. After the war he went first to Mexico and then to Canada, where he died in 1866.

* * * *

Archibald Gracie, junior, was of a northern family. His father came to Mobile from New York, where his son was born, December 1, 1833, and was for thirteen years a leading merchant of the Gulf City. Young Gracie was given five years at school in Europe, and then appointed to West Point, graduating 1854, and serving as a second-lieutenant of the Fourteenth Infantry in the Oregon campaign against the Indians. He resigned in 1857, to join his father in business in Mobile. He exhibited early an interest in the local military activities, and, having been in the army was elected to the captaincy of the Washington Light Infantry, which company, with himself at its head, began service in the war of 1861-65, before the state of Alabama seceded, by taking possession of Mt. Vernon Arsenal, at the order of the governor.

This company was mobilized as part of the Third Alabama Infantry, one of the hardest fighting units in the Southern army, but Gracie soon was transferred to be a major of the Eleventh Alabama. In the spring of 1862 he was commissioned to raise a regiment, and thus became colonel of the Forty-third Alabama. In the Kentucky campaign he showed such talent and courage as to commend him for promotion and he was given the command of the brigade which achieved fame at Chickamauga both

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in the severity of its losses and in the completeness of its victory over the enemy. The elevation upon which the last scene in that great battle was played bears today the name of Gracie's Hill.

General Gracie some little time afterward was wounded in the arm at Bean's station, while serving under Longstreet. In the closing days of the war, in the Virginia campaign, he commanded his brigade amidst the carnage of Drewy's Bluff, and in mid-winter, at Petersburg, while inspecting from the breast-works, he was, like Charles XII. when engaged in like manner at Frederikshall, shot through the head by an enemy missile, and instantly killed. The date was December 2, 1864.

* * * *

Of Hill No. 1, the easternmost elevation of the three hills constituting the Horseshoe Ridge upon which the battle of Chickamauga was fought, the son and namesake of General Gracie, in his monumental work entitled *The Truth About Chickamauga*, writes, saying:

"Gracie's Hill was the first permanent foothold gained on the heights by the Confederates. This brigade (Gracie's) alone took possession of this hill at 5 p.m., never relinquished the position and bivouacked there. . . . This hill was first called 'Gracie's Hill' at the time of the battle and thereafter because of the conspicuous personal bravery and ability of General Gracie, as set forth in the Official Reports, notably the report of General Kershaw."

A further testimonial to Gracie's gallantry is found in the description of the battle written by Bishop Charles Todd Quintard, who during the war was a chaplain in the Confederate army, going out with the First Tennessee in 1861, and always present where the men were fighting and wounded and dying. This passage from the pen of this good and courageous soldier

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of God reads as follows:

"The troops led by Brigadier-General Archibald Gracie fired the last gun and stormed the last strong position held by the enemy at the battle of Chickamauga, and so memorable was his conduct on that day that the people of the vicinity have given the hill the name of Gracie's Hill. It was a great privilege to know General Gracie as I did. He was a character that old Froissart would have delighted to paint. Chivalrous as a Bayard, he had all the tenderness of a woman. A warrior by nature as well as a soldier by education—he graduated at West Point in 1854—and profession, he had a horror of shedding blood and would almost shed tears in the hour of victory over the thin ranks of his brigade. A few months before his death he became a communicant of the church." Bishop Quintard's *His Story of the War*, page 89.

The memorial adopted by Gracie's brigade immediately after his death bears witness to the esteem in which he was held by the men he led. It reads:

"General Gracie was stalwart and handsome. He was a brave and excellent soldier, a sincere friend, without an atom of selfishness, however small, to detract from the nobleness of his nature; always anxious for the comfort and safety of his men; of cheerful and genial manner; in fine, a gentleman and a soldier; without fear and without blemish." Adopted December 7, 1864.

* * * *

The work published by the general's son, Archibald Gracie III., of New York City, had its inspiration in the current reports by means of which the battle of Chickamauga has gone into history as a Union victory, or, at the least, an empty Confederate success, whereas, as the writer by close study and analy-

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sis of the official records shows, it was a federal rout and a sweeping Confederate victory, only saved from being a disaster for the Union arms by a mistaken order given at the close of the day to cease pursuit of the retreating Federals. One brigade would have been sufficient to capture the remnants of Rosecrans' army, and Gracie supports this claim by reference to the Union army records.

There is nothing to be gained at this late day by prolonged review of what Colonel Gracie brings forward in his book. It is made very clear that there is no evidence to sustain the encyclopædias in their statements that Chickamauga was a barren victory for the Confederates, in that it prevented Bragg from obtaining his objective, the retaking of Chattanooga; for Bragg had left Chattanooga before the battle, of his own accord, not deeming it a good fighting position, and it certainly was not improved for that purpose after the Federals had occupied it. Bragg's purpose was not to retake Chattanooga, but to stem the advance of the Union forces into Georgia and, if possible, administer a defeat upon them, and this he signally accomplished in one of the hardest fought battles in the whole war.

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* * * *

Of Colonel Gracie, author of *The Truth About Chickamauga*, it can be said that he was in every way worthy of his distinguished parentage. It is remembered that in the great disaster at sea that overtook the steamer Titanic, April 14, 1912, Colonel Gracie, who was a passenger, bravely labored for hours, helping the women and children into the boats, and himself went down with the ship. Floating up, he found and grasped a liferaft and then saved other unfortunates who were nearby, pulling them upon the raft. He and those he had rescued were

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picked up and taken to safety; but the exposure took effect upon him, his death occurring eight months later, December 4, 1912.

March 11, 1928

CANBY IN MOBILE

The big, brown house, with sand-colored trim, standing at the northwest corner of Franklin and Government streets, with its spacious, iron-railed gallery, its generous breadth of front, and its lofty set-back story, would pass for a palace if it were in the Schwarzwald, but in prosaic America, it is known only as the former residence of William H. Ketchum, and, in our own days, as the home of the venerated bishops of Mobile.



General Canby The house is a noted landmark of the city, and has something of a history besides. I do not know how long it has stood there, except in a general way—say eighty years. Thomas S. James designed and built it. It bears the mark of James' genius all over it. James, you must know, designed the classic lines of the Government-street Presbyterian church and those of Barton Academy; also of the homes of those former well-known worthies, James Battle, George A. Ketchum, John Bragg, Charles K. Foote, etc. The house now under consideration is one of James' best efforts. He was given a free hand, and was not skimped in the expenditure of money. It is indeed, a fine old house, substantial, roomy, and elegant, inside and out, as was fitting an old southern family that lived in it, and is fit the good bishop who lives in it now.

* * * *

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According to military usage, General Edward Richard Sprigg Canby, commander of the United States forces that took Mobile early in April, 1865, made inquiry on arrival for a place in which to lodge himself and his military staff, and, when report was made to him of the Ketchum house, and he learned that it belonged to an officer at war with the flag the general served, his decision was made at once. Of all the houses in that quarter the Ketchum house seemed to him most suitable, and he gave order that it should be turned over to him, together with its contents; except, of course, the personal belongings of the occupants. He had no use for clothing, boots and shoes, and such like. All furnishings, however, including tableware, and, in fact, everything that became a mansion of its style, should remain. The government would give receipt and be accountable for everything taken, but the house must be delivered intact, and at once. The order was written and was served upon Mrs. Ketchum in her home.

* * * *

To tell the story in its proper order, let it be said that the first incident apparent to the dwellers in the said house was the arrival at the door of several officers, attended by their orderlies. The officers asked to see the lady of the house, and upon Mrs. Ketchum answering, they said they would like to view the premises. They were shown about the place, up-stairs and down, and into my-lady's parlor, also my-lady's kitchen and pantry. Then they departed, saying nothing. Silently they mounted their steeds, and rode away.

The next day came the order, which read as follows:

"Headq'trs Mil. Div. West Mississippi.

"Official business.

"Occupants of Dwelling House, cor. of Government and Franklin streets, Mobile, La., (sic)

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"Office Provost Marshal General, Army and Div. of West Mississippi. Mobile, Ala., April 14, 1865.

"The dwelling house corner of Government and Franklin streets in this city, with its appurtenances, furniture, etc., is hereby taken possession of for military service of the United States.

"The present occupants are hereby required to vacate the premises without delay. Facilities will be furnished them to join their friends beyond the lines, if desired. Nothing must be removed except personal effects, without written authority from the provost marshal general. Duplicate inventories will be taken, one copy to be given to the present occupant.

"By order,

"Maj. Genl. E. R. S. Canby,

"Geo. L. Andrews,

"Brig. Genl. Vols. and Provost
Marshal General."

* * *

One may imagine what consternation was occasioned by the receipt of such an order. To leave one's home is hard enough in any case, even if to return to it is assured, but to go out, on the instant, leaving and abandoning everything it contains, and to strangers and soldiers, who could be expected to show but little regard for the feelings of a hostile owner, that was a fortune of war very difficult indeed to understand and endure. I recall in a like case I witnessed when a small boy, that the lady of the house, my own mother, took to her bed and declared that if she went out she would have to be carried out.

Mrs. Ketchum did not propose a like retreat to the domestic citadel, but she did not know what to do. The whole family was upset, the servants along with their mistress. Maria, the colored

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factotum, was the first to have an idea. She, having heard that the general was calling on Mrs. Walker, at the house up the street a little way, offered to go and ask him to come and talk the matter over with Mrs. Ketchum. This seemed to be as good a plan as any; so off Maria went, and actually brought the general back with her.

The general was very polite. He expressed regret that the necessities of the situation compelled him to incommode a lady; but he and his staff had to be lodged somewhere, and the Ketchum house suited their needs better than any other they had found.

Well, said Mrs. Ketchum—and we do not quote her exact language, not knowing it—would it not be permissible for her to remain in the house which was her home and very dear to her?

General Canby replied that he had a large staff and there were many officers who would be coming and going, at all hours, day and night, and the headquarters would hardly be the place for a lady and children, and, manifestly, her presence would likely prove embarrassing to his entourage; rough fellows, some of them, and engaged in rough work. No; he could think of nothing to be done, save to allow Mrs. Ketchum an extra day in which to move.

Mrs. Ketchum said that she was willing to live in one room, or do anything, if not required to leave her home; but the general departed without further argument.

Afterwards, however, he appears to have thought the matter over with himself; for the next day he called again upon Mrs. Ketchum, on his own suggestion, and said that he had discovered that the house opposite on Government could be made to serve as the headquarters, the owner, William Stewart, being

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abroad with his family; and so, he had decided to place his staff in that residence, and to make Mrs. Ketchum's his personal home, while in Mobile, accompanied by only one officer, his aide, Captain Barrett. He asked if Mrs. Ketchum would be so kind as to act as hostess and housekeeper, with himself and Captain Barrett as her guests.

This was as surprising as agreeable a solution of the problem. Mrs. Ketchum readily agreed to the terms, and prepared for the officers' reception and entertainment. And so it happened that General Canby, fresh from scenes of battle at Spanish Fort and Blakeley, settled down in the peaceful comfort of this rebel home, the guest of the wife of a rebel soldier, he at the head of the family table and Mrs. Ketchum at the foot; and one may imagine the mid-Victorian conversation these courteous enemies engaged in.

When Major Ketchum returned from the war, he hastened to his wife and family, and was about to rush in when the sentry at the door barred the way. No body could come in, said the sentry, without a permit.

"Yes, but it is my home. I live here . . ."

"Get a permit!" replied the soldier, quite unmoved.

And the major had to apply at headquarters for permission to rejoin his family in his own house.

Once in, however, he found his right welcome, and his place at the table ceded at once, the general moving to one side, while the major took his seat at the head, doing the honors in the style of which he was the master. And thus the relative positions continued throughout the general's stay.

The kindly relationship established in this short period, was maintained in correspondence after the general's departure. The general had shown himself in all respects a gentleman, and

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by his courtesy and consideration for others earned the respect and friendship of those into whose company the fortunes of war had thrown him. The incident of his stay in Mobile remained doubtless a pleasant memory, rare indeed in the rigorous life of the soldier.

As far as concerns the financial side of the sojourn, all I learn is that rations for two officers were supplied by the quartermaster. Another incident was the borrowing of all the Ketchum silver for use in a banquet given at headquarters in honor of General Benjamin F. Butler, on the occasion of the general's visit to the army here, and it is a noteworthy fact that all the silver was accounted for and returned, even to the last spoon; and more: a substantial supply of refreshments was sent with it as a gift to the silverware's owner.

* * * *

The photograph reproduced at the head of this chapter was lent me by Miss Willey Creagh, a daughter of Mrs. Ketchum, to whom I am indebted also for opportunity to copy the military order here quoted, shows General Canby a man of middle age, clean-shaven, a countenance austere but not unpleasing. The general was born in Kentucky, a fact that goes far to explain his kindly treatment of Mobile and the Mobilians when they were "held by the enemy." His Indiana rearing did not change what the atmosphere of old Kaintuck had given him as its endowment.

Something about his career may be of interest to our readers. Born in 1817; appointed to West Point from Indiana in 1835, he served in the Florida wars, and then had part in the transfer of the Indian tribes to the west. Hardly was this accomplished when the Mexican war brought him into the field, and he was present at the siege of Vera Cruz, and in the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Cherubusco, finally leading with the

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storming party at the Belen gate, City of Mexico. For his fine service he was brevetted major and lieutenant-colonel. Then followed some years of little activity and slow advance, though he had important work with the Tenth infantry, of which he was major, in the Indian country. At the outbreak of the Civil war he was placed as acting brigadier-general in charge of the work of clearing New Mexico of the Confederates, and, succeeding in this, he was called to Washington as staff adviser to secretary Stanton, in which position he had opportunity to help put down the draft rioters in New York City. As major-general of volunteers, he was appointed in 1864 to the command of west Mississippi, and assigned the task of capturing Mobile, being assisted by the United States fleet under Admiral Farragut. He chose the longest way around, as appeared, and the hardest, by landing on the coast and proceeding inland to attack the Spanish Fort and Fort Blakeley, in Baldwin county, on the eastern shore of Mobile bay. It was a long, gruelling and costly journey through a roadless region, but persistence and a large force of men won the day, the forts being taken and Mobile also, the affair ending April 12, 1865.

May fifth, Canby accepted the surrender of General Dick Taylor and his army, at the oak in Citronelle. The next year he was given the full rank of brigadier-general in the army and after two years in Washington, he was placed in command of the northwest Indian regions, and in the winter of 1872-73, took the field against the Modocs. Apparently making a strong impression upon the savages, he arranged with Captain Jack and other chiefs to hold a conference looking to peace and friendship. It was on April 11, 1873, in Siskiyou county, California, this conference began. At a given signal, however, the Indians killed all the white commissioners before the escort could afford pro-

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tection, and Canby was one of the victims. Captain Jack and two other chiefs later paid for their treachery with their lives.

May 5, 1929

THE MAGAZINE EXPLOSION

At dinner time, or, as I take it, about two o'clock in the afternoon of May 25, 1865, there happened in Mobile an explosion of greatest violence, and immense in its destructiveness. The war had but a few weeks before come to an end, and a considerable part of the surrendered munitions of this gulf district was assembled and stored in this city. About one-third of the ammunition that had been turned over to the Union army at Gainesville by General Dick Taylor's terms of surrender, was brought down the river and placed in warehouses in the Orange Grove district. It was this store of ammunition that exploded on the day named. In all it was estimated that there were two hundred tons of explosives, consisting of musket-cartridges, powder in barrels and kegs, and in loaded shells; and the storing of more of this material was in process at the warehouse when the whole establishment blew up, with a noise so sharp and loud that it was heard by passengers traveling in a Mobile and Ohio train, forty miles from the city; also at Fort Morgan, thirty-three miles distant, where the garrison thought some war vessel in the harbor had exploded its magazine, and manned the ramparts in eagerness to learn what had happened.

Where the warehouse had stood there was left a hole in the ground equal to the building's area, and ten or more feet deep. This hole, filled with water, long remained as a sort of monument to the devastation that was caused.

The entire northern district of the city was unusually active

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at the time, as business had sprung up with the close of hostilities, and trade and commerce along the river were flourishing. The district was made up chiefly of cotton warehouses, cotton compresses, iron and wood-working establishments, and also it was at the time the refuge of a great number of freedmen and women, with their children and dependents. There were workmen and teams there engaged in transportation of supplies for the division of the army stationed in Mobile.

The two-story building and cotton yard known as Pomeroy and Marshall's warehouse, described as the main entrance-depot of the army, and in which the explosion occurred, was situated on the southwest corner of Commerce and Lipscomb streets. In front, and extending out into the river, was the wharf serving the warehouse, at which lay vessels that brought down from the interior country the cargoes of munitions. The wharf was covered with army material, stores, clothing, and some explosives, while the warehouse was almost completely filled with ammunition in the package forms here mentioned.

Nobody in the warehouse survived to tell how the catastrophe was caused. An investigation was held, that revealed nothing. A negro, arrested in New Orleans, claimed he was the author, but gained no credence. The mass of explosives let go with a tremendous crash and with a force that swept the terrain almost clean for blocks around, so that, as the contemporary newspaper report says, hardly one brick was left upon another. Any human victims that lived to tell the tale were such as were struck at a distance from the center of this artificial volcano; and there were plenty of these; indeed, a deplorably large number, for in the public care there were reported 89 in the marine hospital, 30 in Providence Infirmary, 50 in the City hospital and 80 injured negroes in the Kennedy hospital. Others were

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treated in homes of the citizens. How many persons lost their lives was not ascertained. Estimates were made running as high as 300, but only with guess-work for their basis, as there was no way of ascertaining how many persons had been in the radius of fatality. All that is known is that the region was unusually populated at the time, and that the number of fatalities was very great. More than one hundred bodies were retrieved from the ruins, but these accounted only for a fraction of the loss. Where solid structures were annihilated, few relics of human beings were to be found.

It is said that the unidentified remains were assembled for interment in a common grave, which tradition locates in Adams street; and, further, that fire was employed to reduce the same to ashes before the earth was placed over them. This tradition had its origin possibly in the fact that the bodies of some seventy or eighty mules and horses were collected in an open space near the scene of the explosion, covered with rosin and other combustibles, and burned.

Eight squares of buildings, mostly of one-story brick and wood construction, and used for storing cotton, were swept away, and other squares were damaged severely; some eight to ten thousand bales of cotton were burned, and wharf and steamboat property destroyed by explosion and fire. General property damage was widespread. Not a house escaped entirely. Window glass was broken everywhere, and in many instances window sashes and even doors with their frames were blown in. The loss was estimated at \$5,000,000.

Much is told of the effect on men, animals and materials by the terrific blast. The steamer *Kate Dale* was at the Pomeroy and Marshall wharf, and was literally torn to pieces, and the pieces burned. Whoever was on board perished. The steamer

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Colonel Cowles, at the Planters' Press wharf, suffered a like fate. Nearby was a schooner just loaded with freight and passengers and about to depart for New York. Absolutely nothing was seen or heard of that vessel and its contents after the explosion.

Even after the great event itself, there continued to be the noise of the explosion of shells and ammunition, and the air for a time was thick with missiles from the scene of the conflagration. John Evelein, in charge of cotton on the wharf below the Planters' Press wharf, had his leg torn off above the knee by a speeding shell. A little farther along a man was found dead without there being a scratch upon him. The concussion had killed him where he stood.

The fire that followed the explosion spread in the ruins, and the curbing of it was much hindered by the long-continued minor eruptions of bullets and fragments of shells. Spectators said the place at night looked like an inferno.

In the city, when the explosion took place, there was something like a panic, with people running out into the streets, and wondering what calamity had befallen them. The ground was strewn everywhere with broken glass; cabs and carriages and their horses lay about, overturned, and in one case a foot passenger, Bruce Putnam, lay under a cab, that had been blown over upon him. The animals were stunned as if paralyzed, and for some time remained motionless.

Editor E. O. Haile of the *Morning News*, reported that he, Henry S. Hall and Dr. Gibbons had just seated themselves at a table in the Battle House dining-room when the whole place appeared to fall in, the plastering coming down from ceiling and walls, the glass from the windows, and the Venetian blinds also, the falling debris being accompanied by a dreadful din, such

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as might be imagined as denoting the end of the world. Upsprang the hundred and more of excited guests and a grand rush was made from the dust-filled apartment. Mr. Haile admits that he and his companions led the procession. Reaching his office, No. 12 South Royal street, he found all the windows out, and much of the type material inside knocked into pi. A reporter was thrown from his chair and across the room on the second floor, and thus started rolling, kept on down the stairs and into the street. In the *Tribune* office there was more serious damage, for a bar of iron, weighing 60 pounds, came flying through the roof and passed down through the third story into the second, where it found a resting place in some type-stands.

Taking a general survey of the scene, it was found that Commerce and Water street property suffered more severely than that on Royal street at like distance from the center of the disturbance. On upper Commerce street, says the contemporary report, the ruins in some cases had lost all semblance of buildings; and, as far away as the Battle House the shock was immense, as shown by the estimate that the hotel sustained damage to the extent of from \$10,000 to \$15,000. Even farther away, the front of John Lawrence's coffee house, "The Flower of Old Java," on the south side of Government, between Royal and Water, was wrecked. The farthest south of incidents reported was the surprising plunge a wharf-worker took at the foot of Church street. The man said that he was pushed into the river by an invisible hand.

Speculation as to the origin of the explosion was naturally indulged in, and a letter from a soldier told that the first he noticed in relation to the affair was a sound as of the report of a heavy gun, deadened by distance or by cover, and immediately after came the great explosion, with the lofty pillar of smoke

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and fire, and the rain of shells and debris, which seemed, he said, as if the heavens had opened a masked battery on the town. This sequence of explosions supports the theory that the disaster was caused by a dropped shell. On this point Mr. Frederick G. Bromberg, of whom I made inquiry, says: "My father told me that on the morning of the explosion a gentleman coming into his place on Dauphin street, told him he had just been visiting the wharves where the government was unloading the barges of ammunition brought down the river, and that the material was handled by negroes just as if it were ordinary merchandise, but that much of it consisted of percussion shells, and he apprehended that a calamity might be occasioned by such carelessness. Very shortly after, the city was shaken as if by an earthquake."

May 6, 1928

JOHN A. CAMPBELL

John A. Campbell's apparent character was like the fire-fly's lamp: light, without heat. A master of reasoning, profound in logic and inspired by a commanding sense of justice, he was, said the Rev. J. J. Hutchinson, as quoted by Brewer, "a man all head and no heart." One may feel sure, however, that this was but his manner, and possibly the chosen manner of a great jurist, following DeQuincy's maxim, also quoted by Brew-

er, that "no man can develop the capacities of his own intellect who does not at least chequer his life with solitude."



Campbell

In an era of great social enjoyment in the South, where he lived, and amid scenes of Southern conviviality, sport, gaming and dueling, Campbell remained the student, closely confining his attention to his legal practice and giving no time to amusement of any sort. The current fashion made no appeal to him, and devotees of that fashion held no interest for him.

He lived to himself and in the things that seemed to him important. For this he is recorded as "frigid in manner, taciturn and repellant." It is nowhere said that he was ever discourteous.

One may hazard the opinion that he was a shy and sensitive man, who, being, so to speak, cut off from his fellows by his disposition, developed a reserve that others mistook for cynicism and unfriendliness. It is a fact that the person who mixes little with the world finds himself after a while unable to speak

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the world's language. Like the deaf man, he finds his refuge in solitude.

Let it be noted that when the question came of the attitude for him to take with respect to his own people, Campbell chose the ideal. He believed in the right of the states to secede, but was strongly of the opinion that secession was unwise. Nevertheless, although holding an office of very great honor and emolument under the federal government, he resigned promptly when his state, Alabama, seceded, and offered his best services to the cause of the Southern Confederacy. A frigid and calculating soul could hardly have been expected to make such a sacrifice.

John A. Campbell was possibly the most distinguished nationally of any of the persons who have in the past lived in Mobile. He was a great lawyer, a man of profound learning and a justice of the United States supreme court whose decisions are ranked among the ablest ever delivered in that tribunal. It is said of him that he was absolutely incapable of prejudice or of obstinacy of opinion. The truth, and the truth only, was the object of his incessant study, and he was not satisfied until he found it. Painsstaking to the last degree, he may almost be said to have burdened his judgments with citations; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his work was thoroughly done and would stand up under the severest fire of criticism.

The motto obeyed by Judge Campbell, therefore, was Thoroughness. Whatever he set himself to do, he did with all his might. He did not leave his work half-finished. He was in this respect the model upon which all men seeking success in business or profession should form themselves.

For the most part, failure is occasioned by lack of preparation; and lack of preparation comes from unwillingness to face

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obstacles and overcome them. Fight with giants, says the Persian philosopher, and one becomes strong. To run away from one's task because it is difficult, disagreeable, or seems not to offer a reward equal to the labor it entails, is simply to abandon the field instead of conquering in it. More than that, wherever one goes there are giants. As David Grayson said to his young friend who left the printing-office because he did not like Bill Smith, who worked there, "Do you expect to find work where there is no Bill Smith? There is no such place." Campbell began fighting his giants when a very young man, and his fights were a series of brilliant victories: First, in his college; next, in his admission to the bar before he was of age; then, at the bar and on the bench. It should be mentioned that he did not ascend to the judicial position at the first opportunity; and not, indeed, until he had had long experience in the forum and had acquired what is known as the judicial mind. Also, he had obtained training in the legislature as representative of Montgomery county, and afterwards of Mobile county. He took interest in politics as well; studying the momentous issues that arose in the two decades preceding the war, and was competent, when the occasion came, to prepare and present the Nashville resolutions of 1850, which were unanimously adopted by delegates of all shades of partisan affiliation.

Campbell was for eight years on the federal supreme bench, after twice declining appointment to the state supreme court. It was while in that high office that he acted as the informal mediator between the commissioners seeking a compromise by which war between the North and the South might be avoided. The negotiations failed; war came, and Campbell accepted the position of assistant secretary of war under the Confederacy and served until the surrender. Toward the end of the great conflict,

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he had the honor of being associated with Senator R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, as one of the commissioners to treat with President Lincoln and Secretary William H. Seward as to the restoration of peace and the means of reconstruction. This meeting, known as the Hampton Roads Conference, proved unproductive of any agreement, as Mr. Lincoln had no terms to offer save unconditional surrender, and the commissioners had not been empowered to accept that offer.

In the subsequent proceedings which saw President Jefferson Davis imprisoned for two years in Fortress Monroe, and treated with greatest hardship and cruelty, Judge Campbell, chiefly because of his prominence in the above mentioned conference, was also placed in confinement, lasting six months, and then freed on parole. His disabilities were never removed, as he never applied for a pardon.

After the war, the judge, making his home in New Orleans, had a brilliant practice of law in Louisiana and Alabama. He was of counsel in many important cases, including the suits of New Hampshire and New York against Louisiana, and the celebrated Slaughterhouse cases, the last named being epochal for the states, for it was contended that the police power of the states was annulled by the fourteenth amendment to the federal constitution, and that the state had no right to regulate the activity of its citizens in relation to public health. On appeal to the United States supreme court, the court said that the citizenship of the United States and the citizenship of the state are distinct from each other, and that the privileges and immunities belonging to the latter must rest for their security where they had theretofore rested, viz., upon the state.

It was during this period also that the judge was of

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counsel for the Democratic party in the proceedings before the electoral commission. He was the central figure there, writes a reviewer, adding "for he was always the central figure in any group of men with whom he mingled. His native majesty of mind and of person was so draped about him that his very simplicity added to its effect. All men recognized it as something at once natural and inevitable."

This distinguished Southerner was of Scotch descent, his father, Duncan Campbell, having settled in Georgia, where he became eminent as a lawyer. John A. Campbell was born in that state June 24, 1811, moved to Alabama as a young man, located in Mobile in 1837, and died in Baltimore, May 12, 1889. From *The Mobile Register's* eulogy of him as lawyer, jurist and statesman, the following sentences are worth quoting:

"Among them all (the chiefs who had part in the war) there is none whose record is full of more valuable instruction than that of John A. Campbell. In him was embodied a personal, moral and an intellectual force of the very highest order. He moved among great men. He argued great cases, he adjudicated great causes. A leader in war and in peace he proved himself faithful to every trust and equal to every occasion. His life was a continuous and systematic effort to do good things and to achieve great things, and in both he was eminently successful."

Judge Richard B. Owen, sometime mayor of Mobile, and a student under Judge Campbell, wrote a very discriminating tribute, which appeared in *The Register* at the time of the lawyer's death:

"It is to his virtues as a private citizen, his kindness and generosity as a friend and patron and his devotion and tenderness in the domestic circle that I fain would do appropriate homage. In this aspect his character was probably thoroughly

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understood by but few of his fellow citizens of Mobile; but, in very truth, it can be said by those to whom the inner sanctuary of his life was opened his name will be forever honored and the memory of his friendship a joy forever. Dignified and somewhat stern in demeanor, it was not easy to apprehend him. He was the friend especially of young men who aspired to something loftier than the mere accumulation of money and who studied law for its training in statesmanship and as a means for the elevation of the country's citizenship and the advancement of the country's greatness."

From Dr. Henry Goldthwaite I have this story illustrative of Judge Campbell's manner, as well as foresight. The judge was striding up and down in his office one morning when he paused to ask his young associate, Mr. Owen, later judge:

"Richard, what do you think of the existing institution of African slavery?"

Mr. Owen did not know what to think of it upon such sudden call, and suggested that the answer could not be given in a few words.

"One word," exclaimed Campbell, and in a voice that reverberated through the room he pronounced it: "DOOMED!"

* * * *

Judge Campbell married in 1830, Anne, a sister of Judge Henry and Senator George Goldthwaite. Judge Goldthwaite's home was on Government street, a piece of property some 80 acres in extent, since partitioned into residence lots, with streets intersecting. The handsome Burgess home stands near where stood the judge's residence. He died there of yellow fever in the fall of 1847. Judge Campbell had his home in the building standing now on the lot next south of the southwest corner of Church and Conception streets.

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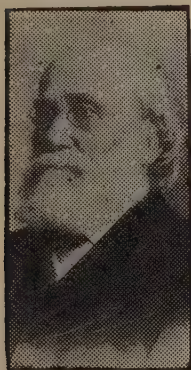
The Campbell offspring were: (1) Henriette, married to Col. G. N. Lay, of Mobile; (2) Catherine, married to General Groner, of Norfolk, Va. They had two sons, one of whom, named John Campbell Groner, is a prominent attorney of that city; (3) another daughter, married to —— Mason, of Baltimore; Anna, unmarried, died in July last; (5) Duncan Campbell, who married Ella Calvert of Maryland; they left three daughters; (6) Clara, married to Frederick M. Colston, of Baltimore, and is the only one of the children now living. Five children graced this union, one of whom became the wife of Dr. Hugh Young, a distinguished physician of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore.

The writer is under obligation to our well-known fellow citizen and scholar, Judge Thomas H. Smith, for this information as to the family of Judge Campbell.

December 4, 1927

DR. CHARLES THEODORE MOHR

Long as the list of notable Mobilians which the writer has had the pleasure of compiling it is not yet complete. The latest study has to do with one most deserving of distinction, the late Dr. Charles Theodore Mohr, botanist and man of science, the associate of and fellow-worker with several of the leaders in scientific exploration, both in this country and in Europe.



What a fine old man was Doctor Mohr as we knew him; his sturdy figure, his large head, with commanding brow; his bushy whiskers, his silvery hair, his cheerful smile and kindly voice. A very fine man, indeed, in the full development of a long, and wisely spent life!

Dr. Mohr A part of that life was filled with adventure. Born in Esslingen, Wuerttemberg, December 28, 1824, and educated in natural science in Stuttgart, he was early attracted into the field of research and experiment, going to the headwaters of Dutch Guiana, as botanist of an exploring expedition. The explorers spent the greater part of a year on the Surinam and Maronin rivers, where young Mohr was active in making a botanical collection. The climate, however, forced him back to Europe, and he took service in a chemical factory in Moravia, but with spare time for the study of the geology and botany of that country.

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Then came the revolution of 1848, with great interruption of business, and the youthful scientist came, with his elder brother, to America. After a short stay in New York City, he found employment in a chemical establishment in Cincinnati. Hardly had he had time to habituate himself in the new land, when the gold fever in 1849 swept eastward from the Pacific, and embraced young Mohr in its influence. It was not love of gold that attracted the young man, so much as desire to avail of the opportunity of seeing the west, and of increasing his knowledge of the plant life of that region. He determined to cross the continent.

In doing so, he suffered all the customary phases of such an undertaking, the hardships of travel over the vast plains and the lofty, snow-covered mountains, and was affected by the disasters that befell the pioneers in the Golden West. The company of 50 young and ardent men, starting out from Cincinnati with high hopes, dwindled as the route lengthened across the plains, and numbered but seven upon reaching the valley of the Sacramento, one among them being Charles Mohr. Of the details it is enough to say that the young botanist lost all his herbal specimens, gathered on the way, before the party reached the foot-hills, and that he found little gold but did find sickness in the icy waters where the precious metal was searched for; so that he made his return trip via Panama painfully and almost empty-handed except for a new collection of plants he had assembled while in California. On the isthmus, which was his route home, he lost even this small property through the treachery of associates, and had the further misfortune to contract the dreaded Chagres fever. More dead than alive, he reached New Orleans in December, 1850.

Settling in Louisville, where he married in 1852, he was

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advised in 1856 to go to Mexico by reason of ill-health, and, fortunately, in the higher altitude of the interior, recovered strength. The next year he came to Mobile, and preferring the climate of the gulf region, decided to stay, engaging here in the drug and chemical business, which he followed for many years with success.

During the war of 1861-65 he conducted, in connection with Dr. J. B. Rohmer, a laboratory for supplying the Confederate army with medicines, and for testing the drugs brought from abroad by blockade runners.

In the seventies he became engaged in the work for which he had peculiar aptitude. He was employed by the tenth census to make a survey of the forests of the region, and later he prepared, at the instance of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, a forestry exhibit for the Louisville exhibition; repeating the same in enlarged form for the railroad company's exhibit in the Cotton Centennial exposition of New Orleans.

The catalogue of the doctor's activities from 1870 on is amazing. It summarizes the remarkable achievements of this man, endowed with the scientific mind and imbued with the scientist's ardor.

It was in Louisville that the doctor made the acquaintance of the celebrated Swiss botanist, Leo Lesquereux, who, at the time, was engaged in the study of the mosses of the mountains of the southern states. After the Civil war, when time was at command, Dr. Mohr took up the same study, and contributed no mean share to Lesquereux's work, *The Mosses of North America*. Also he made studies that were contributed to Daniel C. Eaton's monumental work on the *Ferns of North America*. The doctor was not content with botanical study, however. He busied himself in investigation of the fertilizing value

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of native products, such as the ashes of pine straw, of various woods and of cottonseed hulls; and he delivered lectures and published articles upon soil improvement and the betterment of the practice of agriculture. He extended his researches even to mineralogy, and explored the gold region of the state, enlarging at the same time his herbarium and his notes on plant distribution, and on forestry.

In 1878, the fruit of his observations began to appear in published form: "The Forests of Alabama and Their Products," "The Grasses and Other Forest Plants of Alabama," both written for Saffold Berney's *Handbook of Alabama*, but afterward amplified and published by the state department of agriculture. In 1880, the state geological survey published his *Preliminary List of Plants Growing Without Cultivation in Alabama*, in which the doctor enumerated flowering plants and ferns of 1,500 species. This "list" was later expanded and was recently published under the title of *Plant Life of Alabama*. In similar manner, in co-operation with the state, and largely by the doctor's labor, the Alabama Herbarium has become one of the most valued collections of the geological survey in the museum of the state university.

Dr. Mohr's work for the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company found expression in pamphlets upon *The Economic Geology of Alabama*, *The Natural Resources of Alabama*, *The Soils, Climate and Agricultural Resources of the Territory Traversed by the L. and N. Lines*, all characterized, as Professor Lamson-Scribner has said, by scrupulous adherence to the truth—"they in no way mislead the reader or the prospective settler."

For the tenth census the doctor prepared a report on the forest conditions of the gulf states, and it was while so engaged that he made the collection of woods of the state.

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In 1882 Dr. Mohr was placed in charge of the forestry exhibit of the United States department of agriculture for its rearrangement after the exposition in Atlanta, and from that time he was engaged in investigations for the department, then in charge of Bernard Fernow. During the later years he produced many monographs for the forestry bureau. One on timber pines was published in 1896; the others being on cypress, on juniper, on red cedar, on hardwoods and on oaks; and he had in hand for the geological survey a complete account of the useful and noxious plants of the state which, however, was left only in general outline.

It is, indeed, a tremendous record, especially to be so regarded when taken in connection with the large amount of physical labor involved in the obtaining of the information upon which the written and material product was based; and by a man who was never in robust health. The travel by rail, by vehicle and on foot which he accomplished is described by Dr. Eugene A. Smith, the chief of the geological survey, as "enormous and to be appreciated only by those who had personal acquaintance with him in his services, for he counted no trouble too great, no hardship too severe, when there was some point to be determined by personal inspection, and at the age of 72 years we find him riding all day on mule-back up Cheaha mountain (the highest in Alabama) to establish beyond doubt that the yellow pine grows at an altitude about 1,000 feet."

The service performed by Dr. Mohr for Alabama is shown in the herbarium which has exhibits of nearly every species of flowering plant and fern indigenous to or naturalized in the state, about 25,000 species, collected by Dr. Eugene A. Smith and Dr. Mohr. There is also a collection of cryptograms of Alabama made by Dr. Mohr and presented to the geological survey

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—2,500 species. The forestry collection shows 125 species of Alabama trees, illustrated by mounted specimens of the leaves, flowers and fruits, and of the wood, the latter cut in book form and showing the grain; and accompanied by manuscript maps showing the distribution of the more important timber trees. As if this were not enough proof of Dr. Mohr's untiring industry and research, there is at the university a collection made by the doctor of the fishes of Mobile bay.

The doctor's only public office was that of school commissioner of Mobile county, 1867-69. He was an honorary member of many learned societies and of several state pharmaceutical associations: The American Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, the Torrey Botanical Club of New York; fellow of the American association for the Advancement of Science, and active member of the American Forestry congress. He died, July 17, 1901, in Asheville, N. C., and is buried there.

A true scientist, Dr. Mohr, in face of Nature's lavish display and her marvels, was very modest and unassuming. Of himself he said nothing. His work, however, speaks eloquently of his talent and his faithfulness. Of his collection Dr. Smith says that it "represents the work of a pioneer eminently fitted to lay the foundation for all subsequent botanical investigations; it is therefore of unique interest and of priceless value."

About the close of the century the writer met the doctor passing along Dauphin street, Mobile. Seeing that he wore his exploring costume, and evidently had just come out of the woods, the question naturally was suggested whether, at his age, he did not become weary of the long foot-journeys in the forests of the hill country. It was a wonder that he could keep it up with so much freshness at a time when men of his years were seeking

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the quiet and comfort of the fireside.

"Yes," he said. "It is tedious; at times very tedious; but it is something no one will ever have to do again."

In that answer we have the definition of Dr. Mohr's character and the motto of his entire life. To do his work so well that it would not have to be done again, and no one, afterwards, would have to go through the same pains of body and anxieties of mind for the same end. Forthrightness, perseverance and thoroughness were his watchwords. Trusting in their guidance he builded a career that can be truly spoken of as great; and it was his own. No adventitious aid played any part in its structure. His contribution has not the brilliancy of martial exploit or of the outstanding work of a creative genius, but nevertheless, the learned person who is in a position to know puts the highest estimate upon it, saying "it is of priceless value."

February 6, 1927

FATHER RYAN

The Rev. Abram Joseph Ryan, famous as the Poet-Priest of the South, appears to have told several persons of the time and place of his birth, but what he said has been variously remembered and reported. The cyclopædias make record that the poet was born August 18, 1839, in Norfolk, Virginia, and Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin, of Mobile, in telling of her personal recollections of the Father Ryan's life in this city, says that the good father



“told us in our old home that he was born in Norfolk,” and at the date here given. On the other hand, a claim is made in behalf of Hagerstown, Maryland, where a church record is said to exist, showing that Father Ryan was baptized there, the certificate showing him to be the son of Matthew and Mary Ryan, of Limerick, Ireland. Upon this Mrs. Ruffin sagely remarks that a baptismal certificate is not a birth certificate, and expresses

Father Ryan the opinion that the infant was taken to Hagerstown, as there was no priest available at Norfolk.

The Rt. Rev. D. J. O'Connell, late bishop of Richmond, Virginia, supported the Hagerstown claim. Writing, under date of 1910, to the Rev. Father Hurlburt, of the Hagerstown parish, he said that his inquiries showed that Abram J. Ryan was born in Hagerstown, “the information coming from the father himself in conversation with the Rev. Hugh McKaffey, of Norfolk.”

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It is further reported by Father McHale, of St. Vincent's parish Germantown, Pennsylvania, that a record in that parish reads, "Abram Ryan, born in Hagerstown, (Maryland), February 5, 1838." This not only contests Norfolk as the place but changes the day, month and year of the event. Finally, we learn that Miss Kate Keogh White, of Knoxville, Tennessee, described as a noted historian, declares, as printed by her in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* for January, 1919, that she, Miss White, a kinswoman of Father Ryan's, knows that he was born at Limerick, Ireland, in 1836; that he was the son of John Thady Ryan and grandson of Thaddeus Richard Ryan, a merchant of Limerick, and that he came to America with his parents in 1839, landing at Charleston, South Carolina, whence the family went to Norfolk to join relatives.

* * * *

There is an embarrassment of riches in this case, the choice being offered of three places and three dates for the birth of the distinguished poet; also, two sets of parents! The discussion is an open one with me. Of the poet's life it can be said: On arrival on these shores from Ireland, the Ryan family, after a short stay in Norfolk, moved to St. Louis, Missouri, where young Ryan had his early education. His studies for the priesthood were made at Niagara University, New York, and when ordained he was given a parish in Missouri. The war coming on, he followed his brother David into the Confederacy, and served as chaplain in the army of Northern Virginia. David—"young of the youngest who donned the gray"—was killed in one of the earliest of the battles. The death of his brother was a pivotal event in the life of the poet-priest, says Mrs Ruffin, inspiring in him the ardent patriotism which expressed itself in his Southern lyrics.

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In 1862-63 Father Ryan was in New Orleans, where, report says, he visited and attended the sick in the parish prison and hospitals. Toward the end of the war he was placed in charge of the parish in Knoxville, Tennessee, and it was in the parish house there that he wrote his greatest poem, known as "The Conquered Banner," and pronounced by Henry Houghton, an English critic, the finest thing that came out of the Civil war.

From Knoxville, it appears, he was sent to Augusta, Georgia, and while there, in 1868, he founded and edited a paper called *The Banner of the South*. Next we hear of him as again in New Orleans, not, however, attached to any parish there, and his stay must have been short, for in 1870, the good father is found listed as assistant priest of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Mobile, which office he held until 1878 when he was appointed pastor of St. Mary's church, on Lafayette street. The same year of his coming to Mobile he became editor of the *Morning Star* of New Orleans, the official journal of the Catholic archdiocese, which journal was established by Archbishop Odin in 1868. He edited the paper from Mobile until 1873, when, for reasons of health, he retired.

It was in the cathedral here that Father Ryan attained fame by his eloquence comparable to his fame as a poet. There, also, he organized that society for good works, known as the Children of Mary.

Late in 1872, upon the expression of his wish to visit Rome, his friends made up a purse, not only for such a visit, but enabling Father Ryan to tour a part of Europe, including Ireland, England, France, Switzerland and Italy. He enjoyed his visit very much and was particularly impressed by the beautiful mountain scenery of Switzerland and Italy. He returned in May, 1873, in fine health and spirits, and preached in the cathedral

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the Sunday following his arrival. On May 18, he lectured to a vast audience in the cathedral on "My Impressions of Europe; the Prisoner of the Vatican and His Enemies."

* * * *

Father Ryan's incumbency of St. Mary's was continuous to 1881, as shown in the city directories of the time, but I read in the *Mobile News* of June 24, 1879, that "Father Ryan, has been returned to St. Mary's at his own request." I have not as yet obtained any light upon the break or interval in his term at St. Mary's which this note implies.

I learned from Father D. O'Meara, of Cincinnati, who was the predecessor of Father Ryan and the first rector of St. Mary's, that Father Ryan's retirement from St. Mary's was granted in 1880, so that he might finish certain writings which he hoped to publish. I learn from other sources that the father located on the Mississippi Gulf coast to do this work; but was from time to time in Mobile. It was during this vacational period that he traveled a good deal, lecturing, and reading his poems, going as far east as Norfolk and Baltimore and north as far as Cincinnati. In the last named city he applied to Father O'Meara, and, as he was ill, he was advised to seek rest in the Franciscan monastery in Louisville, Kentucky. This was in the early part of 1886. The monastery opened its doors to the wearied brother, and there, April 22, the poet-priest died. His remains lie in the Catholic cemetery of Mobile. A simple white cross marks his grave, and on it is the inscription: "Poet, Patriot, Priest." Another monument to the much-loved father's memory is the life-size bronze portrait-statue erected July 13, 1913, in Ryan Place; paid for by the dimes and quarters of the children of Mobile and the South. The statue was made by Louis Ameteis, of Washington; the last work from his hand, and is a faithful likeness, done

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under the eye of the poet's good friend and first collector of the poet's verses, Hannis Taylor.

In appearance, says Mrs. Ruffin, Father Ryan was tall and what is generally known as sinewy, but that his height was not evident because he walked with a slight stoop of his broad shoulders. He had such a stoop, as I remember, but he never appeared to me above the average height, and was rather thick-set, or what one would describe as a comfortable-looking body. Mrs. Ruffin continues, with good appreciation, saying: "His blue-gray eyes had always a dreamy expression. His features were fine, regular and strong, the face redeemed from sternness by the sweetness and sympathy that lay upon his lips. As the pictures show, he wore his hair quite long, in dark brown curls. When in the pulpit or forum he became eloquent; standing erect, his leonine head, with its mane of clustering curls, thrown back, he was an inspiring vision of oratorical power. His gestures were ever graceful and his fine and shapely hands gave added expression to his words."

* * * *

As before said, Father Ryan gave himself unreservedly to the Southern cause, and, after that cause's defeat, sang its requiem in measures that came hot from the heart of one who was child-like in the fervor of his affection and sympathy. Two stanzas are quoted here as examples of his style:

From "The Sword of Lee":

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved a sword from stain so free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor a cause a chief like Lee.

From "The Conquered Banner":

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Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently, it is holy,
 For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never—
Let it droop there, furled forever,
 For its people's hopes are dead.

During the war, and for some time after, Father Ryan published a number of lyrics under the pen-name of "Moina." His later compositions appeared in print with his own name. Collected, his writings were published: *Poems, Patriotic, Religious and Miscellaneous*, with *The Register* imprint, 1879; another edition, Baltimore, 1880; and *A Crown for Our Queen*, a book of verses dedicated to the Children of Mary of the Cathedral; Baltimore, 1882. Mention is made of a *Life of Christ* on which he was engaged, but left unfinished. This manuscript has not been located.

John Moran says of the poet's work: "The chief merits of his poems would seem to be the simple sublimity of his verses, the rare and chaste beauty of his conceptions; the richness and grandeur of his thoughts; and their easy, natural form; the refined elegance and captivating force of the terms he employs as the medium through which he communicates those thoughts and the weird fancy which throws around them charms peculiarly their own. These, and perhaps, other merits, will win for their author enduring fame."

December 22, 1929

"MISS AUGUSTA"

The former home of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, a large, Southern-style mansion in the tract now known as Ashland Place, was destroyed by fire in 1926, and only the tall, white pillars of the front and rear verandas remain, to tell in some degree of the extent and elegance of the structure; but Mrs. Wilson is still monumented in Mobile in the old Matt R. Evans home, listed today as number 2358 Springhill avenue. It was there that



"Miss Augusta," as she was always called by her friends, passed her young womanhood, and there she wrote three of the novels that brought her fame and fortune. The Evans home was in later years owned and lived in by Col. A. N. Damrell, United States engineer in charge of the Mobile district, and is intact in all its parts. If it could speak, it could tell of the delicately formed young person who there composed *Macaria*, published in 1864; *Saint Elmo*, published in 1866; and "*Miss Augusta*" *Vashti*, published in 1869.

It is interesting (and possibly it has not been done before) to trace and make record of the localities of Mrs. Wilson's labors.

* * * *

Augusta Jane Evans was born, in Columbus, Georgia, and her infant years were passed in a handsome residence there, set

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amid a large space of ground, the place bearing the name of "St. Elmo." The two-story building, with its pillared porch, stands there yet, or did so at last report three years ago. It was her childhood recollection of this home that led the author to name the hero of her fourth novel *Saint Elmo*.

The family, of which Matt R. Evans was the head, moved to San Antonio, Texas, and after a little came to Mobile, settling upon Cottage Hill. This was in 1841. It was there that the young girl, in her fifteenth year, finished her first literary effort in the field of fiction. The story was from Texas history, and entitled *Inez, a Tale of the Alamo*. The author had done the writing in secret, and, when completed, made a Christmas present of the manuscript to her mother. The book appeared in 1856.

Early in the fifties the house on the hill caught fire and was destroyed, and the Evans family moved into town, making a home in the old Holt house, afterwards owned by Alfred R. Murray, on the north side of Government street, second west of Ann. In this house when Mrs. Wilson was 18, *Beulah*, the second novel, was written, the first of her works to draw general attention to its author. It created a veritable sensation, being hailed as the first considerable literary effort of the sort in the south. This was published in 1859.

The next move of the family was to the north side of Spring Hill avenue, and there remained many years. There the three novels heretofore mentioned were written, all three tremendous successes from both the artistic and the financial point of view, and adding greatly to Miss Evans' fame. All three were republished in England, France and Germany.

In 1868 Colonel L. M. Wilson, owner of a handsome home in the grounds that today bear the name of Ashland Place, carried "Miss Augusta" off as his bride.

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For nearly twenty-three years the author lived a happy married life, the idol of her noble-minded husband. The large, Southern colonial house stood on a knoll in the midst of forty acres of woodland and pasture, and near it a wonderful flower garden, in which Mrs. Wilson busied herself. A certain day of the week was set aside for reception, and visitors came from far and near to pay her respect. It was touching to see what evidences of affection were shown her by her multitude of friends; and the kindly and gentle way in which she greeted by name each one.

In this beautiful home were written two other novels, *Infelice*, published in 1875, and *At the Mercy of Tiberius*, published in 1887.

Colonel Wilson died October 7, 1891, and the next spring Mrs. Wilson bought a home on State street, north side, second east of Jackson, a handsome old house, where she lived quietly, for some three or four years, moving in 1896 to the residence, north side of Government, opposite the head of Charles street, on the site of the present street number 960.

On her removal to Government street the years had somewhat told upon her health, and she went into retirement from the public. It was thought that she was done with writing; but such was not the fact; for in 1902, fifteen years after the publication of her last preceding book, and in the 67th year of her age, appeared her eighth purpose novel, *The Speckled Bird*, and, five years later, came another story, entitled *Devota*, published in 1907, two years before the lady's death.

* * * *

Mrs. Wilson was a student of the times and manners, and also, it must be said, of former and ancient times and manners, and never wrote of a subject until she had studied it from every

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angle and had become so familiar with it that, in writing, the words and phrases necessary to the relation flowed from her pen with almost absolute certitude. She was deeply and widely read and had an excellent memory for what she read, and surprised her readers by distant and exotic figures of speech and learned reference to ancient and occult literature. It is interesting to know that she considered *At the Mercy of Tiberius* her best work. If, however, one inquires at the public library it will be learned that the volume of Mrs. Wilson's most in demand and showing the hardest usage is the one with the title *Saint Elmo*; and it seems fairly certain that it is upon this novel that the most of her reputation as a writer is founded and maintained. Of all her work this embodies the purest romance; and, like its prototype, *Jane Eyre*, has all the fascination of the ages-old Cinderella motive.

The writer has told elsewhere of his having seen Mrs. Wilson on several occasions in her prime of life, and how he was privileged to visit her in her Government-street home at a later time, when she received few visitors. There was a legend current in those days among the younger set that Mrs. Wilson was so profoundly learned that she talked like a book, or like her own books, and that it was rather venturesome for literary youngsters to appear in her society; but this was wholly an error. Mrs. Wilson spoke as any other Southern gentlewoman, making no display of learning, and seemed to be more interested in her visitor than in an attempt to impress him; and, in the two hours she quoted no poetry, though known to have a prodigious memory for examples of light literature. She had a kindly face, bright eyes and a gentle smile. There was nothing about her, in dress or manner, to suggest that the distinction she enjoyed had in the least affected her.

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The visitor examined with peculiar pleasure the manuscripts which Mrs. Wilson showed him. Each novel had been preserved in the original form of its presentation to the printer; written upon foolscap paper, and enclosed for protection between thin boards, and not bound. The handwriting was large, clear and regular, without an erasure or insertion anywhere, and as perfect script as this writer had ever seen outside a copy-book. For one of these manuscripts the publisher, Dillingham, had paid \$18,000 on delivery.

The novel, *Macaria*, was written in war times, and, to obtain publication in the north, a copy had to be smuggled through the military lines.

During the war Mrs. Wilson established a private hospital for sick of the Confederate garrison, and performed many kindly acts for the soldiers. In turn, the soldiers of the post situated near the Evans home named it in her honor "Camp Beulah."

The last novel by this lady was, as compared with the others, very short; and the publisher, in order to make a book of it, had recourse to very large type, and took up a considerable part of each page with an ornamental border. By this means and the employment of a number of beautiful aquatint illustrations, he made of it an edition de luxe—a keepsake in memory of a lovely woman.

October 6, 1929

JOSIAH CLARK NOTT

Josiah Clark Nott was, as physician, anthropologist and writer, one of the foremost men of his time. It is recorded that he was the first to suggest that the infection of yellow fever was conveyed to human beings by the bite of insects—mosquitoes, probably, being the agents; his theory being proved true in 1898-99 by Dr. Walter Reed's experiments in Cuba, the experiments showing that the fasciata stegomyia mosquito is the germ carrier.



Dr. Nott

Dr. W. A. Evans, of Chicago, a noted authority on health and preventive measures, wrote recently, saying, that "it was in 1848 that Dr. Nott advocated this theory, antedating Reed, Finlay and others by many years." Dr. Nott's thesis was printed at the time in the *New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal*. Dr. Nott made also other statements regarding the matter. The prevailing opinion at that time was that the disease was contagious and infectious, and a vast body of instruction and of quarantine practice was built upon the opinion. "Dr. Nott," says Dr.

Evans, "made report upon the yellow fever epidemic that occurred in New York City in 1870, in which report he declared that yellow fever is never contagious. Comparing yellow fever with marsh fevers, Dr. Nott said it was taken by gnats and communicated by the bite, his words being, 'There are many ways

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in which the disease might be carried and communicated by insects.' " Dr. Evans adds that Dr. Nott did not present clear proof, but asks how could we expect it, considering the tools with which he had to work in 1848. He concludes, saying, "Dr. Nott deserves that his name shall live."

* * * *

Dr. Nott attracted wide attention as a student of man and the time of man's life upon this planet, and Brewer says that he aroused the sharp criticism of the orthodox because his reasoning argued for a greater antiquity of man on earth than Bible chronology would justify. It is stated in the *Memorial Record of Alabama* that Dr. Nott's argument was directed not at the Bible, or anything in it, but at Bishop Ussher's chronology, adopted by the publishers of the English Bible, which chronology allows but 6,000 years of life on this planet, Dr. Nott contending that this did not give sufficient time for the various races to descend from a common stock. For proof, the doctor gathered and published a vast deal of data, to show that in the last five or six thousand years the various races have not exhibited any marked change of features, color, or other characteristics, and so, even if all men were once of one race, they had become widely separated into races as far back as five or six thousand years ago—the era, according to Ussher, of the beginning of the world.

One, among the hundreds of exhibits offered in support of the theory that it required more time to form racial characteristics than the good Dr. Ussher was willing to grant, is of some local interest, Dr. Nott having discovered an Assyrian sculpture, showing the countenance of an ancient who had lived 2,500 years before Christ, or 4,300 years distant from our time. Picturing this sculpture in his book, Dr. Nott remarks that the features are so true to type that "every Mobilian will recognize

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it as the facsimile portrait of one of its most prominent citizens, who is honored alike by the affection of his co-religionists and the confidence of the community, which has just elevated him to a seat in the national councils." The person here alluded to could have been no other than Philip Phillips, a distinguished lawyer, who in 1851 was chosen to represent the Mobile district in congress.

Dr. Nott's first publication was a translation of "Broussais on Inflammation." His chief chronological works were *Biblical and Physical History of Man*, New York, 1849; *The Physical History of the Jewish Race*, Charleston, 1850; *The Types of Mankind, or Ethnological Research Based Upon Ancient Monuments, Paintings, Sculpture and Crania of the Races and Upon Their Natural, Geographical, Philological and Biblical History*, Philadelphia, 1857. The last named work criticized the Biblical doctrine of the unitary origin of man.

The doctor was assisted in his studies and the preparation of his books by R. Gliddon, an English Egyptologist, sometime United States consul at Cairo, who, while engaged in this labor, resided on the eastern shore of Mobile bay.

It was about the time of the publication of the last of Dr. Nott's works that Charles Darwin, the English naturalist, brought out the results of his investigations into animal life, under the title of *Origin of the Species*, pushing back the appearance of animal life on this planet to such a vast antiquity as to make Dr. Nott's thesis combating Dr. Ussher's 6,000 year chronology of comparatively small importance. The lesser theme was crowded off the scene by the greater. Nott's books, however, show prodigious research and intellect of the highest order, and may be read with interest even in our own day.

Of Nott's personality Willis Brewer, in his history of Ala-

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bama and of the distinguished men of his own time, says: "As a man he is highly esteemed by those who know him best, for he unites the sentiments and manners of a Southern gentleman with the acquirements of a savant."

* * * *

Josiah Clark Nott, the son of a native of Connecticut who enjoyed a high reputation at the South Carolina bar, was born in Columbia, in that state, March 31, 1804. Young Nott took his degree at the University of Pennsylvania, where he remained two years as demonstrator of anatomy. He began practice in Columbia, and in 1835-36 was abroad, as a student in the hospitals of Paris. The next year he made Mobile his home, practising medicine and surgery, and studying and writing upon ethnological subjects. In 1856 he was called to the chair of anatomy in the University of Louisiana. While in that office he conceived the plan, and returned to Mobile to carry it out, of founding a medical school in Alabama, the outcome being the Alabama Medical College, affiliated as a department of the University of Alabama, toward the establishment of which school the state and the citizens of Mobile contributed \$150,000. Its equipment was purchased in Europe, Dr. Nott making the journey thither for that purpose, and its museum was regarded as the best of its time in America.

During the war, Dr. Nott was medical director under General Braxton Bragg. In 1867 he went to Baltimore, on finding that the continued living in the South was not beneficial for him; and, after one year, he moved to New York, where he was warmly welcomed and soon built up a large practice. In 1872, however, his health failed, and he returned to Mobile, and here he died on his birthday, March 31, 1873.

Of this distinguished man, *The Register* said: "Chiefly

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known by his acute and extended observations and his bold views in the field of ethnology, a science of later growth, not indeed originating with him, but of which his labors well entitle him to be regarded as one of the founders." Of his writing *The South in the Building of the Nation* says: "These books were the first important American contributions to the science of ethnology, and, while many of the author's views have been rejected, there is no doubt but that his labors were epoch-making."

November 10, 1929

THE HAMILTONS

There was in Mobile, stretching through the fifties, sixties, seventies, and nearly to the end of the eighties of the last century, a law firm of high reputation, a leader at the bar of the county and state, whose chief was Peter Hamilton, a man of large figure, of powerful countenance, and a brain of profound weight and wisdom. Its junior member bore, by grace of his parents, the name of Thomas Alexander Goodwin Turner, which was reduced to "T. A. Hamilton" in actual, daily use; and the

two and their business were officially and popularly known as "The Hamiltons."



This firm had charge of, or part in, much of the notable litigation of the time and usually with success, namely in the riparian rights case, arising under the Spanish grant to John Forbes & Co., where Mr. Hamilton's talent was pitted against that of the celebrated John A. Campbell; the Leverich vs. Mobile and the Hurter vs. Waring cases, resisting the city's effort to appropriate wharf properties long in private ownership; and the case of Stein vs. the Bienville Water Supply Company, relative to the Stein claim of exclusive right of supplying Mobile with water, and which marked the beginning of processes by which Mobile became the owner of its present excellent water system.

One must go outside of the firm, however, and take into

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view others bearing the Hamilton name, in order that the canvas may hold and represent fully, as in a picture, the work and influence of a family remarkable in the life of this city and state.

First was the Rev. William Thomas Hamilton, of Sheffield, England, in which city, January 12, 1798, William Thomas was born. Immigrating to this country as a young man, Mr. Hamilton, after several years of pastoral service in the northern states, was called to Mobile and installed in 1834 as pastor of the Government Street Presbyterian church, in which he ministered for 20 years. He died in 1884, at the age of 88 years. He was the author of one book entitled *A Friend of Moses*, published in 1852. His wife was Charlotte E. Cartledge, by whom he had three sons, all men of mark. It is of these sons and a grandson, I propose now to write.

* * * *

Peter Hamilton. Son of the Rev. W. T. Hamilton. Born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, November 7, 1817; graduated at Princeton, 1835; came to Mobile the same year; lawyer, 1838; legislator, 1847; U. S. district attorney, 1851; state senator, 1872, and afterwards representative of the county. Died November 22, 1888.

Peter Hamilton, as I remember him, was of large frame; massive, not heavy, with leonine head, beetling brows, deep set eyes, and a solemn cast of countenance, though a kindly one. He was easily at the head of the table, wherever he sat. There was great respect shown to his intellect and to his sincerity. He was not much given to speech, and only on occasion was it shown that he had a fine command of words, and expressed himself adequately and forcibly. I happened, a few days ago, in my reading of old documents, to chance upon evidence of what was innate in him, his devotion to fair play, and his unwillingness

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to accept praise beyond his deserts. Some friend had written to *The Register*, saying, in effect, that Mr. Hamilton was the author of that famous legislation by which the state, when bankrupt, was restored to a position where its credit could be, and since has been, sustained. "No," he answered in a letter to the paper, printed September 10, 1878, "Senator Robert H. Ervin, of Wilcox county, was the author of that important plan of settlement." (This was Dr. Ervin, the father of Robert T. Ervin, of Spring Hill, the present district federal judge). The plan was not carried through at once, as the more immediate matter of getting rid of the double legislative tangle in the state had to be attended to; which problem was solved after Mr. Hamilton, as special commissioner from one of the rival legislatures, persuaded the attorney-general that the federal government should remain neutral and let the state's people deal with the situation.

Mr. Hamilton's part in the debt settlement business was as a legislator, after the debt commission had reported to the joint committee of house and senate and Mr. Hamilton, senator from Mobile county and a member of the joint committee, was requested by the committee to draw the bill putting the agreement as to the debt into legal form. General Levi W. Lawler, one of the commissioners, and also of Mobile, was, Mr. Hamilton says in his letter, the main factor in getting the plan adopted. "I do not claim to have been the author as reported by the commissioners;" only, as he explains, he was in consultation from time to time. Says the *National Cyclopædia of Biography*, Volume 12, page 550: "At the request of the committee in charge, he wrote at one sitting and with no other aid than his prodigious memory what has rightly been described as 'the most compli-

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cated and difficult piece of legislation in the history of the state'."

* * * *

Thomas Alexander Goodwin Hamilton. Son of the Rev. W. T. Hamilton. Born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, August 30, 1820; student at Princeton; came to Mobile 1834; lawyer, 1844; died February 20, 1897.

Mr. Tom Hamilton was everything a lawyer should be, in looks as well as in legal lore and ability. He was a gray priest of old books, and fully sustained the part of a serious man, yet at times was full of fun, and laughed with a perfectly legal chuckle. My story of him is short. He was a member of that early organization of patriotic business and professional men, known as the Board of Trade. It is not remembered that there was ever any trading done at or on the board; but it was important nevertheless; for in its meetings originated the idea that Mobile should no longer be passive and let its commerce drift to other and rival ports; and, therefore, that it was imperative that something be done to enable ships to come up to the city from the sea; in short, that there should be made a deep-water channel from the city to the gulf. When the "board" was absorbed by the newly organized Chamber of Commerce and a committee on improvement of the rivers and the harbor was authorized, Mr. Hamilton was elected the committee's chairman, and there continued a campaign that brought about the making by the federal government of the ship canal—the salvation of Mobile's commerce and the forerunner of all the port development that this generation has witnessed. As much as any other man, perhaps, Mr. Hamilton must be credited with putting this enterprise into motion. He lived to see it an entire success.

Prior to this movement for a channel, the work done by the

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federal government in the Mobile harbor was in deepening the water over Dog-river bar. Hon. Frederick G. Bromberg, of Mobile, representing the first Alabama district in congress and a member of the commerce committee of the house, had succeeded in getting surveys ordered for that work and also for the improvement of the Alabama and Coosa and the Tombigbee and Warrior rivers, and appropriations were based on these surveys, the first appropriations ever made for improvement of Alabama waters. Mr. Bromberg, therefore, can be said to have pointed the way for a practical effort in behalf of deep water from the city to the gulf.

* * * *

Dr. Joseph Courten Hornblower Hamilton. Son of the Rev. W. T. Hamilton. Born in Newark, New Jersey, April 27, 1824; graduate of the University of Pennsylvania; served in the Mexican war; surgeon, First Alabama, C. S. A.; died April 27, 1887.

What little I have to tell of Dr. Hamilton is highly to his credit. He was captured at Port Hudson, and, although a prisoner, became so well thought of by his captors, the Federals, that he was given charge of the hospital ship engaged in conveying sick and wounded Confederates and Federals to the Mississippi sound coast for recuperation. He performed this service as long as required, to the satisfaction of the powers that had appointed him.

* * * *

Peter Joseph Hamilton, A.M., LL.D. Son of Peter Hamilton. Born in Mobile, March 19, 1859; educated at Princeton, Leipsic, Spring Hill and the University of Alabama; lawyer, 1889; member of the city council, 1891; city attorney, 1902; trustee, state department of Archives and History, 1903, federal judge of Porto Rico, 1913 to 1920; law lecturer, University of

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Porto Rico; author of historical works, seven titles; legal works, six titles; biography and travel, three titles. Died July 13, 1927,

Judge Hamilton was quite unlike his father in physique, nor did he resemble him in action, being the student rather than the gladiator, though, like his father, trained for the bar and following the profession in practice. It was on the bench that he disclosed his legal quality, giving pronounced satisfaction in that office, as shown by the resolutions adopted by the Porto Rican bar and by the business men of San Juan, the latter petitioning for his continuance in office at the expiration of his term. His greatest service, however, was as historian, not as a lawyer. Graduating from Princeton, he turned his university training to account by studying the traditions and history of his native city, and from that broadened his inquiry so as to take in the history of the whole of this southern coast. To anyone acquainted with the conditions under which this research was made the immensity and difficulty of the work will be apparent, and, the work having been accomplished, the reader is astonished by the extent of it and by the thoroughness and general correctness of it. Manifestly the author possessed the genuine spirit of research, and recognized fully what he purposed to do and the best way to do it; and he had the persistence necessary to its performance. He has left in his *Colonial Mobile* a monument that will last as long as Mobile.

The judge has many and various writings to his credit. He was very industrious, yet never busy. He had always time for other affairs than his personal ones; he was active in church work and in behalf of education; and he took a lively interest in the labors of the historical society which he founded and of which he was the president, particularly with regard to the marking of historical sites and the commemorating of historical

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events. He was fully alive to these and other matters affecting Mobile. His name is enrolled as among Mobile's most honored sons.

September 23, 1928

THE CAN'T-GET-AWAY CLUB

It was during the great epidemic of yellow fever in 1878, a visitation which afflicted nearly every community on or near the Mississippi and went even as far as Chattanooga, on the Tennessee river, and to Gallipolis, above Cincinnati, on the Ohio, that Dr. Joseph Tucker, of Mobile, contributed to the *New York Sun* an account of the origin and labors of that remarkable association of philanthropists, styled the Can't-Get-Away Club of Mobile.

The doctor wrote that it was in August, 1839, that Judge Henry Hitchcock, a few days after his election to the legislature, died here of yellow fever. The pest had just broken out in Mobile, but had spread rapidly. There were but three or four physicians, and the few nurses obtainable were charging ten dollars a day; so that the poor had little attention save what they could manage for themselves. A dozen of the citizens, meeting as was their daily custom in the Alhambra for luncheon, talked over the situation, and began among themselves to raise a relief fund. Some of their number suggested that an organization be formed and this proved agreeable. It was decided that this should be purely a yellow fever relief association, leaving to other charitable organizations the care of general relief. It was not to be a promiscuous charity.

A president and secretary were selected, and then came the question of a name. Charles J. B. Fisher, the brother of Clara Fisher, the actress, and in after years city editor of *The Register*

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and correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* under the name of "First Private," suggested that all persons should be eligible for membership who, poor devils, couldn't get away. Happy thought! "The Can't-Get-Away Club!" The name was welcomed with applause.

The work for the sick and dying began at once, and never, anywhere, was there greater need, for the disease caused havoc in the little city, several thousand of the people being ill, and the deaths totaling above 600. By mid-November, however, the worst was over, and a frost brought the affliction to an end.

There was an interval of four years, when another epidemic occurred, and the organization served as before. Then a jump to 1853, not wholly without fever cases in the meantime, but very few. In 1853 came the severest assault Mobile ever had to sustain, the deaths exceeding those of 1839 by 78, the total being 764. Epidemic years following were 1858, 1867, 1870 and 1878. It was in the last named year that the club undertook the work of helping other afflicted cities, sending physicians and nurses and money, principally to Memphis, Holly Springs, Vicksburg, New Orleans and Granada. This work was begun before the disease that year invaded Mobile, but was continued to the end of the visitation, while the club at the same time performed its full duty to its own.

It is understood, of course, that by the club is meant the people of Mobile, for without the generous co-operation of the citizens it would have been quite impossible for the little coterie to succeed in what it had planned to do.

I have two accounts of the actual organization of the club, which differ with respect to some of the names mentioned. The first says that the election of officers in 1839 resulted as follows: John Hurtel, president; Evan Austill, first vice-president; Will-

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iam H. Redwood, second vice-president; John H. Higley, first secretary; David P. Reid, second secretary; Thomas McConnell, treasurer; W. W. McGuire, Barney Q. O'Connell, Percy Walker, Thomas Atkinson, J. C. Colsson, C. J. B. DeLage, John M. Taylor and W. A. Sandford, executive committee.

The other account gives John Hurtel as president, W. W. McGuire as first vice-president, Evan Austill as second vice-president, L. F. Zanzinger, first secretary; George Bond, assistant secretary; and for executive committeemen, Thomas Atkinson, John Crozier, Percy Walker, Charles Brewer, J. C. Colsson, Henry Chamberlain, D. R. W. Davis and C. J. B. DeLage. It is possible that the first list is the original and the second the organization that served four years later, in 1843.

John Hurtel was still at the head of the club in the great epidemic of 1853, when, as the report says, there were 20, 30 and then 50 deaths a day, until not enough well persons remained to care for the sick. The dead were carried to the cemetery in wagons and carts, and were buried without coffins.

J. M. Park was the secretary, and working with him was the relief committee of sixty-three members—mere names in the list for the most part, but some remembered for prominence in the community: W. H. Redwood, Percy Walker, A. Philipe, B. C. Rowan, J. H. Higley, John Rolston, James T. Hutchisson, E. Chidsey, James Y. Blocker and A. A. Sossaman.

* * * *

In 1854 the club was incorporated by act of the legislature, signed by Governor J. A. Winston, February 1, the incorporators named being John Hurtel, D. R. W. Davis, Nathaniel Moore, John T. Webb, Alfred G. Ross, John Rolston, James Y. Blocker, James H. Marsh, Jacob Reiss, Martin B. Harper,

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Chester Root and Theodore Guesnard, Sr.

A mention of the club in 1865 states that the club was then 30 years old. It was organized that summer for the first time after the war. There was no fever, however, that year; but in 1867 and 1870 the visitation was serious, the deaths in the first named year being 148 and in the second 289. D. R. W. Davis was president, and the workers not heretofore named were W. Ballentyne, C. Beroujon, Zach C. Deas, John and James Wylie, Leroy Redwood, S. W. Snow and Charles T. Ketchum.

In 1878 the club roster contained the following names of men personally familiar to many of us who are alive today: Price Williams, Jr. president, John D. Haynie, R. E. Jones, Mosely F. Tucker, C. P. Hurtel, James M. Williams, P. A. Scheuermann, James Flanagan, Daniel Geary, M. J. McRae, Peter Burke, Alexander Anderson, James Prendergast, James P. Kenny, A. G. Moore, Thomas Gaillard, Thomas W. Moore and Murdock McInnis.

In December, 1897, when the labors of two months in behalf of the sick were concluded, the club met and took some account of what it had accomplished. The proceedings were afterwards printed in pamphlet form. Judge Price Williams, Jr., presided, and the committee on resolutions unanimously reported that the club should thank the generous people of Mobile for their unbounded liberality, donations having been sent from all classes; also donations from friends at a distance. Special thanks to the members of the medical profession who gave their time and talent to the cause of humanity; grateful recognition of the ministers of religion, Jew and Gentile.

The president was brief. He said: "Permit me to extend to each member the assurance of a remembrance of your kindness and courtesy to me as your president that can never be forgotten."

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Next followed the reports of the ward chairmen, the physician of the club, Dr. Frank R. Sherard, and the nurse committee: 113 nurses employed; 22 nurses recommended to private persons; two recommended to Whistler; one to Flomaton; and seven sent to Montgomery.

Further, in the report of the proceedings: Among the deaths was that of John G. Bourne, chief clerk of the Louisville and Nashville shops; the Rev. Daniel Murray, who came from Montgomery; Sister Agnes McCarthy; the scholarly J. F. Holberg; Ossian Huggins, the school teacher, and Anderson Gantt, the railroad man. The work among the colored people was also well done, and there were able workers among the people of color. "One among them they can truly class as a hero of the time, Rev. A. F. Owens," says the report. "We are singing his praises, and we would be glad to know that his own people value his merits as highly as the white people have learned to do. To possess such a devoted representative speaks in highest terms of the capacities of the race."

* * * *

The active roll of the club in 1897 showed Price Williams, Jr., president, Colonel James M. Williams, H. F. Acker, William A. Alexander, Joseph H. Marques, M. F. Tucker, H. Miller, D. M. N. Ross, Peter Burke, James Prendergast, James P. Kenny, D. W. McGaughey, Richard Sheridan, Jr.; John F. Powers, Ed. Carre, Thomas T. Roche, Charles E. McLean, Murdock McInnis, A. G. Moore, T. T. Tyree, Rudolph Benz, Fred Rettig, Peter F. Alba, P. J. Gibney, Joseph Cady, George C. Winter, A. Van Antwerp, G. T. Lyndall, G. Van Antwerp, Louis Donald, A. S. Lyons, and O. J. Semmes.

Honorary members, the Revs. H. H. Shell, William P. Hurt, D. A. Planck, J. L. Tucker, Edwin Kirwan, D. C. Peabody, C.

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T. O' Callaghan, G. C. Tucker, D. A. Beaudequin, A. J. Lamar, and James R. Burgett; and Dr. Frank R. Sherard.

In those days it was not known in what way the dreaded disease was carried, and the general belief was that it was spread by contact with the sick or with their clothing, or any article touched by the sick, and that it was communicated at a distance by means of letters, and even newspapers. The disease spared neither the high nor the low, and death entered every household.

As may easily be understood, it took a good deal of fortitude for Mobilians to face the disease in its lair, so to speak, while believing it contagious in character, and the Can't-Get-Away Club, recognizing that in the distinguished courage of their president, as exemplified in his personal contact with the sick, they had the type of the courage of the whole community, presented to him a golden badge, which he very properly regarded as his dearest possession.

Of all those mentioned above, four alone survive: The very Rev. Gardiner C. Tucker, rector of St. John's; the Rev. Dr. A. G. Lamar, head of the Methodist Book Concern in Nashville; Dr. Frank R. Sherard, the club's physician, and the Rev. A. F. Owens, dean of the Selma University, and organizer and conductor for the past forty-six years of the beautiful Mobile charity, the Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners for the sick and the poor, both white and colored; also for the persons in detention, and the blind.

* * * *

The year 1897 saw the last visitation of the fever in Mobile. There was recurrence on the gulf coast, and a severe outbreak in New Orleans in 1905, and three deaths were reported in Alabama but none in Mobile or in Mobile county. That year a fight was made in New Orleans in recognition of the theory that the

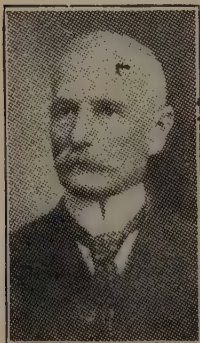
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stegomyia mosquito alone was the carrier of the disease, and the fever was stamped out before the appearance of frost in that locality. On the same theory were based the methods adopted everywhere for the prevention of the introduction of the fever and of its spread if introduced, with the result that this region was at last freed from the menace of this plague, and from any further need of the service of the Can't-Get-Away Club. The organization has passed away with the evil it was created to combat, but the memory of its heroic deeds and its kindly service shall always remain bright in the hearts of the Mobile people.

November 18, 1928

HENRY LYNDEN FLASH

It lacks but little of being one hundred years since the first poet here published his writings. Charles L. S. Jones was the poet's name, and his little book was issued in 1834. His most ambitious work was a poem upon Columbus, entitled "The Discovery," and next in importance was a metrical translation of Voltaire's "Henriad." Jones was the writer of many pleasing lyrics also. A copy of his book is owned by Mrs. Stanley Sheip of Spring Hill.



H. L. Flash

Next in order of time came William Russell Smith, a towering genius, a man of wide observation and deep thought, and a writer of all sorts, from the legal treatise to the epic poem; and he was also the first in Alabama, and perhaps the first in the South, to publish a literary magazine. This he called the *Bachelor's Button*, the several numbers appearing in Mobile during the years 1836-37. William Russell Smith was a distinguished classical scholar, and, besides, a journalist; a brigadier-general of the militia; a member of the state legislature; judge of the circuit court; representative in congress; colonel in the Confederate service; member of the Confederate States congress; mayor of Tuscaloosa, and for two years president of the state university. Add to this, that he wrote a five-act

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play with Aaron Burr as the hero, and himself performed a part therein on the stage of the Mobile Theatre.

Next in order we have Alexander Beaufort Meek, Henry Lynden Flash, Theodore O'Hara, Augustus Julian Requier, and so on up to and beyond Father Abram J. Ryan.

* * * *

It is not the present purpose to write the history of poetry in Mobile; but to pause for a while and consider the claims of Henry Flash upon our attention. This can now the better be done, seeing that through the courtesy of Dr. W. S. Harvey, of Chicago, a relative, and of Mrs. Clara Brunton, of Los Angeles, a daughter of the poet, interesting information concerning him has recently come to my hand.

Several cities may rightly claim the citizenship of this poet, Henry Lynden Flash, familiarly known, and, so he sometimes signed himself, as Harry Flash. He was for a while identified with Mobile, and it is probable that had not the Civil war intervened, here he would have spent the largest part of his life, and Mobile would be reckoned as his only literary home. The Flash family came from England and settled in Cincinnati. Henry Flash was born there, January 20, 1835, and at the age of two years was taken with the rest of his family to New Orleans to live. There he spent his youth, and thence he was sent to the Western Military Institute of Kentucky for his education, graduating there early in the fifties. Two years were then spent in European travel, and on his return he came to Mobile, where his father started him and his brother, William, in the cotton business, which was continued until the Civil war. As a side line Henry Flash occupied an editorial position upon *The Mobile Register*; and it was here and at that time that he first attracted national attention by his versification. He had begun

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writing early, but now a matured style and a wealth of pure sentiment enabled him to command wide-spread applause. It was in 1858 that his poem, "Who Can Tell?" appeared in the *New Orleans Sunday Delta*, under date of Mobile. Of this poem, J. Wood Davidson, in his work, *The Living Writers of the South*, wrote saying: "We know of no man in America who could reach the peculiar verve of these lyrics except Stoddard." Of another lyric by the same author, "What She Brought Me," Mr. Davidson wrote: "If a more exquisite lyric has been written in America I have not seen it."

Because of his business interests, it was only at intervals that Flash could devote his attention to the muses; yet, by 1860, he had accumulated compositions sufficient to fill a volume of respectable size, which was published that year, and again was Mr. Davidson's praise cheerfully accorded to the "best first-volume of poems so far published in the country."

Then came the war, and for the time, the poetic fervor gave place to the flame of patriotism; and young Flash offering his services to the Confederacy, performed an entirely creditable part as staff officer under Generals Hardee and Wheeler. His brother also gave his services to the cause.

Following the war, Mr. Flash entered journalism for a while, as owner and editor of the Macon, Georgia, *Telegraph and Daily Confederate*. From Macon he removed to Galveston, and, about 1868, to New Orleans, and in both places was engaged in commercial pursuits. In New Orleans he married, and, later, with wife and two children, made Los Angeles his home, engaging there in real estate operations on an extensive scale, and afterwards was active in the gas and electric business in that city. He died there, April 15, 1914. A complete edition of his poems appeared in 1906, under the imprint of the Neale

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Publishing Company of New York and Washington.

This volume of 162 pages is introduced by a letter from Captain Flash's old commander, General Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama, who writes of him as "the enthusiastic young man who figured on my staff as a strenuous soldier of the Confederacy," and as a noted poet, who, almost before he reached man's estate, received the praise of men like N. P. Willis and General Morris. Wheeler mentions the compositions that most excite his admiration and dwells particularly upon the poem, "Memories of the Blue and Gray," "the fifth verse of which commends itself to my appreciation, as it will to the appreciation of all your countrymen who value noble thoughts nobly expressed. It can truly be said that you have done your devoir in binding anew the relations which so long existed between the states and which for a while were threatened with disintegration."

* * * *

Flash had the flair for writing poetry even as a student, and he never ceased to meditate in measured strains, his verse gaining strength and beauty with his advancing years; yet it cannot be doubted that his greatest flights were in war times and immediately after, when the loftiest themes presented themselves. Lyrics, indeed, were always beautifully written, and often dramatic.

It is in the brief category of songs relating to the Confederacy that we find that Flash climbed to heights where his name is immortalized; in the poems on the "Lone-star Flag," on "Polk," on "Stonewall Jackson," and on "Zollicoffer." There is room for repetition here of this last, but no more will be needed. It is, undoubtedly a masterpiece:

General Felix K. Zollicoffer, it will be recalled, was the first general officer of the Confederacy to give his life for the cause,

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killed early in January, 1862.

Zollicoffer

First in the fight, and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angels of glory;
With the hearts of the South at the feet of God,
And his wounds to tell the story.

For the blood that flowed from his hero heart,
On the spot where he nobly perished,
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament
In the holy cause he cherished.

In Heaven a home with the brave and blessed,
And for his soul's sustaining
The apocalyptic eyes of Christ,
And nothing else remaining,

But a handful of dust in the land of his choice,
A name in song and story,
And Fame to shout with her brazen voice:
"Died on the field of glory!"

June 30, 1929

IN MODERN TIMES

THE WATER SUPPLY

When first I came to Mobile and lived in the little two-story brick tenement nestling behind a picket fence on North Jackson street, those were the days, or rather the Saturday nights, when a cedar tub was deposited upon the back porch upstairs, and hot water was laboriously brought thither for the customary hebdomadal bath; brought in a bucket, several buckets, one after another, by the faithful Martha, who served the little family. There was some sort of pump arrangement in the kitchen, by which, tradition said, water once upon a time had been made to flow as high as the second floor; but this was lacking a handle and other gadgets, and would not work. The water company, as appeared, did not undertake to supply water above the ground-floor, and, it was reported, that even for that limited service, the company complained it was not paid sufficiently by the city or its customers.

Observation tended to show that the ground-floor supply was subject to what may best be described as static; that is to say, the supply suffered from interruptions, sometimes brief, other times prolonged; and presently I became aware that if a fire-engine were set to work on Dauphin street, its activity marked the end of private or any other kind of water service. Like Mark Twain's steamboat on the Sangamon, whose engine stopped whenever she blew her whistle, the Mobile water-works nearly gave up the ghost whenever any extra demand was made upon it for water.

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In telling this story I always felt suspicion aroused as to its exact truthfulness. One fire-engine exhaust the water-supply? Then, how did they put out fires in Mobile? Well, that is another story, but may be briefly told, by saying that there were many wells and cisterns, and that for serious fires in the business quarter, there was the river to draw upon. The truth of my experience, however, is vouched for by an official document that lately came to my hands from that fine old gentleman, Walter Soost, superintendent emeritus of the water-works.

It appears that, long before my advent here, and coincident with my appearance upon this mundane sphere, the mayor of this town, the Hon. Joseph Seawell, was impelled to tell the aldermen precisely what he felt and thought about the Mobile water-supply, and what he felt and thought was fairly a reflection of the condition which I found existing here thirty years after.

Said the mayor, under date of October 21, 1852, that the city, under contract with Mr. Albert Stein, was entitled to the use of two fire-hydrants for the cleaning of the gutters; but, such was the unexplained nature of the situation, that neither the citizens nor the city, even when confining use to one fire-plug, were or could be accommodated according to the intention of the agreement.

The mayor further declared that, although for three days no water had been used for flushing the gutters, there was still a want of water in a large part of the town, and so much complaint as to justify the city government in taking action. "The water-works must be poor indeed," exclaimed the mayor in a burst of written eloquence and indignation, "if two fire-plugs can exhaust the fountain, and little confidence can be placed in them in case of a conflagration if two three-inch orifices can

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deplete the reservoir. Whatever may be the reason, however, the city is entitled to water—and in abundance. I have, therefore, to recommend that your honorable boards enquire into the matter and refer the contract to the legal adviser of the city, to the end that it may be vacated in chancery if its terms are not complied with.”

Alderman Roulston moved that the communication be referred to a joint committee, which was done.

There the incident ends, as apparently did the effort also; for no material improvement was noticeable in after years, prior to the introduction of a new supply by the Bienville company in 1886.

* * * *

The first recorded remark made as to Mobile and the water supply is that of Dr. Lorimer, surgeon of the Twenty-first regiment, stationed here in British times, about 1770, to the effect that if Three-Mile creek were turned about so as to make it flow through the city, Mobile might be expected to become a very comfortable place to live in.

The Mobile Register of April 28, 1823, states that Lewis, who was engaged in constructing the road to Spring Hill, reported that Three-Mile creek, at Spring Hill, could be diverted by a canal into the city, at an estimated cost of \$1,500. The canal would have to be dug for a short distance, after which the water would run by gravity on the surface. Something came of this, it is said, for, in 1824, Henry Hitchcock and others caused a ditch to be dug, and some of the water from the creek was made to flow across the country to Canal street, and thence to the river, the street taking its name from the canal. A further enterprise of like nature is mentioned by Mr. F. L. Diard in his collection of *Mobiliana*. He notes that, before 1830, water was led from

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Three-Mile creek to a reservoir situated at the junction of St. Stephens road and Lafayette street, in the triangle formed by Congress street, and that the water was carried in wooden pipes into the city, although, mostly, the water from the reservoir was distributed by hauling to residences and hotels, and was known as "barreled water."

According to a history compiled by Edgar B. Kay, a consulting engineer of Tuscaloosa, and preserved in the archives of the water department of Mobile, the first civic effort to better the water conditions here was made in 1820, when the legislature was induced to charter the Mobile Aqueduct company, with Lewis Judson, Addin Lewis, Archibald Gordon, William H. Robertson and Francis W. Armstrong as incorporators. It was proposed to carry through a plan of leading water from Three-Mile creek neighborhood into the city for public and domestic uses, and to deliver the water by means of wooden and iron pipes, the main pipe to be of logs with a bore of five and one-half inches, laid to Pollard Hill, and four and one-half inches to the corner of Dauphin and Dearborn streets, from which point the distribution in iron pipes of smaller diameter was to begin. The supply of water was to be taken from a spring on Judge Lipscomb's farm, about half a mile northwest of Three-Mile creek, and the main was to cross the creek about where St. Stephens road now crosses the creek. The franchise was to run for forty years, after which the works would become the property of the city. The company, however, slept upon its rights, and, in 1824, the act was repealed and the city of Mobile took over all that existed of the Aqueduct company.

* * * *

In my recent reading of old newspapers I happened upon the published statement by the late Albert Stein, for many years

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the water-works superintendent, who as appeared from the statement dated July 15, 1865, had a grievance against the citizenship that demanded expression. In this statement, Mr. Stein related the entire history of his association with the work of supplying water to Mobile, and so we learn that, in December, 1830, the mayor and boards of aldermen and councilmen came to the conclusion that it was their duty to carry forward the plan of supplying the citizens with water, and they followed substantially the details of the Aqueduct company.

A contract was entered into with John Martin, William M. C. Cullen, John Glidden and Thomas Terry to construct a pipeline, in the most direct way, from Lipscomb's spring into the city; and this contract was duly fulfilled, so that by December, 1836, water was delivered in a territory roughly bounded by the river and Dearborn and Eslava and St. Louis streets. The expense to the city was \$80,000 for the piping. Nothing is said by Mr. Stein as to the contract price. In the year above named, the plant, if it may so be called, was leased to Henry Hitchcock for a term of 20 years, and Hitchcock tried to organize a company to operate the "works," but in this he failed. He died from yellow fever in 1839, and the lease lapsed to the city.

Mr. Stein explains that had durable materials been used, so that there would have been no serious leaks, and a straight line been constructed, of the same bore throughout, the delivery would have been 38,000 gallons per day, but, because of defects, the actual delivery was not more than one-fifth of that amount.

In 1840 Mr. Stein took a lease for 20 years. There were some 400 water takers, consuming the whole supply; and he made several changes, abandoned the Lipscomb spring and taking water from a basin in the creek by means of an eight-inch iron pipe, leading to a reservoir he caused to be constructed on

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Spring Hill avenue at Catherine street, now Lyons Park. The fall from the surface of the basin to the discharge end of the pipe at the reservoir was $2\frac{1}{8}$ feet, and the flow was calculated at 160,000 gallons a day, enough to supply 1,333 takers. This improvement did not meet the public needs, however, and Mr. Stein put in a water-wheel, operated by the current of the stream, and a pump, by which he increased the supply to 226,000 gallons. He states that the fall from the reservoir to Dearborn street, being 15 feet, the delivery at the distributing point was 400,000 gallons.

Superficially, this made a good showing, but the users were wasteful, and then there came the army, which took as much of the water as it could get, and, moreover, the returns in money were quite insufficient, as the number of paying subscribers fell off, although, as appears, there was no falling off in the drafts upon the water "system." I read in the *Mobile Daily News* of that day a statement that in 1861 there were 1,341 water rate-payers; in 1864, 750, and in 1865, the year Mr. Stein wrote in defense of his management, 289! There was enough water for 1,500 takers, properly used, said Mr. Stein, and the shortage should be blamed upon inconsiderate users, not upon himself, as the public seemed disposed to do. The creek had a flow of ten million gallons a day, and could supply a city of 300,000 inhabitants, but this could not be made available unless the people were willing to pay for it. At the time they were not paying for all they were getting. He was sorry, but he was doing the best he could.

The city had to wait until 1886 before the development began. In that year S. R. Bullock & Co., of New York, organized the Bienville Water Supply Company and built the works at Clear creek, by which a plentiful supply of pure water and high

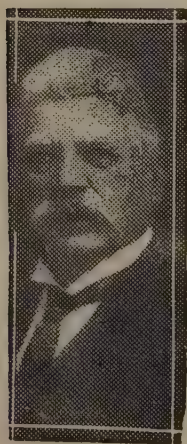
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pressure fire-hydrants were provided, the installation being hailed as a great forward movement, as it certainly was. Yet the company soon let it be known that it had no intention of extending its pipes to all parts of the city, but would confine service for the present, at least, to the best settled portion; moreover, its charges were looked on as higher than the public should have been asked to pay. The city, in response to a popular pressure, took over the Stein works, in 1898, and, in 1900 constructed water-works of its own on a branch of Three-Mile creek, with a reservoir on Spring Hill. The Bienville Company held out against this competition until 1907, when it sold to the city for \$350,000. Since that time the city, after abandoning the Stein works, has operated both plants, and with such success that the consumption of water has increased to 11,000,000 gallons daily; and, at that, the supply is not sufficient for all purposes, and steps are now being taken to expend a considerable sum in adding to the mains leading to the city.

October 21, 1928

JACOB TANNENBAUM

There is a school in Michigan that teaches—among other things—the art of life-planning, but is not life chiefly a matter of chance? Doesn't Shakespeare say that our ends are shaped by a divinity that takes no account of the plans we make? Also, that there is a tide in our affairs that leads on to fortune? Take the late Jacob Tannenbaum for illustration. Did he set out to be



the most noted theatre manager in the south and one of the wits of his time? Not in the least! His ideal was that of a violin virtuoso who was to startle the world with his playing. Great teachers praised his talent, and reluctantly admitted that they could teach him nothing more. His ideal seemed about to be realized. At nineteen, a court-musician of Hanover, graduate pupil of the great Louis Spohr and Otto Kraushaar, a master of harmony, counterpoint and composition, Mr. Tannenbaum directed a program of twelve numbers, the court orchestra of Cassel assisting, and played three violin solos, one being

Tannenbaum of his own composition. The concert took place in the city hall of Wolfhagen, where he was born, May 25, 1839, and was all that the young musician could ask for in the way of success.

Crowned with public applause and armed with letters from

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Spohr, Krausharr, Schoeler and Koempel, his teachers, all expressing "great expectation in the future for young Tannenbaum," the violinist came to America just in time to encounter the rising tide of war and to become entangled in the fortunes of the South. What he might have accomplished with his violin no one can say, but he obtained little hearing from persons who knew a violinist from a fiddler, and, besides the people were not just then in position to listen to music or to reward the musician.

From New Orleans he made his way to Mobile, where he had a sister living, and thence to Paulding, Mississippi, where was an elder brother. His first employment was in teaching music, and next in organizing a brass band for a newly recruited regiment of Confederates in Enterprise. In this way Tannenbaum became a military bandmaster, and soon found himself in Corinth. Fortunately, the colonel of the regiment recognized that it was not Tannenbaum's war, and advised him to resign. This Tannenbaum willingly did, and returned to Mobile in time to join Harry McCarthy in making "The Bonnie Blue Flag," the first song of the Confederacy, popular in the South.

This was Mr. Tannenbaum's introduction to the American stage, and when he reached the north, as soon he did, he enrolled with a minstrel troupe as a musician, and traveled in several states, playing, and composing songs for the performers. He was engaged from time to time in theatre orchestras. In the spring of 1872, while in New Orleans, he was invited to take charge of the orchestra of the Mobile Theatre, and for the third time arrived in Mobile. This time he was to stay, although he did not know it; and with exception of a year or two in Montgomery, he lived out his life in the Gulf city, becoming one of its most noted citizens.

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Shortly after arrival he organized an orchestra that bore his name, and with which he gave public concerts at Frascati, a bayside resort located near Choctaw Point, where the Gulf, Mobile and Northern Railroad shops are today. These Summer Night Concerts met with great success and were repeated in 1873, 1874 and 1875, the concert season featuring "benefits" for the leader and for various charities. One such was the "grand jubilee and picnic" for the benefit of St. Bridget's church, Whistler. It was an impressive affair. Not only had Tannenbaum's orchestra volunteered, but also the Second United States Infantry band stationed at Mt. Vernon barracks; the Whistler Silver Cornet band and the Mobile Fire Department band; and the program shows that all four organizations united their forces, making a corps of ninety musicians, aided by the battery of the Washington Field Artillery, in the performance of the anvil chorus from Verdi's opera of "Il Trovatore."

It was in 1883 that the musician became interested in theatre management, and soon showed his genius by reaching out for "drawing cards" in the lecture field, and "playing them on the circuit." Henry Ward Beecher of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, accepted an engagement, and it was put through notwithstanding strenuous objection made by writers of letters to some of the southern newspapers. Tannenbaum did not lose money in the enterprise, and was so much encouraged in this new field of activity that he took DeWitt Talmage in hand for a like tour, and was rewarded not only with a profit but by an autographic letter from Talmage, December 18, 1884, thanking him for the success of the engagement. In the same way Tannenbaum organized tours through the south, from Richmond to New Orleans, for Lotta, Annie Pixley, Fanny Rice and Emma Abbott, the last-named heading an opera company that did phenomenal busi-

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ness in the south under his management. Later, when the routing of theatrical companies was syndicated, Mr. Tannenbaum became allied with Klaw and Erlanger of New York, under whose direction the Mobile Theatre had its most brilliant era, all the leading actors and actresses being routed to and through Mobile.

The Mobile Theatre burned to the ground January 9, 1913, and almost 13 years later the noted manager passed from earth, December 10, 1925.

* * * *

Emma Abbott, born in Chicago, was nevertheless a Puritan in blood and rearing. She was educated in music on the continent, but never accepted the continental view of manners and morals. She lost her operatic engagement in London, after achieving a successful debut, because she refused the role of Violetta in Verdi's "La Traviata," and later in life, when she found that Gounod's opera of "Faust" would be a desirable addition to her repertory, she said the opera was immoral, and that it should be rewritten before she would appear in it. Memory recalls the cathedral scene as Emma had it. Whether her company lacked the appropriate scenery for the interior of a cathedral or Miss Abbott objected to holding the interview with the devil in a church, which is the more likely reason of the two, the scene took place in a baronial hall instead of a cathedral, and as there was no pillar for Mephisto to hide behind while jeering at Marguerite's devotions, it was arranged for him to place himself on a stepladder behind a drop-curtain and sing through a hole cut in the drop, covered with netting, a red light being burned back-stage to make him visible each time when he had to sing. Marguerite, meantime, knelt and sang her part at a little prie-dieu down by the footlights. At the end of the opera when it came time

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for Mephisto to carry Faust off to the infernal regions, Miss Abbott would not allow it, as it gave the devil the best of the situation, which was immoral. She reversed the proceedings, and had Faust accompany her to heaven, the two being hoisted by means of a perfectly visible rope, amid cerulian skies, red fire, and music improvised to suit the occasion; Faust, most uncomfortably, dangling from Marguerite's girdle.

Miss Abbott further improved the opera by singing "The Old Folks At Home," in the garden scene.

"If Gounod was dead," said Mr. Tannenbaum to Miss Abbott after the performance in Montgomery, "you'd have to sing that song tomorrow night in Macon."

"And why?" asked the prima donna.

"Sure Gounod would be turned over in his grave, and you wouldn't leave the poor man lying there on his stomach."

Al Fields, whose performances in Mobile, were always attended by his brother Elks, asked Tannenbaum to explain why it was that his number two company played to \$500 in Biloxi, while his number one company, playing there the following year, drew only \$340, the number one company being much superior to the number two.

All those Elks that was in Biloxi last year has migrated," answered Jake.

On an occasion Tannenbaum was called upon for employment by a young man, the son of an old friend. Learning that the young man had studied abroad, Tannenbaum asked him if he could speak German. Yes, young Miller replied, he could speak three languages.

"Oh, my boy, you will starve to death in this business," cried Tannenbaum. "This is no place for you."

Ruminating for a moment, Tannenbaum asked another

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question:

"Do you play the piano?"

"No."

"By heavens, you are saved! If you spoke three languages and played the piano too there would be no hope."

Tannenbaum carefully dusted a chair and asked the young man to be seated.

Once when Jake learned that his violinist was going about in saloons and eating places, giving imitations of his peculiarities, he charged him with it.

"Oh, no! I wouldn't do such a thing, Mr. Tannenbaum. I think too much of you."

"Eddie, I believe you from the bottom of my heart,— but don't do it again."

One of his stage-hands was discovered grafting. Tannenbaum, without accusing him, asked how long he had been in his employ. Fifteen years, was the answer. "Well, I raise your pay five dollars a week." The next week he asked the man the same question and got the same answer. Another five dollar raise was awarded. The third week, the same question and "fifteen years," the same answer.

"You are discharged," said Tannenbaum.

"Why is this?" exclaimed the stage-hand. "You raise me five dollars a week two weeks in succession, and now you discharge me! What for?"

"To make it harder, you confounded thief, to make it harder!" answered the manager.

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Mr. Tannenbaum was accustomed to visit New York City to look after the bookings for his theatre, and his spare time was spent in studying the "ponies." He was always ready to risk a

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dollar or two upon his opinion, often not an opinion but a guess or a joke. He saw that a horse named Orchestra was entered for a race in Memphis, and he telegraphed to a Cincinnati house that laid bets on the races, ordering that a bet be placed on Orchestra. Later he wired a second time, to say:

"If international pitch, put five dollars more on Orchestra."

The answer was that he was light in his upper story. So, Tannenbaum wired: "See the music critic of the *Enquirer* and ask him about it." This must have been done, for he received the following reply:

"Don't play Orchestra above French pitch."

Another time, in New York, the name of "Skate" took Tannenbaum's fancy and he lost fifty dollars on him, Skate coming in ninth and last in the race. The next day Jake bet only twenty-five dollars, being restrained by the preceding day's experience, and Skate came in ninth again. The third day Tannenbaum took a book-maker into his confidence and asked what were the odds on Skate to win the race. "One hundred to one," said the book-maker. "Well," said Jake, "what are the odds that Skate will come in ninth?" The book-maker thought that about thirty to one would be about right. So Jake made the bet, though with some misgivings, as there were twelve horses in the coming race; but he won three hundred dollars, for Skate did run ninth for the third time, and Tannenbaum's net profit on the three days was \$225.

Almost any remark was enough to set Tannenbaum's memory a-going, and there followed, as a matter of course, a story.

"I am under the impression that it is raining," said Tannenbaum, as he and a friend emerged from Festorazzi's coffee-house one night when the rain was coming down in sheets, as it does not infrequently in Mobile.

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"Am I to understand," inquired his friend, "that you are not absolutely certain it is raining?"

"Did I ever tell you about Staehling?" asked Jake. "Well Staehling was a piano tuner in Montgomery, and he was asked to repair an organ in the home of an old judge living in a nearby town. Staehling fooled with the organ for two days. He took the insides out and put most of them back, but as there was no room for the bellows he stuffed it into the log fire that was in the room and burned it up. .

" 'Well, professor,' asked the judge, meeting Staehling in the street, 'how are you getting along with the organ?'

" 'Judge,' said Staehling, 'I'm under the impression that your organ will never play again.'

"What do you think of that? He knew damned well it would never play again!"

* * * *

Mr. Tannenbaum had what he called his "rabbit's foot," and he worked it successfully on many occasions, notably upon a passenger agent in Atlanta, who was a hard customer, especially in dealing with persons, who, like Mr. Tannenbaum, wished to obtain reduced rates for their theatrical companies. He showed such no favors. So Tannenbaum pulled his rabbit's foot and waved it before him, beginning his address in about the following words:

"The conceit of these youngsters is intolerable. I dare say it is the same with you as with me. Everybody has 'em. They haven't been in the business more than a year or so, but they know all about it; they know more than anybody."

"That's so," replied the agent, slightly interested.

"Right in the railroad business too," continued Tannenbaum. "You've had 'em here in your office—young fellows to tell you

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what's what, nose in air, and thinking that they know more than Jay Gould, Jim Hill, Ed. Harriman, Milton Smith, Jim Harahan, you and the whole bunch put together."

"There's one of the sort right here now," said the agent, adding an expletive under his breath. "But what can I do for you, Mr. Tannenbaum?"

Jake laid his list in front of the agent and the agent said he would be glad to accommodate.

"Now, about these young upstarts," the agent added, as he offered Jake a cigar and prepared for a long and interesting "session." Jake had put the rabbit's foot on him when he coupled him with the shining lights of the railroad world.

* * * *

When the theatre manager in Rome, Georgia, explained his reason for cutting into the sale of Tannenbaum's attraction by selling later shows at the same time when Tannenbaum's company should have had the exclusive precedence, that it was to "create some excitement in town," Tannenbaum, as he told the story, burst with his loudest voice:

"Excitement in R-o-o-me! Fifteen years I have been coming to this place, and never have I seen anybody excited here, except Me, *Now!*"

Jake was educated to be a violinist and lived to be called a Dutch fiddler. A man wanted to swap checks with him for two days in order to put through a deal. When the man had explained why he desired the accommodation, Tannenbaum, who looked as if he were interested, turned to him and said simply:

"Well?"

"Didn't I make myself clear?" asked his visitor.

"For you it may be as clear as that window glass if the damn nigger should wash it like I told him to do two weeks ago,

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but to me it is the same as I see in *The Register* this morning—a fog what them two trains run together in and fourteen people is killed in Illinois;” then, more aggressively, “Since before the Civil war have I been in America without being able to understand some of the things they do in this country! Them banks on St. Francis street may be could understand this what you have come here to tell me, but I do not understand such things.”

“But, Mr. Tannenbaum, they do this on Commerce street every day.”

“I do business on Royal street, and don’t know nothing about what is done on Commerce street.”

Then, as if struck by a happy thought, he added:

“Why should checks be swapped? You say your check will be good Monday. That so? Well, it will be all right for you to keep it till then.”

The caller snatched up his hat and declared as he departed that he might have known that a Dutch fiddler would not have any sense.

On another occasion, when a visitor sought to sell to him shares in a stock company, Tannenbaum replied, and insisted, that he had all the chairs he could use in the theatre, and if he sent any more chairs to his home his wife would throw them into the street. The man could go into the theatre and see for himself that the place was full of chairs. The promoter could not get Tannenbaum to understand, and left in disgust.

It was not much of a joke that Tannenbaum played on a young reporter when he offered him the secretaryship to the consulship in Dresden, to which Tannenbaum pretended he was to be appointed, the condition being that the young man should show that he was able to dance in an elegant manner; but it became something worth remembering when he told the story to

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an advance agent, and the agent thought it was so good that he asked permission to repeat it.

"But," said Jake, "you must sing for the boy to dance when you tell the story. It doesn't go well without that."

Tannenbaum hummed the first bars of "The Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz and the agent imitated as best he could.

"No," he told the agent, "that is not right. It should be crescendo and pp."

"What in the devil is 'crescendo' and 'pp'?"

"'Crescendo and pianissimo,' I told him," said Jake, in relating the incident, "and like this: 'Tra-la-lala, LA-LA, la-la!' He tried it, and I said 'Louder! It is not loud enough.' Four times that day we rehearsed that waltz, and I got him to holler-ing like a bull, until I thought he would burst the windows open. And he was a smart man, too, but never suspected nothing."

* * * *

Mr. Tannenbaum was of medium height, thick set, and not out of the ordinary save for his head. He had a leonine head, bushy hair, standing up from his high forehead, a well-molded countenance—massive, one would call it. Heavy brows, a bristling mustache, and full lips, very red for an old man; a fine blond complexion, and clear blue eyes, gifted with the power to see everything or nothing as their owner willed. He was a fast thinker, and usually was well ahead of anyone who wished to persuade him to a course tending to uncertainty and loss. *The Mobile Register* said of him when he died that he was regarded as one of the most popular as well as wisest of men in the theatrical business.

On his grave-stone are written these lines from "Hamlet":
He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

April 11, 1926

PRICE WILLIAMS, JUNIOR

It is impossible to write of Price Williams, Jr., without appearing to exaggerate; but all persons who knew him will sanction the statement that he was a fine figure of a man; and that his visible part did not belie the beauty of his soul and the fine qualities of his mind



Williams

Price Williams was a *beau soldat* even in his boyhood days, before his graduation, when he was valedictorian of his class; and he served a further apprenticeship with the Mobile Cadets before the war of 1861-65. When war came he was ready and found capable, and, although yet very young, bore an officer's commission as first lieutenant of Company F, Third Confederate regiment, under the command of Colonel John S. Marmaduke, after having served as aide to General W. H. Hardee in Memphis. In the affair at Mumfordsville, Kentucky, Lieutenant Williams was complimented for his meritorious conduct by his colonel and brevetted captain in the field. He signalized his entry into manhood by falling wounded in the bloody battle of Shiloh, lying for dead twenty-four hours. Furloughed home for recovery, he, assisted by Jesse Moulton and Dick Roper, organized the Pelham Cadets, a battalion of two

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companies of youths between sixteen and eighteen years of age, with himself as commander. These young soldiers were drilled in the use of artillery in the redoubts about Mobile, and later were stationed at Fort Gaines on Dauphin Island, until the fall of Fort Morgan and their surrender in 1864.

Actual warfare did not cool the young man's ardor for military affairs, however, for very early in the seventies, he joined the reorganized Mobile Rifle Company, and April 10, 1872, became its captain, an office which he held until elected in 1887 colonel of the First Regiment, Alabama state troops.

Captain Williams, taking note of the progress of the volunteer military movements elsewhere in the country, and the beginning of competitions, set his heart upon bringing his company to such a state of efficiency as would enable it to play an honorable part against competitors for the public's praise. Laboring constantly with this object in view, the company was put to its first test in New Orleans, where, May 23, 1881, it met and was victorious over the Nicols Rifles of the Crescent City. The next, and great, event was the drill at Nashville, in May, 1883, and Captain Williams, seconded loyally by his men, felt justified in entering as challenger of the redoubtable Crescent Rifles of New Orleans, and the several other teams of note entered in that competition.

The victory that rewarded him and his company's efforts stamped the Rifles as the best drilled volunteer military organization in the United States, and was in every respect a tribute to his leadership. This victory was enforced by a second of like kind the following year at Dubuque, Iowa.

* * * *

In civil life, Colonel Williams was as distinguished as in the military. He was elected to the office of probate judge of

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Mobile county in 1874, and held it until his death, February 26, 1914, being so popular as an official that no one ventured to contest his apparent fee simple of ownership. It was useless. He had an office for life. The people wanted him there. It pleased them to do business with such a man. His conduct was as ideal in the judgeship as it was in the military command; for the reason that he devoted every quality he possessed to what he was engaged in, and he was peculiarly gifted in the art of dealing happily with the public. His retentive memory enabled him to name almost every person who came to him—and often he knew the Christian name as well—and not only did he know the name but he learned something of each individual's personality, so that he appeared in the attitude not so much of an official as of a friend. If you wished to see Price Williams at his best you waited until some infirm, poverty-stricken woman approached to obtain his attention and service. Not the finest lady in the land could be received with more kindness and deference than this poor, trembling old soul, anxious to find sympathy, advice or help in the great difficulties besetting her path. Truly it was a lesson in good manners and in courtesy! And whatever Price gave, whether it was advice or something more substantial, was given cordially, promptly, and with, so to speak, his blessing, thus making the gift doubly worth.

Some said that it was "all politics" on Price's part, and that he was clever in knowing how to stand well with the people. To this it may be answered that other office-holders know that it is advantageous to stand in the people's graces, but, somehow, they do not always manage it. The fact seems to be that courtesy was natural with Price Williams. He was truly kind-hearted and sympathetic. For any one to be in trouble was to excite his interest; and he was not content with expression of words. When-

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ever he was able, he extended the helping hand.

A man cannot act a part, day in and day out, year after year. If not sincere, acting will betray him. No one could know Price Williams and question his sincerity. He looked, spoke and moved like a sincere man. He regarded everyone as his friend, and, upon that hypothesis, treated everyone as his friend.

That is what the judge will be remembered for; not for his administration of a public office; not for his brilliant captaincy of the best-drilled military company of the time; not for his eloquence—and few, indeed, could equal him as a speaker; not for his family or social position; but for his great heart, that was big enough to hold a world of people and be hungry for more. His motto, as he himself expressed it, was “To live well this life, try to scatter some kindness in the way for the other fellow.”

In those trying days, when the yellow fever was all too frequently a plague that had to be met and battled with in the south, Price Williams and others reorganized the Can't-Get-Away Club, the very name of which meant self-sacrifice; and this club, under President Williams' direction, served the sick and distressed not only in Mobile but in other afflicted cities, sending supplies, physicians and nurses where most needed. This was done because Mobile had had much experience with the fever and could be of real help in those places that had not before suffered from the terror-inspiring visitation. In recognition of the club's services, a golden badge was presented to its president, and was a most prized possession, which in the after years was used by the president in paying tribute to associates who died. As one by one these modest heroes passed away, Judge Williams was accustomed to place the golden badge for a time on the breast of the deceased; and, finally, the badge was placed upon his own breast, where it rests today with him in

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his coffin. That badge stood for what was highest and noblest in the character of man.

* * * *

The Mobile Rifle Company

The Mobile Rifle Company was organized in 1836, for the purpose of serving in the Creek or Indian war. The war, however, was over before the company could be equipped and brought into action. After proceeding as far as the Chattahoochee river, the return march was made. The company was maintained in full force thereafter, and, as part of the famous Third Alabama regiment, fought at Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Winchester, and Petersburg, and, at last, but a handful, surrendering with Lee at Appomattox Courthouse, in 1865.

Reorganized after the war, in the seventies, the Rifles, under Captain Williams, became a crack command, and was the victor in several of the competitive drills of the decade following. The record reads:

Nashville, May 21-26, 1883; first prize, \$4,000.

Houston, May 6, 1884; fourth prize.

Dubuque, June 19, 1884; first prize, a diamond badge.

Mobile, May 10, 1885, third prize, \$1,500.

New Orleans, May 17, 1885; second prize, \$2,500.

The following is the roster of the Drill Team of the Mobile Rifle Company—the actual participants at Nashville and at Dubuque, where the first prize was in each instance won:

Price Williams, Jr., captain.

Dick Roper, first lieutenant.

Murray Wheeler, second lieutenant.

James Wade Cox, first sergeant and right guide.

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Frank C. Gage, second sergeant and left guide.

T. Eastin Spottswood, quartermaster.

James K. Glennon, orderly.

First Four—Frank E. Overall, Henry D. Pillichody, Henry B. McMillan, R. F. Knott.

Second Four—Robert B. DuMont, Daniel Winslow Partidge, Hunter Ross, Albert J. Pillichody.

Third Four—Frank A. Ross, Ed. H. Frank, Henry W. Shields, Robert T. Schultz.

Fourth Four—Charles S. DuMont, William A. LeBaron, Peter Joseph Hamilton, John D. Hagan.

Fifth Four—Adrian B. Dure, Robert L. Douglass, E. John Dawes, H. V. H. Voorhees.

Sixth Four—Price Williams Tompkins, John A. Goldsby, P. H. Dawes, James R. Hagan.

Charles T. Harlbert, valet and barber.

* * * *

Messrs. Spottswood and Glennon were sent to Nashville in advance of the team, and were of good service in making the quarters comfortable for the men. During the competitive drill they were in uniform and prepared to take the places of any of the team that might happen to fall out.

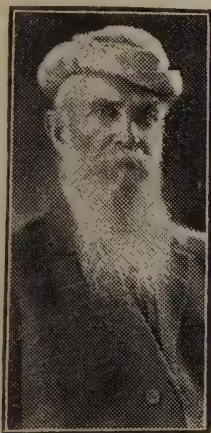
At Dubuque the team was the same as at Nashville, with exception that Robert T. Ervin, N. T. Dimmick, F. J. Girard, W. E. Richardson, J. Bestor Robertson and Charles E. Smith were substituted for Robert T. Schultz (promoted to be second sergeant and left guide), Adrian Dure, R. F. Knott, Peter Joseph Hamilton, Frank A. Ross and Henry W. Shields.

Captain Robert W. Scales of the Alabama State Artillery, served as second lieutenant with the Rifles in the Dubuque contest.

December 26, 1926

PETER FRANCIS ALBA

The frontiersman leaves his life of frontier excitement, holsters his trusty gun for the last time, lays aside his chaps and sombrero and seeks the seclusion of peace and civilization. He is gone, and he is forgotten. Yet it is reasonable to assume that a person who has made his mark in the bright spotlight of far Western publicity has an originality that is not extinguished by



so simple a process as denoted by a change of base. Happily the opportunity offers to follow for some length of time the subsequent proceedings and to see that they do not contrast unworthily with the more brilliant accomplishments in the actual "Winning of the West."

Peter F. Alba went West as a young man, fought with the Indians, was shot down, pierced by an arrow, and gave himself up for lost. He had all the startling adventures and trials of the typical Indian fighter, and served his time under the intrepid men of his day. The story has been told more than once, and, while thrilling, it does not differ in great degree from the familiar epic of the West. Alba was a boy sergeant in Captain E. Kirby Smith's company of Albert Sydney Johnston's Second United States Rangers, and had part in the pacification of the South-

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west from the Rio Grande to the Arkansas. Robert E. Lee was lieutenant-colonel, and Fitzhugh Lee a second-lieutenant. Hood and Stoneman also were officers in the regiment. It was a school for great men.

In those days fighting was largely an individual affair, as illustrated in an engagement Alba described as taking place in a recess of the Wichita mountains, known afterwards as the battle of Jungle Hollow. Fitzhugh Lee had a hand-to-hand combat with an Indian chief, and Alba himself had to endure a bow-shot from an antagonist before he had the chance to shoot and kill him with his unerring pistol. A most serious phase of that early warfare was the almost entire absence of appliances for the care of the wounded, and even of surgeons capable of saving lives and relieving pain. Alba, shot through the thigh, lay all night on the damp ground, in the cold, and then had to travel for two days on horseback to the military post before he could be properly treated. The same as to others, some of whom died simply for lack of attention.

Alba received honorable discharge in 1860, but the next year, was in the West again, as a Confederate officer of cavalry. After the war he returned to Mobile the home of his boyhood, but not his native place, for he was born in Pensacola in 1839.

* * * *

Always a lover of horses, Alba established himself in the livery business, then one of the most important in its communal service; and being a lover, he studied to understand and sympathize with the dumb animals, horses, dogs, etc., this leading to his conducting for a long time and alone a campaign against the barbarous over-checking of horses, and eventually to the organization of the Mobile Humane Society. Captain Alba taught that animals have feeling and intelligence the same as human

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beings, though less well defined, and that the true attitude for a gentleman to take is that of complete respect for animals and their rights. He said he had never seen a horse that did not know when he was abused or was not grateful when rightly treated. He himself had a way with horses that appeared magical to the uninitiated. He was unafraid of the most wild and savage horse, though careful not to let himself be hurt by the animal's unreasoning rage. He argued that if the horse knew him, he would be his friend. Therefore, it was his task to become acquainted with the horse and make the horse acquainted with him. First he had to prove his the greater mind, the firmer and more powerful. This required patience, rather than force, but was relentless in application, until, at length, the animal began to reason as to its meaning. Once this mastery was gained, kindness followed, and, always, fairness, and, in the end, the horse became the captain's lasting, and devoted friend.

Such was the manner of his conquest of Maneater, a powerful and almost maniac stallion, that had been ill-treated until forced into war with all mankind. The horse gained the name he bore by the great number of attacks he had made upon his attendants, and it was found advisable to keep him confined in a stable, and to warn all persons not to go near. Precisely in what

Note—In 1879 Captain Alba, in making a talk in Pensacola on horsetraining, revealed his system. He demonstrate by bringing under control in 15 minutes a wild mustang pony and, within two hours driving him in harness. The captain explained that the whole of his art consisted in making the animal recognize the superior power of man; but not by using violent measures. Upon being restrained in a gentle manner, so as to be unable to run or kick and finding it impossible to resist, the horse feels (in a horse sense) more like asking for assistance than like resisting. No harsh words are used; no blows inflicted. The horse is urged to continue the useless struggle by the snapping of the whip until, finally, he minds neither the sight nor sound of anything.

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manner Alba proceeded, he did not reveal, but it is reported that he entered the stable and spoke to the horse while advancing toward him, and the horse recognized his master. The affair may not have been as simple as that, but the outcome was incontestable. Maneater did not eat Alba or do him any harm whatever, but became his willing slave. Alba trained him to be his buggy horse, and drove him about the streets of Mobile, a perfectly obedient servant. The writer rode with Alba to learn something of his method. It was simplicity itself: The captain never touched the horse with the whip, never spoke harshly, never became vexed, but treated the horse as he knew the horse wished to be treated. While driving rapidly along, Alba rattled the buggy wheel with the heel of his whip, and Maneater came at once to a full stop. "You see," said the captain, "I have him trained to stop if he hears an unusual noise, such as the breaking of any part of the buggy would occasion. When anything out of the ordinary occurs, horses in general become alarmed, and bolt. Maneater, on the contrary, is taught to stop, if he is moving, and so to aid the occupant of the vehicle in escaping injury." Alba had trained Maneater to start, stop, go fast or go slow, turn right or left at command of the voice; "for," said he, "sometimes the reins break or fall from the driver's hands. It is important to be able to do as well without them.

As Alba's business prospered he acquired pasture lands along the bay shore for his horses and business property in the city; and built himself a handsome and commodious home on Bayou Coden, in the southern end of the county. There he had a large estate, and there in the summer he kept open house for his friends, much in the baronial style of Scotland or England. He was visited by the traveled and the learned, who enjoyed his philosophy of love for man and beast, and became known

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far and wide as the Sage of Coden. As described by an appreciative visitor in those later days of his life, Alba was an abbot in appearance, "an abbot in a skull cap," and with a long, flowing, gray beard, benevolent expressions and sedate and thoughtful speech—"a patriarch, strong in figure, but gentle spoken;" appearing as a man who had spent his days among books, and in quiet converse with scholars, rather than in helping to settle, in ferocious combat, the destinies of the American empire.

Alba's sympathy for animals extended sincerely to little children and to the distressed, the poor and the needy. He had a generous heart and a hand ever ready to help persons in distress. He made no show of it. Few persons, except the beneficiaries of his charity, knew that he was charitable; but he never failed, and up to the last day of his life, which came just before Christmas time, he had his instructions carried out, and his gifts distributed.

He died December 23, 1915, here in the city on St. Joseph street, where he harbored during his final years. There he had taken most elaborate measures to provide for his needs without having to disturb the family or attendants. He had caused to be installed electric fans, heaters and lights, all operated by means of pushing buttons attached to the head of his bed, and also cords and pulleys by which desired articles could be brought within his reach, or the bed covering be removed or added to. He took keen pleasure in exhibiting this machinery which served him so well, and proved that, no matter how old or invalid, he had found means to care for himself.

Alba had no known enemy. His friends were many. Abundant proof was offered in his life-time of the esteem in which he was held by Mobilians and by persons everywhere who knew him. The letter following is quoted as most apt in expression of

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the general affection felt for this truly good man. It is from the late Hannis Taylor, former minister to Spain, and dated in Washington, December 20, 1914:

My Dear Peter:—

It is near midnight and I have before me the dear old *Register's* "100th Anniversary" booklet, over which I have been dreaming for an hour or two. It has taken me back nearly fifty years to that Fourth of July, 1868, when, as a young law student (not quite 18) I landed at Mobile to seek my fortune among strangers, chivalrous, sympathetic, tender-hearted, romantic—most of them. You were among the very first of my acquaintances. I met you, as you may remember, in the office of Anderson and Bond, where my preparation for the bar was completed, such preparation as it was. You were then the handsome young man with the jet black beard who appears on page eighty. We at once became fast friends—it was a real love match—and in all the forty-five years that have since passed by there has never been a shadow on that friendship. You have never failed me. With you friendship has always been a kind of religion.

And now you are the white-bearded "Sage of Co-den." Peter, we are growing old but our hearts are young. True friendship is the one plant that can defy the frosts and snows of time. That word alone kills that other dreadful word—"parting." There can be no such thing as parting among real friends. We will soon be together again in "the other country." If you manage to get there—you always were a daring man—ahead of me, have two good gentle horses ready so that we may gallop on together, you, of course, in the lead.

And now I turn the page and am alone once more with dear, old Zadek, one of the most charming, brilliant-hearted men I ever met in any country. The only

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real Arabian Nights I ever knew were in the old Manassas Club when Martine came to town and joined with Zadek in singing *Trovatore* and "charming the Souls in Purgatory." Is there any witness now living in Mobile who can prove all that? Dan and Charlie Huger, Price Williams, Gaylord Clark, Stephens Croom, D. P. Bestor, Ed. Russell, Dr. Rhett Goode, Tom Fowler, Dr. Ketchum, Dr. Toxey, Tom and Ned Macartney, Erwin Ledyard, Dick Clarke, old Fritz Werborn, Hammel, Bob Hallett, dear old Rapier, and McPhillips, Frank Davis, DeLeon, who are now leading the long procession of ghosts, moving before me, are not here to prove that the old Arabian Nights were once a reality.

Maybe if you could go down into "Sleepy Hollow," you might find a few old men once known as Fred Bromberg, Dr. Willie Mastin, Winston Jones, Erwin Craighead, Pat Lyons, Jimmie Glennon, Luther Fry, R. Moore, Dick Burgess and Adam Glass, who if you could wake them up, would remember. They could prove that Zadek and Martine were once real people; that the old Arabian Nights at the Manassas were real Nights. When Martine put enough of the sparkling blood of France known as Mumm's Extra Dry into Zadek's veins, he became, as I always told him, a real Adrian de Mauprat. Not until then could Zadek sing "Good-bye Sweetheart!" as it had never been sung before. When we find him, Peter, we will make him sing it again.

I must close before the cock crows. Tomorrow I am to argue a notable case in the Supreme Court of the United States, involving a part of the water front of a far-distant city on the shores of the Pacific. In that way what I am pleased to call my mind wanders far from the beautiful bay we both love so well, but my heart is always returning and lingering near a sacred spot on the silent shores where my mother died in the long

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ago. There I stand and dream and wander in the midst of shadows creeping past into the twilight of another existence. Until then my dear old faithful, tender friend adieu, adieu!

HANNIS TAYLOR

Alba was a man who did all the good he could, and never spoke evil of any person. He had his opinions, but expressed them with marked deliberation. He never seemed moved, except in condemning cruel deeds. Some weeks before his death, and lying in his bed, Alba spoke of these things: concluding:

"Craighead," he said, "I have had, and even sought much publicity in my time, but you will bear witness that it was for others and not for self-glorification. I want you to write me down like that Ben what's his name."

"Ben Adhem?" I suggested.

"Yes, like Ben Adhem; as being one who loved his fellow-men—and horses."

May 2, 1926

EMIL OSCAR ZADEK

I am to tell of a happy man, but, curiously enough, I begin by telling when he was unhappy, presenting the exception which is said to prove the rule. In my philosophy the successful man is the one who lives a cheerful life, whatever may be his financial reward; for he gets the most possible from existence and gives most pleasure, that is to say, happiness, to others. Happiness is the ideal for which we strive in our several ways.

He who achieves it is to be considered fortunate.

* * *



In Mobile, as elsewhere, there have been eras of get-rich-quick enterprises, sudden wealth and equally sudden collapse. The elder citizens have the memory of several such eras. One of the most startling came to a head in the seventies of the last century, when the discovery was made that ten per cent. stock subscriptions were all that were needed to build up a profitable fire-insurance business. Whether the discovery was made here or had its initiation in other cities is not remembered, but the historic fact is that Mobile, which had been moving along quite sedately without more than one or two insurance enterprises of her own, suddenly began to invest in this branch of commercial activity, and with such success as to stimulate imitation; and soon there

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were near a dozen companies, two of which are remembered by name, the Citizens and the Alabama.

The plan was simplicity itself. The stockholders paid in ten per cent. of their subscriptions, and gave their notes for the ninety per cent. balance; it being believed that the business would prove so successful that the notes would be paid out of the profits. And the plan worked until a lot of fire losses bunched on the companies, and the resources were suddenly called upon; and the stockholders as suddenly asked to pay their notes. It must be recognized that even when all the notes were paid, if they ever were, there was not enough money to meet the needs of the insured; for it is a fact that the two companies failed and quite a number of Mobile's leading citizens felt the effect of the crash, among them that prince of jewelers and jewel of men, Emil Oscar Zadek, the subject of this study.

The writer attended the auction that closed Mr. Zadek out of business. The auction was in the storehouse on the northeast corner of Dauphin and St. Joseph streets. Late in the afternoon of May 21, 1887, the place was practically cleaned out, and Mr. Zadek was left there with a few showcases, some silver watches no one wanted, a chair or two, an empty safe, and his own thoughts. He told me afterwards what his thoughts were on that disastrous occasion.

"Craighead, old fellow," he said, "I sat there in the deepening gloom of the evening, and thought of the great ambition I had had, and how my fortunes had tumbled down upon my head, after having been built up from almost nothing by my industry, based upon my confidence in Mobile; and Mobile had been good to me, as you know. And I thought of my wife and children, and how at my age a failure so complete as mine marked me for future difficulty and perhaps distress. Yes, my dear fellow,

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I was at about the bottom of my life, and, I confess, I broke out in tears. Yes, I cried, I! You know how happy I had always been, and what a joyous view I had of life. Well, it seemed, that this disposition of mine made the sorrow that had come more difficult to bear than had I been less sanguine; sometimes the lightest heart makes heaviest mourning, as the poet says.

"While I sat there in the dusk trying to get up courage to face my disaster in the way I knew I was expected to face it, a boy came with a telegram. It was from Augustus K. Sloan, of the Whiting Company, the great silver manufacturing concern of New York, and the telegram said that the house extended its sympathy in my trouble, and knowing that it was an honest failure, it was prepared to place \$10,000 worth of its goods at my order upon my own terms as to payment. Hardly had I had time to take in the tremendous import of these words, when another messenger boy popped in with another telegram, which read practically the same as the first one. It was from a diamond merchant (the writer now forgets the name and place), one with whom I had had large dealings. Possibly the two had conspired to do this generous action, but, at any rate, it put me up, I can assure you. It was like Christmas, New Year's and the Fourth of July rolled into one. I did not whoop, nor did I dance, but I can tell you my heart was dancing like mad. I rushed out on the street to show my good fortune to my friends, and the first one of those friends I came across was Abraham Pincus, in his shirt sleeves, sitting in his store door in the cool of the summer evening, just as you have seen him scores of times. A good, stirring man, Pincus. My mind connected him with the building right opposite, which he owned, and like a flash, quite without meditation, I said:

" 'See here, Pincus, do you think you can build me a house

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over there for my new business?’

“ ‘Why not?’ said Pincus. ‘What sort of a house?’

“ ‘Big, four stories, handsome.’

“ ‘Sure,’ said Pincus; and then only did I show him the telegrams and obtain his hearty congratulation and his earnest help. It was characteristic of Pincus that nothing surprised him. He did not seem in the least astonished when I, the bankrupt merchant, proposed to use four stories in the jewelry business where I had before used only one, and one was apparently enough for other jewelers in Mobile.’”

* * * *

It was in the conduct of that new store that Zadek is best remembered by me. He daily demonstrated the value of personality in business, and the public liked to do business with Zadek; not that he did not have capable assistants but because of the enthusiasm which he brought to the performance of his duties. The fact seemed to be that Zadek was in love with his business, and dealing in jewelry and other beautiful articles was a fine art which he had by nature, and improved by use. It was a delight to see him display his goods, and to hear him explain their merits; for he was a man of good taste and judgment, and moreover, believed in his town and in the capacity of his public to appreciate what he brought to their attention. It was this same civic pride that led him to invest in the insurance enterprise which promised to “make things hum” in Mobile. There was nothing of that nature that failed to claim his prompt and generous support. We talk of progress now as if it were a modern thing, invented in our own time, but it was quite as evident long before, and the thought of it was inspiring in Zadek’s generation as in the present one. Doubtless, the ancients who walked the streets of Athens in Pericles’ day spoke of themselves as the

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moderns, and pitied the slow-coaches in which their predecessors traveled.

Zadek had another charming quality, that of making a sort of play of life. Happened I should go past his store on a warm day and see Zadek there, like as not we would join forces and cross over to that place beside Burke's where one could get ice-cold Pilsener. If it were luncheon time, Zadek's two intimates, John J., generally known as Jake Meyer, who styled himself "the Hatter" and Adam Glass, who is remembered as the founder of "The House that Made Royal Street," and Zadek would foregather, and find their way to Jossen's hospitable restaurant on St. Emanuel street, where for an hour everything under the sun was discussed with gusto reminiscent of the Fatherland.

If Zadek had chosen to go upon the stage, he would undoubtedly have made a great success both in acting and in singing, for he had much talent in acting and his voice was of pure lyric tenor quality, and he sang with verve and intelligence that literally entranced his auditors. Even up to his last years he was continually called upon to entertain with his singing, his favorite song, "Good-bye Sweetheart!" being locally identified with him in the memory of his many friends. In the early days there were many amateur associations and performances, and much music of the better sort was studied and sung for the pleasure of patrons and for benefit of charity. In the Mobile theatre Zadek sang the tenor role in "Les Noces de Jeanette" with Mrs. Charles E. Huger, whose brilliant soprano voice was always at the command of every benevolent proposal. "The Mistletoe Bough" was another operetta in which Zadek appeared, with Mrs. Jennie Billups. Also he sang in Flotow's opera of "Martha," in which appeared those favorites of the time, Mrs. Charles Forsyth and Mrs. Alfred W. Taliaferro, formerly Miss Georgia

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Willie Pope; and he with Mrs. Forsyth, presented the first act of "Lucia." In all these performances there were two that had part—Maj. Adolph Proskauer, baritone, and Sigmund Schlesinger, basso.

* * * *

These little memories serve to recall the man and his associates, and to give some idea of Zadek's disposition. Zadek lived a semi-public life, the center of business and social affairs.

Take him as president of the Gesangverein Frohsinn, the host, so to speak, of the guests of the society at one of the Frohsinn's concerts. 'Twas then he was seen in his happiest moment.

"Look! There is Zadek!" would be the common exclamation. Zadek, down from the stage to speak to his guests, like Zeus descending from Olympus, bearing a message of good cheer! Surely, I think we used to have better times than we now have; and we always had good times with the Frohsinn.

What the Frohsinn thought of Zadek living is best expressed by the address made by Ferdinand Meyer at the supper given in Zadek's honor on his fifty-third birthday, in 1895, in which Mr. Meyer said:

"I wish to impress upon your memories that we have in our midst one particular friend, who seems to have made it a life study to create pleasure for all with whom he comes into contact. His genial manners, happy disposition, keen perception, and above all, his big heart have won for him many dear friends. To him we are indebted for the many hours we have spent together in this hall."

Zadek, dead, was revered, and sincerely mourned. The society's sorrow was expressed in a tribute, "In Memoriam," written by Louis de V. Chaudron, upon advice given him and his own knowledge of the subject, and the same was framed and

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placed in the hall of the society.

What The Register said on this sad occasion reflected the common thought of the community:

"It would be difficult to over-color the picture, as this was a man of most admirable traits of character: brave, honest, frank, appreciative, sympathetic, tasteful, tactful, patriotic, generous, companionable, capable, just—what adjectives may not be applied to him and still leave room for more in order to tell what manner of man he was! And so fresh and full of vigor, of such good spirit, of such great love of life and of his fellow-men, and himself living so full and useful a life, and so eager to live; it seemed that he, at least, should live forever—and now he is gone. Truly, his death is a public calamity. To the elders Mobile will not be precisely Mobile any longer now that Zadek is no more."

Zadek was born in Gleiwitz, Prussia, October 29, 1841, and came to America at 18 years of age. He commanded a company of home-guards here for the four years of the strife, in which he embraced the cause of his newly-made home. After some few years in a jewelry establishment he formed partnership with Edward Caldwell, and after Mr. Caldwell's death, continued in business under his own name. Later, he did business under the corporate name of the E. O. Zadek Jewelry Company, and was president of the same at the time of his death, which took place July 21, 1908.

June 6, 1926

LEOPOLD HAMMEL

The picture of Mobile's past that I am trying to make will not by any means be considered complete unless the figure of one of the noblest of the men who helped to make the city's history is portrayed upon this canvas as truly and as fully as the medium of words will permit. Leopold Hammel, or "Uncle Lep," as he was affectionately called by those near him, was the living proof of two things: that America offers the field and that success in life depends upon no adventitious circumstances,



but upon the individual. Also, that success does not mean goods and money, solely, but reputation, and the possession of the love and respect of one's fellow men.

* * *

Imagine a medium-sized youth of seventeen years, rather thin, not overly nourished, good-looking in a way, dark complexion, bristling black hair, black and shining eyes, a Jew, in a strange country, without relatives or friends, without money and without even the language with which to make

Leopold Hammel his needs and wishes known, and you have a true picture of Leopold Hammel, the immigrant, alone in New York in 1864. One observing him at the time would have said he was a poor investment, not likely to show a profit, but most

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likely to show a loss. Yet wait! there was an invisible quality in this young man, such as so often develops in time of trial in the members of his race. His circumstances, entirely unexpected by him, were the stimulant that brought this quality into play.

Hammel was born February 22, 1848, and reared in a small Bavarian village, bearing the musical name of Weitersweiler, in the Rheinphalz. In the year above named, 1864, having finished such an education as was obtainable at the neighborhood commercial school, and finding he had to look out for himself, he determined to accept his cousin Leopold Strauss's invitation to come to Mobile; and so, without surveying the situation very carefully, he found himself in New York City, and the way to Mobile completely blocked by the war that had been going on for nearly three years! Other Southern seaport cities had been captured and opened, but Mobile held out even to the last, and, with exception of Galveston, was the very last to surrender. So, there was young Leopold, thrown on his own resources, and likely to remain so for some little time; for a year, as it turned out. "What to do?" He said afterwards that the first idea he had was that there seemed a lot doing in this country, and that the best thing for him was not to be afraid of work. Therefore, he sought work, no matter of what kind, and he found it; he did not say what; but it fed him; and at night he studied the language of the country, and the books which showed on what principles the country was governed. He could not go fast in this, but in a year one may learn much, if his purpose is strong; and when the year was up, he managed to get to Mobile. His cousin was back from service under the Confederacy and had begun business again, and he gave Leopold welcome, assigning him to the bottom rung of the ladder in the

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house of Goldstucker and Strauss, dry goods, 47 Dauphin street.

It was the twenty-second of April, 1865, Hammel arrived in Mobile, and for seven years he served his cousin with faithfulness, performing every task to the best of his ability, not shrinking from the most menial. Then, at the age of twenty-four years, he opened a store on lower Dauphin street for himself, and after the manner of his trade, stood at the door, ingratiating himself with the public. The public in turn took readily a liking for this cheerful and good-looking young man, and his way of doing business, and he prospered, so that after a little he added the store next door to his first venture; then another, and another until he had five stores all in one, under the name of L. Hammel and Company. In 1902, having formed a corporation, he purchased several old-fashioned houses on the east side of Royal, half-way between Dauphin and Conti streets, and replaced them with a handsome four-story building, one of the first department stores in Mobile; and this he extended, as time passed, until it became a very considerable establishment. Thus, as his enterprise reached his prime, this man reached the flower of life and passed into the mellow years; then death claimed him, and he laid down his trust May 14, 1914.

* * * *

It is said by one not of relationship with him, "Mr. Hammel was the best man I ever knew." It was told by the general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association that when the committee called upon Mr. Hammel for aid in the building of the present home of the association, he wrote his name on the subscription book and told the solicitors to write in whatever they wished him to give. They objected that they would not like to do that. "Well what is the largest amount anyone has

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given?" He was told. "Then put me down for an equal amount," he said.

Mr. Hammel was a man of lively interest in everything in and about his community and the leader whenever anything had to be done that took energy and money to accomplish it. For example, when it was plain that Mobile needed larger hotel accommodation, he headed the movement to rebuild the Battle House, and was the president of the hotel company; he was interested also in banking, in the local insurance company, in the benevolent and charitable organizations of the Jews; in the Masonic order, in the country club, the fishing and hunting clubs, the Frohsinn and the Fidelia, and in the Temple Shaari Shomayim he was a trustee.

In word and action he showed that he loved the world, not the rich and powerful, but all kinds of people, the aged, the poor, the unlearned, as well as the learned; for he had been along the road himself, and knew; and particularly he loved little children, with a love that was genuine. He fulfilled Edison's formula: He understood the world because he loved it.

I do not think I can do better, in trying to describe and make permanent the recollections of the character of this man who achieved greatness among us than to quote in part what the newspaper said of him under the heading, "Rather Than Great Riches," at the time of his death:

"It is said that Hammel was a charitable man. He was something more than that; something more than a liberal giver: for he gave a part of his heart with his gift. His was not simply duty-giving. No man, however, understood better than he what duty meant; no man lived nearer to his duty; and that duty comprised and embraced the whole of his city. He was vigilant in the performance of his civic duty. One would say that he felt

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under an obligation to pay back in service to the community what the community had done for him in fostering his commercial and domestic life within its bounds. At any rate, there was no enterprise for Mobile's good that he did not encourage; none that he did not support with his voice and purse; and he was used to say: 'I cannot in justice to myself and Mobile, remain aloof; and what is more, all others who have the same stake in Mobile will, if I can persuade them, think as I do.' His enthusiasm was infectious. He had great influence upon others. Many of the finest examples of Mobile public spirit and progress are directly due to his initiative and determined support. He made his mark right there on the time in which he lived, and it will remain, as the ever continuing illustration of what good citizenship is, what obligation it entails, and how that obligation may best and fullest be discharged.

"Mr. Hammel was a princely merchant; and by that is meant a merchant who has large views, generous in its measurements, careful in his promises, faithful in performance, master of detail, and not its slave; alert, ready and competent; yet never hurried or worried; stopping for a moment to admire a picture or inhale the perfume of a flower, or to place a loving hand upon the head of a passing infant or child; and ever with a smile upon his lips and glint of merriment in his eyes.

"A friend said to him, that he had built a monument in his business. 'That's nothing,' he replied; 'it's what you are that counts. If I leave behind me a good name, that is something.'

"We imagine that he would be pleased to read the people's verdict, which, if interpreted into words, would be: 'You have your wish, dear Leopold! No better name than yours has ever been bequeathed to the good old city of Mobile, and we esteem

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it of more value than the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.' ”

* * * *

At the funeral service in the temple, Rabbi Alfred G. Moses said, in ending his beautiful tribute to the dead:

“Our prayer is that his ideals may live on.

“Generations to come will tell the story of his life. The cathedral of his character will not crumble into dust but be upheld in the hearts of men. Such men do not die. They build for immortality.

“Ours is the privilege to bid farewell to one who made history for himself, his people and his city.”

August 12, 1928

MARDI GRAS IN MOBILE

From time to time the question is asked, as it was last week, "When did Mardi Gras originate in Mobile, and how?"

The answer is that the mystic form of the celebration, commonly called "Mardi Gras," originated in Mobile on the eve of the year 1831; but the celebration of Mardi Gras, or Shrove Tuesday, was not begun in Mobile until 1867. Previous to that year the mystic ceremonies here had place on New Year's eve.



It must be said that New Orleans was the first American city to celebrate Shrove Tuesday, and Mobile the first to organize mystic societies; that from New Orleans Mobile finally adopted the day of celebration that New Orleans honored, and New Orleans adopted from Mobile the same method of celebration that Mobile had instituted. Thus, with generous exchange, a generous rivalry was begun, in which Mobile has played no mean part.*

Though all this is quite true, it must not be imagined that Mobile originated anything *Krafft* but the manner of the celebration, for "Mardi Gras" is ancient festival, reaching back into heathen times, so it is said,

*The relations between the mystic societies of the two cities were always most cordial. An interesting note is found in a little brochure printed February 12, 1929, by C. Robert Churchill, president of the Pickwick Club, of New Orleans, containing a reproduction of an old manu-

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and is observed in all Catholic countries of Europe; and particularly in Italy, at Venice, and in France, at Nice, the carnivals are famous spectacles. In Germany also, the feast is regularly celebrated in Leipsic, Bremen, Berlin, and elsewhere.

We do not have to wait until so late a date as 1831 to see the signs here of the importation of the carnival idea. From Mr. F. L. Diard we learn, and he from his family and from documents of the early times in Mobile, that the inhabitants of Fort Louis de la Louisiane, back in the colonial days at Twenty-Seven-Mile Bluff, in the first decade of the eighteenth century, held a jollification annually; not on Shrove Tuesday, it is true, but on St. Louis Day, August the twenty-fifth, which day was selected as the principal feast by the inhabitants of this colony that bore the name of a king of France. Mobile, on its second site, continued the observance of St. Louis Day, and there was public rejoicing on that day all through the French, British and Spanish times, the British garrison of Fort Charlotte turning out to give color to the parade.

St. Louis Day was a great feast among the Apalache Indians also, who had a village on the Chickasabogue, named St Louis, and Mobilians were accustomed to participate or to witness the exercises which lasted the day and a great part of the night. It is noted that in the early eighties of the eighteenth century in

script discovered in the archives of the club. This tells of the advent of the Mystic Krewe of Comus, February 24, 1857, saying: "Tonight is the first ball of Comus. It was given in Crisp's Gaiety Hall. The subject is the illustration of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. When we arrived at the hall we found it occupied by the Strikers Club of Mobile, who had been invited by King Comus to come over and see the mysterious Krewe. . . . The invitation recited that 'Inasmuch as we have established an order similar to your own and are desirous of creating a bond of union between our associations, we herewith extend the open hand of brotherhood and friendship and do cordially invite you as a body, or as individuals, to attend as our guests this, our first, festival'."

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Mobile there were Spanish mystic paraders, dressed as phantoms and bearing torches. These, however, appeared on Twelfth Night. Their celebration continued even into American times, the last one being on January the fifth, 1833, as indicated in a poem in blank verse upon the fiesta, written by a Mr. Agee and printed at that time.

* * * *

It was on the eve of the new year, the night of December the thirty-first, 1830, that a big-hearted citizen of Mobile, Michael Krafft by name, supped with some half-dozen of friends in Antoine LaTourette's cafe, corner of Water and Conti streets, until a fairly late hour. Leaving the restaurant the party came presently to Partridge's hardware store, southeast corner of Commerce and St. Francis streets, the location in later time of Griggs, Barney & Company. In front of the store they discovered certain rakes, hoes and cow-bells exposed as signs of trade carried on in the establishment. It seemed a good idea to arm themselves with these implements and go wake up the town; and this they did, parading the principal streets and finally serenading their friends in their homes, among them Mayor John Stocking, Jr., who received them hospitably and set forth refreshments. The affair lasted well into the morning and was pronounced a great success. When the year had rolled around, the participants in the frolic were disposed to repeat, and by that time they had organized and recruited their forces, calling themselves the Revelers, and their parade an "Escapade." It was then, also, or at some early date, the suggestion of wearing masks and fancy costumes was made and adopted, and by 1834 there was introduced one or more wheeled vehicles, brightly decorated, and carrying some of the maskers, one of whom impersonated the famous Captain Jack Dowling; but it was not until 1840 that a

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parade with a title was presented. The subject of this parade was "Heathen Gods and Goddesses." A number of horse-drawn flats or floats were used for display of the scenery and characters of the drama, and this was the first display of the sort in the United States, or anywhere.

The company that Michael Krafft headed, and which in 1831 adopted, at the suggestion of Daniel Geary, it is said, the name of Cowbellion de Rakin Society, was made up of Thomas Niles, Richard Coirie, Henry Daggett, Robert Roberts, Nathaniel Ledyard and Samuel Kipp. Krafft was a very popular person, happy-hearted and sociable. He had but one eye, but was in all respects a fine-looking man. He had not quite reached his twenty-fourth year. Louis de V. Chaudron, in a paper read before the Iberville Society, said it was his purpose to deposit with the society some papers relative to the Mardi Gras celebration and also a portrait of Krafft that had been given him by Benjamin Vincent, a relative of Krafft's. This portrait was for some time after in the Young Men's Christian Association building, where the historical society held its meetings, but is not there now, and has not been seen since before the present administration. What has become of this valuable relic is not known. Fortunately a photograph of the portrait was taken some years ago, and this is now used for making the vignette which is placed at the head of the present article.

Michael Krafft was born in Bristol, Pennsylvania, March the twelfth, 1807, and died of yellow fever in Pascagoula, Mississippi, in September, 1839. His remains were brought to Mobile and buried with all honor by the society which he had helped to originate, and a monument was erected in Magnolia cemetery, where it is to be seen today, with the sculptured emblems of the Cowbellions, the cow's head, the cow-bell, the

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rake and the owl—of which an observer remarked, "Never until now have I seen a tombstone with a joke for an epitaph." Had the observer looked further, however, he would have found in the same cemetery the monument to George Huggins, who died in 1852, which is even more elaborately decorated with Cowbellion emblems than the stone over the late Michael Krafft. If a joke monument is unique, Mobile has the distinction of possessing two of the sort.

The parades up to 1840 were simply promenades on foot by maskers, bearing rakes and ringing cow-bells. On and after that date there was always a carefully chosen story or subject illustrated for the entertainment of the public; followed by a reception and ball in the theatre, given in honor of the friends of the maskers. The exercises in the theatre opened with tableaux, and with the grand march of the maskers, followed by the first dance, by members and their partners; then the ball became general. At midnight the whistle sounded and the mystics slipped silently away, leaving their guests to finish the night with dancing. The guests were never supposed to know who their entertainers were.

In 1842 a number of the younger members of the Cows seceded and formed a second mystic society, called the Strikers' Independent Society, the name being derived from the occupation of most of the young men, who were cotton markers or "strikers." The marking-pot and the ink-brush figure to this day prominently among the emblems of the society.

The T. D. S., often spoken of as "Tea Drinkers Society,"* but whose right name, says Hardy Hopper, was "The Determ-

*The mystic society organized in 1844 was known, it is said, as the "Rising Generation," and in 1852 took the name of "T. D. S." I cannot name authority for this.

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ined Set," was the next to be organized, the date being 1844; and those three societies appeared in annual parades on New Year's eve, with tableaux and dances, until the breaking out of the war in 1861. During the ensuing four years there was a lapse, for the young manhood of the city were absent, volunteers in the great conflict; but after the war, the masquerading was soon resumed, upon the original anniversary; and probably would have continued indefinitely but for an incident which had for its result the transfer of the fete to a different date.

* * * *

It happened in 1866 that Joe Cain, who was clerk of the market and passed for the town wit, began a celebration all his own, a one-man show, and chose Shrove Tuesday as the time and Mobile's streets as the place. The late Benjamin B. Cox said that Cain appeared on the streets as an Indian chief, calling himself Slackabamirimico, and hailing from Wragg swamp. Another account says Cain arrived in a decorated charcoal wagon, and dispensed music. However this was, Cain amused the public, and on the next Shrove Tuesday reappeared at the head of a company of sixteen ex-Confederates, who styled themselves the Lost Cause Minstrels, each member bearing an instrument of music from which he extracted such sounds as pleased him, regardless of the efforts of the others. Do not be shocked to learn that in this coterie were John F. Cothran, afterwards the sedate editor of the Item; Oliver J. Semmes, subsequently and for many years, judge; Alexander Spear, John F. Powers, later sheriff; Thomas F. Burke, John Behannon, Charles Hurley, Charles T. Hatton, William H. Monk, Thomas P. Brewer, Frank E. Spencer, Samuel Pairo and Manuel Primo. The Lost-Cause Minstrels, with the long name which Cain had assumed as their motto, appeared in connection with the Mardi Gras parade for

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several years, including 1879, and perhaps longer.

Cain's example appears to have suggested other activity in the same field, for it led to the organization of the first post-bellum mystic society, the Order of Myths, which chose Shrove Tuesday for its parade, and Moore's "Lalla Rookh" as its subject. This was in 1867,* and with it originated the celebration of Mardi Gras in Mobile, this city thus adopting the day celebrated in New Orleans, as New Orleans had adopted the Mobile method of floats in 1857, under instruction of Joe Ellison, a former Mobile Cowbellion, and Thad. Smith, a former Mobile Striker.

Next, in 1870, came the formation of the H. S. S., or "Heavy Samplers Society," composed of young men engaged in sampling cotton. Their motto was "*Hoc Signo Sustineat*," the "*signo*" in this case being a cotton bale, the emblem of the society. The names of the organizers are not disclosed, but Frank P. Davis was the secretary. After two parades—one satirizing the police and the other the fire department—the society was reorganized, with Frank P. Davis as president, and took the name of the Infant Mystics, a name that, like the O. O. M., became indissolubly linked with the festival in Mobile.

Next came the Mardi Gras Pilgrims, some 300 in number, who flourished for a season. About the same time appeared (possible on one occasion only) the Mystic Knights of Columbus, with a parade, entitled "King Hippodrome, His Court, His Forester, His Serfs, His What-Is-It."

The year 1872 saw the forming of the first Carnival association, and in 1874 was organized the first day-parading society, the K. O. R., or Knights of Revelry, making appearance on

*The Register of February 15, 1873, says the O. O. M. paraded "for four years past."

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Mardi Gras day. The Carnival association created an emperor for Mobile and introduced him to his subjects in a style worthy of his imperial dignity.

The legend back of Emperor Felix and his parade was that Mobile, the capital of an empire, was presided over by a noble potentate bearing the happy name, but that it was the emperor's habit to live for almost the whole year absent from his beloved city, so great was the extent of his empire and so manifold the demands upon his time and attention. Once a year, Emperor Felix was sure to visit Mobile, arriving by sea on the stroke of noon on Shrove Monday, being received and given possession of the city by the civil authorities, and reigning unquestioned until midnight of Shrove Tuesday, when his majesty disappeared, not to be seen for a whole twelvemonth. The glories of his imperial majesty were so great that the fame of them extended to New Orleans, where, in 1877, or five years after the institution of Felix, there was inaugurated in that city his now famous majesty, King Rex.

* * * *

Emperor Felix I. made his inaugural entry on Shrove Tuesday, 1872, the year the first Carnival association was formed here, the leaders in the movement being Tom Fowler, Minor Friend, T. C. DeLeon, Charles J. Michailoffsky, John L. Rapiet, Lewis Scranton, Price Williams, Jr.; Robert Stannard, A. B. Woodcock, W. H. Barney, and Ernest Beyer. John A. McCaa was the first president, A. B. Woodcock the marshal, and T. C. DeLeon, Scriblet, the imperial secretary.

Daniel E. Huger was the first Felix. He served for two years, and was followed by some twelve others, but in what annual order cannot be said, as the records preserved in the newspapers are not clear, and the practice of keeping secret the names of the

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occupants of the imperial throne adds to the difficulty of making the list complete. Such as it is, the list of wearers of the purple who followed Colonel Huger reads:

J. A. McCaa, John L. Rapier, Lewis Scranton, Hannis Taylor, J. P. Billups, James F. Maury, Rittenhouse Moore, Peter F. Alba, J. W. Lott.

This was the last for some time. In 1893 DeLeon revived the Felix parade and S. T. Prince was given the imperial position. He was the first to select from the fair daughters of Mobile one to consort with him on the imperial mystic throne, his choice resting upon the lovely Ethel Hodgson. Thus was created the first empress.

Edward L. Russell and Hallie R. Triplett, and Arthur Shirley Benn and Rosalie Heustis were successively occupants of the imperial positions.

In 1898 the second Carnival association was formed, with Adrian B. Dure as president. The new association undertook to provide what had not before been had, namely popular entertainment for the day as well as for the night, so that visitors to the city should have something entertaining offered them throughout the two days. An orchestral band was brought from St. Louis, to play for Felix and to give concerts in the public square; day and night fireworks were displayed; prizes were offered for costumes and dancing; boat races were had on the river; there was a free show of mountebanks in Bienville Square, and the square and principal streets were decorated and at night were brilliantly illuminated. The government sent one of its fine cruisers to do honor to the mystic emperor, and the crew took part in the imperial entry.

That year Felix II., the son and successor of the first emperor, was invited to Mobile, and arrived in imperial state,

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amid the firing of cannon and the music of the imperial band; and found his capital gaily decorated in his honor, and the people enthusiastic in giving him welcome. The association has continued in charge of the popular features from that time until this present, the imperial succession having in the meantime passed to Felix III., the grandson of the first potentate.*

Returning now to the mystic parade societies, it is to be noted that the older ones, those formed before the Civil war, found that the growing popularity of Mardi Gras interfered with the success of their efforts to continue the celebration of New Year's eve. All three societies resumed activity when the war ended,

*Under the second association the first Felix was Norborne R. Clarke, and he was the first to be himself, that is to say, to wear his own face, not resorting to a mask; next: 1899, Edward E. Bernheimer; 1900, M. Waring Harrison, who chose Nellie Davis for his queen, the first queen of the Carnival; 1901, Lee A. Partridge, no queen; 1902, Francis J. Inge, no queen; 1903, George A. Robinson and Venetia Danner, queen; 1904, Joseph H. Lyons and Gertrude C. Smith; 1905, Orville F. Cawthon and Mary Morris Clarke; 1906, Walter Grayson Horn and Aline St. John; 1907, Thomas W. Sims and Virginia Allen Lyons; 1908, Troost Parker and Helen Moreland Hall; 1909, J. Alfred Coates and Amelie Lyons; 1910, Henry B. Luscher and Corinna Edwine Kirkbride; 1911, Dr. Francis Marion Inge and Helen Buck Taylor; 1912, Rollin Broughton and Lucy Leatherbury; 1913, Jex H. Luce and Marguerite Wefel; 1914, Herman H. Maschmeyer and Ella F. Blacksher; 1915, Carl Holzborn and Mabel Hartwell; 1916, A. L. Staples and Katherine Monk; 1917, John T. Cochrane and Mabel Moore; 1920, F. Taylor Peck and Dorothy Wefel; 1921, Henry Hall, Jr., and Katherine Van Antwerp; 1922, Paul B. Ray and Marie Courtney; 1923, S. H. Peck and Alletta Turner; 1924, George A. Creary and Eran Izard; 1925, Francis H. Inge and Marion Acker; 1926, Conrad Armbrecht and Dorothy Turner; 1927, Wright Smith, Jr., and Dorothy Tonsmeire; 1928, Pat Feore and Martha Rogers; 1929, George A. Sossaman and Frances Whiting.

For two years, 1918 and 1919, by reason of the sacrifices made in support of America's part in the World war, there was no public celebration of Mardi Gras in Mobile.

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the Cowbellions appearing in 1865, dressed in white and wearing emblems of mourning.* By 1880, however, it was found inadvisable to keep up the old custom; and that year a joint celebration was had, after which the societies agreed to cease parading. The Cowbellions persisted for some time as a social organization, dining together annually, and in 1888 they unexpectedly reappeared on the eve, presenting the parade of the Vestal Virgins. After 1894 there is no more mention of the Cowbellions.

The Strikers, while abandoning the formal street-parade, still continued for some years to march from their den to the theatre or hall, to the sound of the drum, the members being in costume and masked. They limited their entertainment to a tableau, followed by a ball and supper, after the style of former years, but wholly a private function. In later years the march and the supper have been omitted, but the ball of the Strikers continues to be the leading social event of the Mobile year, and takes place on the anniversary of the end of the year.

With the passage of time, other societies were formed for Mardi Gras celebration, among them the Comic Cow Boys, in 1884, with Dave Levi as organizer and presiding genius. This society, for over forty years under Mr. Levi's direction, has outlasted its originator, and still has prominent part in the day parade of Felix on Mardi Gras day. The Mystic Krewe of Myrthe (1887), the Order of Druids (1889), the "S. C. S."

*Diard writes: "I find January 2, 1867, just after the Cowbellion and T. D. S. and Strikers' parades (presumably the parades of December 31, 1866), the S. S. R. of A. made a mystic parade, all members dressed as Seminoles, with floats, the leading float bearing Billy Bowlegs. The parade formed in Baker's Carriage house, S. W. Conception, and St. Francis. James R. Young was floor manager at the dance in Irving Hall, St. Emanuel, near Conti."

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(the same year), and the Monday Evening Maskers (about 1900), came, played their part for a time and either disbanded or retired from entertainment of the public. Of these, the S. C. S. continues at the present time to hold an annual festival, with dancing on Christmas night, and is a popular social organization. In 1921 appeared the Krewe of Columbus, the youngest of the mystics and full-fledged for a long time flight in the realm of fancy. It is today one of the most vigorous and entertaining members of the mystic order. This society parades on the night of the Friday preceding Mardi Gras, thus opening the carnival season in Mobile.

* * * *

Some of the subjects of parade dwell in memory because of their superior brilliancy. Mr. Cox said that the best he ever saw were the "Lalla Rookh" parade of the O. O. M., and the "March of the Ages," by the Infant Mystics. The last named, which was in 1880, illustrated the progress of the world's civilization, and closed with a float representing a locomotive in active operation, spouting steam and smoke, and with wheels moving. It was all made of paper and paint, but looked, as was remarked, very "lifelike." Among the other subjects recalled to mind are "The Wars of the Roses," "Eras of Jewish History," "The Siege of Granada," "Hiawatha," Gulliver's Travels," "Don Quixote," "The Punic Wars," "The Idyls of the King," "Eras of Chivalry," "Myths of the Northland," "The Genesis of Japan," and "Visions of Paradise." In the day parade also there were notable successes, for example, "Louisiana Affairs," being a caricature of the election investigation in the Pelican state, and "Alice in Wonderland."

Back of these artistic exhibitions, wherein effects had to be produced by the ingenious employment of materials, colors and

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costumes and small spaces had to serve as the theatre for representation of colossal events, were minds to devise the work and skilled hands to put the designs into execution. Foremost among the technicians was Lafayette Seavey, who was scenic artist of the Mobile theatre from 1863 to 1867, and afterwards made a great reputation in New York City. He had under him John Gus Hines, who also became very successful, especially in the use of papier-mache, his parade models being truly works of art. Emile Hines, his son, developed likewise much talent in this line. Others were Warren Gerow, Charles Stoll, Charles McConnell, William S. Foster, Tobe Hart, Alfred and James Robinson, Gideon See, William Keelan, Edward J. Pine and his son, Frank, and the present-day artist, Edmond C. DeCelle, Pine and his son excelled in inventing mechanical figures, fabulous beasts and fowls, and many striking novel effects. Taken as a whole, and treating of Mobile parades, judges of such matters say that for novelty of subject and brilliancy of treatment the palm could easily be awarded to Mobile over other competitors; in a word, for the intelligence employed and the fidelity with which the ideas were interpreted.

February 10, 1929

LANDMARKS OF MOBILE

Mobile, although nominally in the 228th year, and actually in the 219th, is not physically an old town; for the reason that in the first hundred years, proverbially the hardest, the increase in population was next to nothing. Hamilton says that the 1711 population (including the garrison) was 279. In 1812, according to the same historian, it was but 462. Another factor was fire. A serious conflagration occurred in 1827, and two fires, each greater than the first, swept the terrain in 1839, destroying a large number of business and residential structures; and so it is probable that but little now in the region so swept by flames exceeds ninety years in age.

The oldest building standing today in Mobile is the small Creole-style house perched on the high ground, south side of St. Anthony between Royal and St. Joseph. It is said to have stood there in Spanish times, as early as the beginning of the last century. It is north of the burnt district. All that region was at the time high ground, but the most of it was lowered when a new level was adopted for the roadways.

Close to this building in the matter of age comes the former office of *The Register* newspaper, southwest Royal and St. Michael, built, it is said, by Louis Demouy in 1809 and used for a hotel. It is known to have been there in 1825, because in it was entertained General Lafayette on the occasion of his visit to Mobile that year; and it was out of the window of the first floor that the marquis jumped when some joker sounded a false cry

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of fire. The guest of honor landed in St. Michael street, as the note by Charles de Lage tells us, but the street was not paved and he suffered no injury. After that entertainment the hotel took Lafayette's name, and continued until the seventies, when it became the Roper House. *The Register* succeeded to the ownership in 1876, and it was there that the first edition of Father Ryan's poems was brought out, Hannis Taylor being the compiler.

* * * *

Equally old, perhaps, are two wooden houses, resting upon brick basements flush with the sidewalk, and having recessed galleries, on St. Francis street, north side near Lawrence. Hamilton says of them that they are typical Creole houses.

An old house distinguished as having been part of two cities, is number twelve, on the east side of Jackson between Dauphin and St. Francis streets. Constructed by Charles M. Reingard in the twenties in Blakeley, it was subsequently moved on a flat-boat and re-erected, brick by brick and floor by floor, in Mobile.

There are French-style houses, with portes cocheres and arcade entrances, one on St. Emanuel, next to Christ church, and another on St. Michael, north side, between Joachim and Jackson.

What was a fine affair in its day is the Southern Hotel, southeast Conti and Water; three stories, with gallery on both street fronts. All these old houses have galleries; notably, the former homes of W. H. Ketchum, O. J. Hood, Robert W. Smith, Mark Lyons, Charles K. Foote, etc. The gallery of the last named house is the most ornate of any in Mobile. A beautiful piece of gallery railing protects the upper porch of the Emanuel building, southwest Government and Joachim.

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The Southern Hotel, which has gone under a number of other names, was owned by Judson Lewis, one of the first presidents of Mobile before it was chartered a city. He and P. McClosky owned it in 1837. How long before that it was there, no one seems to know. On the ground floor, at the corner, was the coffee-house of the Creole, Antoine LaTourette, a noted caterer, and it was from there, on the night of December 31, 1830, that Michael Krafft and his cronies, after supper, started upon their "escapade" which proved to be the beginning of the Cowbellion de Rakin Society and of Mystic celebrations in Mobile, New Orleans and elsewhere.

The best preserved and one of the handsomest of the old houses is the home of the late Jonathan Kirkbride, number 104 Theatre street, north side, between Royal and St. Emanuel. Built eighty or more years ago, it stands today as substantial as at first, with its sturdy columns, resting upon a solid porch-floor of cemented brick. The ornamentation is simple, and the whole has the look of eminent respectability.

A curious old house, a two-story frame, with square-posted gallery on the street fronts, is seen at the northwest corner of Church and Conception streets. It is said to have been built in 1836. It was at one time the home of John Forsyth, the distinguished editor of *The Register*.

Adjoining All Saints' church, on Government street, south side, near Ann, is the old A. H. Gazzman home, a fine example of Colonial architecture. For years now it has been used as the Home conducted by the Ladies' Benevolent Society.

Oakleigh.—Originally in a trapezoid tract, bounded by George, Selma and Roper, and extending nearly to Palmetto street, and, on the west, half-shaded with immense and aged live-oak trees; a fine old southern home, with brick basement

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and first floor gallery, and pillar-supported roof. This house was built prior to 1840 by James Roper, in whose honor Roper street was named. In 1840 it was pledged to Joseph Cowperthwaite and others and was bought in 1852 from the trustees of the Bank of the United States by Alfred T. Irwin, the father of Colonels T. Kilshaw and Lee Fearn Irwin, of our own day. It is thought that the Irwins occupied the house under lease some years before Alfred Irwin bought it. It was the summer home of the Kilshaw Irwins for many years, and after their death was bought from the family by Dr. H. P. Cole who sold it recently to H. S. Denniston.

* * * *

Of the historic homes, some old and others not so old, the two-story brick, southwest Government and St. Emanuel, has precedence, it having been for more than two decades the home of Madame Octavia Walton LeVert, the social queen of Mobile. There she held her receptions, establishing for the first time in America a true salon after the French fashion, attended not by the elite of Mobile only but from far and near. No traveler of distinction passing this way failed to pay his respects to this talented woman, who could converse in four languages, and was as well known in New York and Washington as in her own home.

On the opposite side of Government, between Joachim and Jackson stands the McGill Institute, a large edifice, with an imposing front of lofty columns, reaching to the roof. This was the home of that unfortunate Florence Chandler Maybrick, who as the widow of James Maybrick, of Liverpool, was tried and convicted of the murder of her husband, but was eventually released from the British prison at the instance of the American state department. Mrs. Maybrick is living in Florida, and,

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having recently been left some money, is devoting her time to efforts in vindication of her innocence. Not very long ago, the discovery was made that Florence Chandler, when a young girl, had written her name with a diamond upon a window pane in the Government-street building. The writing is said to be visible there yet.

At a little distance, on the northeast corner of Government and Franklin, is the house where lived in the eighties Colonel A. L. Rives, general manager of the Mobile and Ohio Rail Road, and there his daughter, Amelie Rives, later Princess Troubetzkoy—a writer of distinction—spent her early years. Amelie gained fame after leaving Mobile. Here she was known as a very beautiful young girl, budding into womanhood.

On the west side of Conception, second door south of St. Michael, is that part of the corner building in which, in 1849, lived the actor Joseph Jefferson II., and there he died. He was the father of the more famous Joseph Jefferson III., whose "Rip Van Winkle" was the greatest piece of acting on the American stage. In this two-story wooden house the future comedian lived as a lad of six or seven years. The house has been added to, but the part the Jefferson family lived in is practically the same now as then. The elder Jefferson was buried in Magnolia cemetery, and his son never failed when in Mobile to visit his grave.

Up to a short time ago there existed in the center of Ashland Place, Spring Hill avenue, the beautiful home of Augusta Evans Wilson, author of *Saint Elmo* and other popular novels—a handsome old southern house, with galleries on both north and south fronts, and with wings on each side, a house set on brick basement, and with a high roof and dormer windows. All around was a beautiful park, with trees, and fine cattle grazing. There, in the midst of flowers which she cultivated and loved,

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Mrs. Wilson held her court for many years, and the house survived her as her monument, until fire destroyed all but the two rows of white pillars that adorned it. These pilliars stand there today, relics of the past. The meadow ground has been converted into a residence "place," very handsome and well worth a visit.

Yet another souvenir, so to speak, of Mobile literary genius is the suburban place named "Kobinata," on the top of Spring Hill, where for some years Mary McNeill Fenollosa, the author of *Truth Dexter*, a best seller, and of charming Japanese tales and verse, had her home.

* * * *

Noted for elegance and dating from the forties and fifties are the homes associated with the honored names of the late Dr. George A. Ketchum, southeast Government and Chatham; Major William H. Ketchum, northwest Government and Franklin, now the home of the bishop of Mobile; Charles K. Foote, northeast St. Louis and Conception; and Judge John Bragg, north side Springhill avenue, in Summerville, the home of Alfred S. Mitchell.

Distinguished among the many handsome edifices of the city is the municipal building, northeast Royal and Church, which when built in 1857, was commented upon for its excellent construction. It is admired for the unity of the design and its attractive facade.

The City hospital, built in 1830, is of noble proportions and presents a stately front. Its neighbor, the United States Marine Hospital (1842), adds to the distinction of upper St. Anthony street.

The Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, facing the west side of Claiborne street, is a good example of Romanesque

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style, with a portico of outstanding strength and beauty. The portico is by far the best architectural feature Mobile possesses. The interior of the sacred edifice is large and handsome, the arch of the nave being supported by immense columns on either side. The interior is tastefully decorated and the stained glass of the tall windows is praised as excellent. The cathedral was dedicated in 1850.

Barton Academy, standing on the north side of Government street, between Lawrence and Cedar, is the pride of Mobile—a quasi-Greek structure of three stories surmounted by a lofty dome resting upon a drum of columns. This building long served as the county high school, and is endeared to countless citizens who there obtained their education. Built in 1836, it was named for Willoughby Barton, who was largely instrumental in establishing it.

Structurally quite as important is the federal building, southwest Royal and St. Francis. This is a large and massive, three-story building of granite, in the best Tuscan style. Designed by government architects, it was constructed with the greatest care, and, after three generations have passed, there is not a crack or blemish in it. It was completed in 1856.

The Government Street Presbyterian church (1837) is the oldest church edifice in Mobile, with possibly the exception of the old "Bee Hive" church on Franklin street. It is a very attractive example of the Greek style.

On Government, at Broad, is the Government Street Methodist church, a modern building, but notable as reflecting in its ornate facade the artistry of Spanish ecclesiastical architecture.

* * * *

As to relics, there are still traces of the foundation of old

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Fort Charlotte to be found in the yard back of the dwelling on the northeast corner of St. Emanuel and Theatre streets. A part of the wall of the first official American theatre, built by Noah M. Ludlow and opened December 24, 1824, may be seen at the corner of Theatre and Royal. The Pollock building, facing Royal and Conti at the southeast intersection was for a long time the home of the Mobile Theatre, in the days of the greatest triumphs of the American stage. It is said that the north wall of the present electric company's plant is all that is left of a considerable establishment which was one of Mobile's most important slave markets.

In Bienville square and on lower Government street are several old cannon, rescued from Fort Charlotte and elsewhere. One of these bears the initials "G. R.," standing for Georgius Rex, king of England. Also in Bienville Square is the granite cross erected in 1906 by the Colonial Dames to the memory of Bienville, the founder of Mobile.

The limits of Bienville's city are defined by stone cubes sunk in the sidewalks at the several angles. This was done in 1911.

On the front of the City Hall is a bronze tablet commemorating the founding of Mobile at Twenty-Seven-Mile Bluff in 1702; while on the front of the county courthouse is a tablet in memory of the founding of Mobile on its present site, in 1711.

On the wall of the main entrance of the Battle House is a bronze tablet, reciting that on that site General Andrew Jackson had his headquarters during his defense of Mobile in 1814.

In Fearnway, is a fountain, upon whose cope is a tablet in honor of Esau Frohlichstein, the young Mobilian who was killed at the capture of Vera Cruz in 1914.

On the facade of the Lyric Theatre is a large bronze tablet telling that in that building President Woodrow Wilson de-

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livered in 1913 what is known as the Mobile Declaration on the subject of our relations with Latin America.

At the beginning of the "loop" on Government street is the handsome little park in which is the memorial to the soldiers of Mobile who died in the course of the World War. A beautiful fountain graces this park.

* * * *

In Magnolia Cemetery are to be seen the tombs of General Braxton Bragg, the defender of Charleston; John Forsyth, editor of *The Register*; Bishop Wilmer, defender of religious liberty, and of many other worthies; also a monument to Michael Krafft, father of Mobile Mystics. In the cemetery is the Confederate Rest, with a lofty monument, topped with the statue representing a Confederate soldier, the late Colonel J. H. Higley having served as the model. In this "Rest" lie the remains of Charles Anderson, young Englishman who served on the Confederate side and died during the war—the father of Mary Anderson, the great tragic actress.

Within the quadrangle of the cemetery is the National Cemetery, over which flies the country's emblem, and at whose gates are tablets bearing the poetic lines of Theodore O'Hara, once a resident of Mobile. Beyond this, to the south, is the Jewish Cemetery, containing many imposing and beautiful monuments.

The Catholic Cemetery, on Davis avenue, beyond Three-Mile creek, is well worth a visit, but especially that it is the last resting place of two most dear to the memory of the South: Admiral Raphael Semmes, of the famous cruiser Alabama, and Father Abram J. Ryan, poet-priest, who sang the requiem of the Confederacy. In this cemetery also is buried Follin, or as

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some write it, Folline, the father of the late Mrs. Frank Leslie.

What is known as the "old," or Church Street Cemetery (entry by way of Government and Scott), is the most ancient burying ground in Mobile, having been dedicated in 1820. It contains many old and interesting monuments, including that to Thaddeus Sanford, an early owner of *The Register*.

In the open space west of the wall of the old cemetery and near Bayou street, is the oak that was planted on or that sprang from the grave of Charles Boyington, the mystery man, who was hanged in 1835 for the murder of Nathaniel Frost.

* * * *

Ellicott's stone, marking the 31st parallel of latitude, formerly separating the territory of the United States from the dominions of the king of Spain. Telegraph road, north of Sister creek; one hour by auto. Stone placed in 1799, by Andrew Ellicott.

Fort Louis monument, at Twenty-Seven-Mile Bluff, erected in 1902 to commemorate the first French settlement of Mobile. The locality is known as Salco, and is easily reached by visitors to Ellicott's stone.

Some deteriorated earthwork in the suburbs, the fortifications at Spanish Fort and Blakeley, and those of Forts Morgan and Gaines, are all that remain to recall the operations of the Civil War in this vicinity.

At the Village, on the eastern shore, is Jackson's Oak, where the general paused on his way to capture Pensacola; and at Citronelle is marked the spot where stood the Surrender Oak, under which were enacted the last scenes of the Civil War.

A second "Jackson Oak" is indicated as on the bank of Three-Mile creek, north of the Visitation convent grounds.

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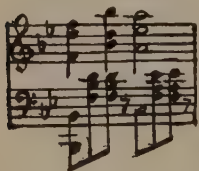
There, it is said, General Jackson assembled his troops prior to setting out for New Orleans in 1814.

April 7, 1929

"DOWN MOBILE"

A curious study might be made of the songs that have been composed in compliment to localities, lands, mountains, streams, vales, and so on, the streams being the favorite subject, as evidenced by those prime favorites, "Suwanee River" and "On the Wabash," "Down the O-Hi-O," and the less known "Down the Mississippi Floating." Honor has been paid the states also: "Maryland, My Maryland!" "On Wisconsin!" "Alabama Bound," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Virginny Never Tire," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "The Arkansaw Traveler," "Louisiana Lou," "Carolina Sunshine," "The Georgia Cabin Door," "Wyoming," "My Sunny Tennessee," "Way Down in Old Indiana," and the whole geographical south is eulogized in the very popular song of "Dixie."

Down Mobile



Down Mo-bile Cities and towns are given their meed of praise, as is shown in the popular song, "The Sidewalks of New York," which is treated as the town-air, and lacks little of being official in the metropolis. Older, and enjoying a widespread popularity, is the song requesting "Put Me Off at Buffalo," followed by a companion piece urging unnamed persons to "Take Me Back to Buffalo." A rattling tune, which once was a favorite of the minstrels, told of the pleasures anticipated because

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Massa an' th' missus have both gone, they say,
Gone down t' Charleston t' pass th' time away;
While they off t'gether on their holiday,
I'm gwine down t' Charleston, and there I mean t' stay.
Off to Charleston, early in the mornin'!

Approximately of the same era as "Off to Charleston" is the pathetic lament of the exiled ducky, whose heart, wherever he himself may be, is "Down Mobile!" It was somewhat surprising when I came to think about it, that, although this was a popular song that was occasionally mentioned in print and in conversation, I had not heard it sung by anyone or played upon any instrument during my forty-five years in Mobile; and I became curious to make acquaintance with it. Inquiry here brought forth nothing, to the point. The music stores did not carry it in stock, but offered another song, "On Mobile Bay," a copy of which I already possessed, and was not seeking. I examined the publishers' catalogues but found them heavy with "Blues," "Moons" and fox trots. At length, turning to the professors of music, I asked Dr. Aug. J. Staub, the master musician of Spring Hill College, for help. Alas! even the doctor did not have "Down Mobile" by him. He had mislaid his copy apparently; but he agreed that something ought to be done about it. And there the search rested for the time.

Dr. Staub, however, had registered in his mind that he was looked to for help, and so, on his way back from his jubilee holiday in his old home, in Switzerland, he stopped long enough in New York to hunt up the song in the sheet-music houses. He obtained a copy, which, on reaching Mobile, he sent me, labeled, "Compliments of Staub."

The verses of this song are about on the plane of darkey love-songs as conceived by the white persons who write them,

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but with better wording than is customary, telling of a ducky's sorrow in his separation from his dear cabin home. The air, while simple, holds attention, and its refrain expresses true pathos. It has marked superiority over the popular Tin-Pan Alley songs of the present time.

It would be well if space could be found here for the presentation of the notation; but one must be content to give the wording:

Down Mobile

I am dreaming of an old log cabin,
 'Neath sunny Southern skies,
'Twas there I spent my boyhood
 That's where my heart still lies.
Again I see the fields, all bathed in silvery white,
 The darkies sing around the cabin door;
The whip-poor-will sings softly thro' the night
 As old scenes come back once more.

My thoughts are ever homeward turning,
 Nevermore can I forget
That sunny land for which I'm yearning,
 Still I can see it yet.
The church where we sang the hymns we love the best,
 The silver-haired old pastor too I see,
Also the churchyard where the old folks rest,
 'Neath the old magnolia tree.

Refrain:

Again I'm in the cabin where my boyhood days were passed,
Again I court the lass whose love will cheer me to the last;

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And on the balmy summer breeze I hear the old songs steal,
Down Mobile, Down Mobile! How I love that lil' yaller
gal!

Down Mobile!

Words by Charles Noel Douglas; music by Robert A. Weiser, the latter the composer of many successful songs, including "How Can I Bear to Leave Thee" and the "Sweet Sad End of Day."

The other song of local reference is, I learn, very generally known and made use of. "On Mobile Bay" was performed on the Saenger organ of the recently-made moving pictures of Mobile; and it may be supposed that wherever the film is exhibited the same song will be performed.

Here, again, we are told what a hard time befalls anyone who, after having seen the moonlight on the "dreaming, beaming, gleaming Mobile bay," is compelled by fate and Juno's unrelenting hate to live in a cold and unsympathetic north, conscious all the time that the stars are shining, and also the moon by the sea, and with particular brightness on that portion of geography known as Mobile bay; words by Earle C. Jones, music by Charles N. Daniels. Copyright, 1910. Refrain:

On Mobile Bay,
Honey stole my heart away.
By the sea!
When she gave a loving kiss to me,
She said "Good-bye!"
While the moon was shining high—
On dreaming, beaming, gleaming Mobile Bay—
On Mobile Bay!

June 17, 1928

MARGINALIA

THE OLD BATTLE HOUSE

In *The Register* of July 31, 1851, C. H. B. Fisher, city editor, wrote, saying: "The new hotel opposite the custom-house has been commenced; for a crowd of workmen were yesterday tearing up the old foundation and digging place for the new."



The "old foundation" was that of the Waverly hotel, southeast Royal and St. Francis streets, and also of the Franklin house, the next neighbor on the south, the two sites being required for the new hotel. The Waverly when first built bore the name of the Alabama hotel. The Franklin house was a composite of wood, made of several houses which Daniel White had rafted down from Cahaba, where he had kept an inn until the high water forced the abandonment of that town, which was the second capital of the state.

In 1850 the Mansion house, southeast Royal and Conti streets, was burned, and one week later the Waverly went by the same route, says *The Register*, and Mobile was left without adequate hotel facilities. In the autumn of that year a company was formed, headed by James Battle, John Battle, and Samuel J. Battle, cotton merchants, and made up of A. J. Henshaw, Judge William Jones, Jr., Samuel H. St. John, Sanford Cooley, William D. Dunn, Jonathan Emanuel, and others; with the purpose of building a hotel on the site of the Waverly. As a compliment to Mr. James Battle's leadership, the hotel was given his name, and became the historic Battle House. Fisher says the house was begun July 30, 1851. *The Mobile Register* reports that it was finished in September, 1852, and was opened to the public Monday, November 15, 1852. Scattergood and Gregory were the contractors.

The Battle House was of brick, five stories—the fifth story being added in 1857—fronted 155 feet on Royal street and 147 feet on St. Francis street, with basement or cellar; had 240 sleeping and living rooms, gas fitted, baths, hot and cold water; also 12 storerooms or shops on the ground floor. Paran Stevens, a noted hotel man of Boston, took the lease of the building and put Frank Chamberlain and A. D. Darling in charge as managers. The furnishings ordered by Mr. Stevens came from Boston on the schooner Maine, and were the best that money could buy.

All the ground floor fronting on the two streets being let for business, the hotel proper began at the second floor, which was reached by way of a pair of stairs, curved in a semi-circle and ending in a tile-paved lobby on that floor. The lobby and hall extended the full width of the building, and from it ran the subsidiary halls to the dining-rooms and

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bedrooms on that floor. A stair led to the upper floors, there being no elevator, nor any thought of one at the time. The equipment was very substantial and elegant and the house was kept in a style that soon made it famous.

A description says that up to the time of the war the hotel was the model for the south, perhaps for the country. This was in the flush times. The planters of the delta of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers and of the upland prairies of Alabama and Mississippi, were numbered by the hundreds and their acres by the thousands. Their year's work over, they flocked to Mobile with their families to engage in lavish enjoyment. Logically, they congregated at the Battle House, and the splendor of those golden days is a memory that has been transmitted from mother to daughter to this day. Every notable wedding in the upper country was followed by a honeymoon in the Battle House, while the scenes of banquet, of dance and festivities tread upon each others' heels as the winter season passed. Truly, the Battle House became and continued the home of romance, while its cuisine and genial hospitality won praise from far and near. The Hon. Amelia M. Murray, of England, coming directly from the noted St. Charles in New Orleans, in her letter of May 7, 1855, wrote that in Mobile she found "a hotel, the best managed I have met with in the United States."

With the passage of the years and the vicissitudes of the war, the hotel was found antiquated, and in 1900 it was given a general overhauling. A large part of the ground floor of the building was taken for hotel purposes, the rooming space increased, new parlors furnished and the alterations made, including the decoration of the main dining-room in rococo style, an effect being produced which was pronounced by judges of such matters as unique and pleasing.

Five years later, on the night of Sunday, February 12, 1905, at 11 o'clock, the hotel was destroyed by fire.

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BEAUDROT'S SAD END

It was in the year 1757, as Pickett in his *Alabama* history tells the story, and when Kerlerec was governor, that Duroux, one of Kerlerec's officers, was killed. Duroux was in charge of a detachment of a regiment of Swiss, stationed on Cat island, off Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, and he worked these soldiers as a harsh taskmaster, in cultivating his garden and in burning shells for the making of lime, all for his personal gain, and, further, he cruelly punished any of them who failed to do his bidding satisfactorily. This the soldiers thought both disgraceful and inhuman, and a number of them banded together and slew the tyrant, when he returned to the island from a hunting trip. They plundered the king's stores and made off, seeking to escape to the region beyond the Chatta-

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hoochee, which was controlled by the English. They took with them as a guide, a prisoner of Duroux's named Beaudrot, whom they had released from Duroux's prison. Beaudrot was a skilled woodsman, had a knowledge of Indian languages, and also was regarded as a friend by the Indians. Beaudrot led the fugitives around Mobile, up the Bigbee, and across the country to Coweta, on the Chattahoochee, where he was dismissed, with a written statement that he had not had anything to do with the slaying of Duroux and had only come with the party because forced to do so. Soldiers from Fort Toulouse captured three of the party, who had lingered unwisely at or near Coweta, instead of proceeding farther eastward, and these unfortunates were thrown into a dungeon in Mobile. Beaudrot was living quietly in Mobile when his presence was detected, and he was brought to trial with the others. He showed his release paper, and he proved excellent character, both as a citizen and as a scout; but it did not avail. Kerlerec approved the finding of the court, and he was broken on the wheel. One of the three fugitives, being a Frenchman, was, as an act of clemency, granted the same form of death; and the other two were placed in a long, narrow, wooden box, and the box was then cut in two with a cross-cut saw.

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THE RUSSIAN PRINCESS

Touching the colonial romance of the alleged Russian princess, page 34 of this volume, there is in Firmin Didot Freres' *Nouvelle Biographie Generale*, Volume 7, page 7, a French version of the story. Through the kindness of Mrs. Corinne A. Humphries, of Biloxi, Miss., who is well remembered here as the wife of Major Henry Gordon Humphries and granddaughter of the late Joseph Krebs, I am in possession of a copy of the French text, of which I offer the following summary in English:

"Alexis, son of Peter the Great, sent into Germany in 1715, there married by his father's order Charlotte de Brunswick-Wolfenbuettel, and the princess, ill-treated by the prince, died in child-birth. A more romantic version is that the ill-treated princess pretended death and a dummy was buried, with all formality, in her place. She escaped to France, whence she repaired to Louisiana, where she married a French gentleman named D'Aubant. Returning to France, she was recognized in the Tuileries by Marshal Saxe. After new voyages, she married the third time, a M. de Moldack and once again becoming a widow, she finished her days at Vitry-le-Francais. Voltaire, however, expressed his doubts, saying, 'A Polish woman came to Paris in 1722 and lodged a short distance from my house. She possessed some features of the wife of the czarovich. A French officer, named D'Aubant, who had served in Russia, was struck by the resemblance, a mistake that gave the lady the idea of becoming a princess. She confessed ingenuously that she was the widow of the heir of all the Russias, saying that she had been buried by proxy

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to save herself from her cruel husband. D'Aubant, in love with the woman and the title, took his princess to America with him when he was named governor of one part of Louisiana. This good man is dead, firmly believing to have had for wife the daughter-in-law of the emperor of Russia; his children believe the same, his grandchildren do not doubt it.' Letters of Voltaire in the *Journal de Paris*, February 19, 1722."

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BIENVILLE'S CHATEAU

Bienville, the founder of Mobile, was the first to show appreciation of the western shore for residential purposes, selecting it for his summer home, which he soon came to occupy in winter as well as summer. The residence faced the water, at a point distant one league from the fort, which would put it on the first rise of ground below Arlington, about where the tourist camp is situated. Boudousquie's map designates the place as the Chateau Bienville, and in the record it is spoken of as a "*forte belle maison et jardin.*"

* * * *

"THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG"

The "Bonnie Blue Flag," was the rallying song of the southern Confederacy, and "Dixie" the battle hymn. The song was intensely popular throughout the south. I recall as a small boy thinking that it would be the greatest thing in life to compose such a song; yet it was musically a very poor thing, and the words were very far from constituting true poetry:

First came South Carolina, and made a noble stand,
And then came Mississippi, and took her by the hand, etc.
Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern rights, hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears the Single Star!

The flag, the first of the series of the South, had a blue field, with a white star in the center. Harry Macarthy was the author of the song. He toured Alabama, Mississippi and other southern states, singing it. He appeared in the Mobile Theatre, October 19, 1861, with Jacob Tannenbaum, long after manager of the theatre, as musician and accompanist. Macarthy wore a costume of blue cambric, with a large white star on his breast, and on his head a blue cap, surmounted by a silver star. The Mobile paper spoke of him as a "dancer, vocalist, comedian boyant, poet and author of the national songs of the Confederacy."

* * * *

J. OGDEN BELKNAP

Jackson Ogden Belknop was here so long that the tradition gained ground that he had always been here, and always would be here; but

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he departed at last, February 9, 1917, full of life and vigor almost to the day of his death. Mr. Belknap was the living record of his time. He remembered "way back yonder," as he was accustomed to say, and even to the time when the Three Henrys were young. He was a witness of Charles Boyington's march to his execution, and that was in 1834. Mr. Belknap was fond of writing to me of

"The days of yore that come no more!"

If he had begun early to write his memoirs he would have filled more than a five-foot shelf of books; and it is a pity that he didn't. While yet in his nineties, he wielded a busy pen. My notes say: "He writes his foolscap pages, pastes them end on end, and sends them to me rolled up like an Egyptian scroll; and his writing flows like a limpid brook, touching impartially the depths and shallows of history."

Does anyone recall the time when it was the custom to spread great banners over the streets, ornamented with the pictures of candidates and calling on the electors to "Vote for So-and-So, the great Democrat!"? Well, if the banner was done here and was a true likeness, it was safe to say that Mr. Belknap did it. He had a fine talent in the use of the brush.

* * * *

BURNING OF THE ELIZA BATTLE

The name of the Battle family is associated in Mobile history with the famous hotel, the Battle House, and with the most distressing disaster that ever happened upon the rivers of the state--the burning of the



ELIZA BATTLE

steamer Eliza Battle. This packet was one of the largest and handsomest that plied the Bigbee in the heyday of river navigation before the war. She was on her down trip on the Bigbee, with some sixty souls on board, about one half that number being passengers. At one o'clock on the morning of Monday, March 1, 1858, fire was discovered in the cotton on the main deck, under the ladies' cabin. The boat was then a half-mile above Kemp's landing on the Bigbee, about 200 miles by river from Mobile. The stiff wind swept the deck, and the flames went all over the boat, so swiftly that it was plain that nothing could be done. The personnel, seeking to launch the small boats with which the packet was supplied, were driven back by the heat and smoke and could accomplish little save by throwing into the water cotton bales and other buoyant material to aid the passengers, some of whom had jumped overboard. The boat's steering ropes burned in two, and the boat with engines still running became unmanagable, and swung into the trees along shore, where it hung until the wheels stopped turning. The terrified people, to escape the flames, took refuge in considerable number on the branches of these trees; for there was no land

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visible there, the river being in flood. Shortly, however, the wind caught the boat and blew it to the other side of the river; which proved fortunate for those persons still on the boat, as there was a bank on that side, to which they escaped. The situation of those in the trees was indeed pitiable, for the weather was bitterly cold, and they were but thinly clad. With a few exceptions, those poor people froze to death that awful night.

Berrien Cromwell, of Sumter, his wife and baby, were of those who sought refuge in the trees, and the wife and little one died in his arms. There was another of Mr. Cromwell's family, a small boy, who the report says was saved by Frank Stone, the second clerk of the boat. Returning to the boat, Clerk Stone rescued Miss Sallie Turner by placing her on a floating cotton bale, and pushing it ahead of him to safety. The young woman thanked him for saving her life, and then said: "Oh, please save my mother and my sister!" For the third time, young Stone swam to the burning boat and did indeed save the sister, but the mother he could not find. She had taken refuge in a tree on the flooded shore, and there the poor lady died of exposure.

The master of the boat, Captain S. G. Stone, was everywhere, doing his best for the passengers and crew. An incident is related, where the captain found an infant, lying alone, half frozen and blue with cold. He put a wet blanket upon a hot bale of cotton until it steamed, and wrapped the baby in it; with the excellent result that the youngster was in fine condition afterwards. The captain also found the mother of the infant and led her to a place of safety—what place it was not stated. All the officers acted well. Dan Hartley, but a boy, the cub pilot, had the honor of saving Miss L. Robertson, by the cotton-bale ferry he improvised. Mate Jackson, accompanied by Benjamin Mitchell, a Sumter county planter and passenger, went four miles down the river and brought men in row-boats, who saved those persons clinging to the trees who were still alive.

Thirty-six lives were lost. The passengers mostly were from the up-country, residents of southwestern Alabama and eastern Mississippi. Only one Mobilian is recorded as a victim: John Powell, the boat's bartender.

* * * *

THE COPELAND GANG

Local memory has preserved the fame of James Copeland and his followers, with such embellishments as will in time round out the story of a popular villain who by his enormities achieved a sort of heroism, at least posthumously. In life, James was prosy enough, a desperado, and a good fighter when cornered, but he slumped when fortune went against him, and failed to hold up his end of the line. He seems to have been one of those persons occasionally met with or heard of who never develop a conscience. At times his conscience hurt him, so he said, but as he had none, he was mistaken. He went on from one murder to another, and it

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was all right until he was caught and brought to book. In the end, although he professed religion as the last performance before crossing the Divide, he was proud of his exploits, thinking they showed that he was different from and rather superior to the general run.

Copeland at fifteen burned down the courthouse in which he was to be tried for stealing a lot of hogs. It was thus he proved to an already hardened sinner, one Gale Wages, that he had the right stuff in him, and was ushered into the outlaw gang that had its headquarters in Mobile, and extended through parts of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, and was an oath-bound society of plunder. His youth was objected to, but he soon joined in showing that youth was no bar to his depravity.

The gang had as members in good standing two of the city's watchmen, and with the aid of these officers of the law it was planned to rob the town. This was the first enterprise in which Copeland engaged after his initiation. It was a thorough and deliberate affair. The watchmen provided two large wagons with horses for the use of the gang, and stood guard to prevent any interference with the operations, after pointing out the places or stores most likely to make a good return to the robbers. So the clansmen broke into every store that was worth the trouble and removed the contents to boats waiting at the wharf; and then, for good measure, they set fire to the town in a dozen places and departed for Dog river. Up that stream they poled as far as the present Pine Crest cemetery, where a partition of the plunder took place, the share of Wages and Copeland being estimated by them as worth \$6,000. To turn the goods into money, the two went peddling, first in Florida and then westward, and in these peddling tours enlarged their criminal acquaintances and perfected themselves in their life of crime; negro-stealing being their principal occupation, with theft of any other sort when convenient, and occasionally a cold-blooded murder. Mobile, however, remained always the headquarters of this organized conspiracy against society that for a time worked like oiled machinery.

The alleged confession of James Copeland says that the fire the robbers started was on the night of October 7, 1839, and that a great part of the town was burned, over two hundred persons being left homeless. Hamilton mentions two serious conflagrations in that year, but does not give the month and day of either. The first fire broke out in the nearly completed Government Street Hotel, which was an ambitious structure, with a dome that made it look something like the Barton Academy, and was, I should think, copied from the old St. Charles in New Orleans in that particular. That hotel was on the northeast corner of Royal and Government streets. It was quickly destroyed. The flames spread northward, consuming the Mansion house at the corner of Conti street, where the Pollock building now stands. Thence it crossed Royal and moved up Conti Street to St. Emanuel, taking in its path the city's bell-tower, and other municipal structures near St. Emanuel. Hamilton says it was thought at the time

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that the fire was of incendiary origin. The second conflagration, two nights later, was even more serious. It swept over a space roughly bounded by Conti, St. Francis, St. Emanuel and Franklin, cleaning up all the houses on both sides of Dauphin street, and only stopped when the house at the northwest corner of Dauphin and Franklin was blown up with gunpowder, as the last recourse of the distracted fire fighters. This was at the time of great financial depression and of suffering from yellow fever. It is said there was much distress in Mobile following upon the three visitations, all coming at one time.

* * * *

CULATA BAY

Ortelius' map of Mobile bay bears the title "*Baia de Culata*," which Scaife, in his work entitled *America*, translates as "muddy bay." Hamilton, however, notes (*Colonial Mobile*, p. 564) that Harry Pillans had called his attention to the translation as being in error, and that "instead of meaning 'muddy,' which would not apply to the lower bay, it means 'Gunstock bay,' which is quite a happy characterization of the shape of this sheet of water."

* * * *

TOM HARRISON'S EXPLOIT

Actually, the last vessel of the Confederate navy to surrender during the period of the war was the gunboat Morgan, a participant in the actions in Mobile bay and at Blakeley. In the latter affair the Morgan was in command of Captain Joseph Fry, who in 1873 led the *Virginus* expedition for the liberation of Cuba and lost his life at Santiago.

When the battle of Mobile bay was fought, August 5, 1864, all but one of the Confederate vessels were captured or destroyed. The one saved was the Morgan, which, after conflict with the 10-gun *Metacomet*, was forced to retire under the shelter of the fort. As night came on, and the question was that of setting fire to the gunboat and abandoning her, the captain, G. W. Harrison, favoring that course, objection was raised by the crew that the Morgan, being in good shape, might try for Mobile. This idea prevailed, and Lieutenant Thomas Locke Harrison, the father of M. Waring Harrison and Mrs. Francis J. Inge, of Mobile, was placed in command, he receiving the hearty co-operation of the other officers and the crew. The captain is said to have remained in the cabin while the young Harrison ran the Morgan through the Federal fleet that stood across the path she had to pursue. The Federals were quick to open fire and to follow, but the Morgan led the way unharmed until stopped by the Confederate obstructions in the channel just below the mouth of Mobile river. There the Confederate batteries opened upon her, thinking the whole Federal fleet was attacking Mobile. Several shots took effect before the defenders could be made to understand that a Confeder-

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ate gunboat was trying to escape the Federal pursuers, but it was accomplished; the gap in the obstructions was opened, and the Morgan passed through to safety, the fire of the Confederate batteries causing the Federals to turn back disappointed of their prey.

* * * *

HENRY HITCHCOCK

Henry Hitchcock, in the brevity and brilliancy of his career, passed like a meteor across the Alabama firmament. No other one, possibly, accomplished so much in so short a time, and gained so greatly the admiration of his fellows as he. Although the memory of his personality has passed from the minds of later comers, it is apparent that he possessed a charm of manner as well as an intellect of superior quality. Born in Vermont in 1791, says Brewer, grandson of that colonial officer Ethan Allan, who captured Ticonderoga in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, he came of people who were accustomed to be the leaders among men. Educated for the law, young Hitchcock struck out for the far settlements, to carve his fortune from the wilderness; and so, in 1817, he is found at St. Stephens, on the Tombigbee river, the territorial capital and soon to be the capital of the state. Hardly had he settled to the practice of his profession, however, when the territorial governor, William W. Bibb, appointed him to be secretary of the territory. Henry Hitchcock was then 22 years of age. He was successively representative of Washington county in the first constitutional convention, attorney-general, the first holder of that office in the state, associate justice of the supreme court, and chief justice. Resigning to devote himself to private practice, he was, in 1839, elected to represent Mobile in the legislature, but in the autumn, before the session began, he fell before the invasion of yellow fever, being one of the early victims of the serious epidemic of that year. Twenty-two years in all he had passed in Alabama, but in this period he made a mark on his time which has not been forgotten.

A lasting achievement by reason of which his name deserves always to be remembered in Mobile, was his bringing about the establishment of what became known as the "Widow's Row," north of Eslava, west of Warren, a number of cottages being built and furnished and supplied for the maintenance of old distressed women of respectable lives. Judge Hitchcock married a daughter of Andrew Erwin, of Wartrace, Tennessee. He had two sons, Henry, prominent as lawyer in St. Louis (born in 1829 at Spring Hill) and Ethan Allan (born in 1835 in Mobile), ambassador to Russia and secretary of the interior under President McKinley.

* * * *

A QUEER IMPORTATION

Pastel was a wine merchant of Mobile. He had a friend who today would be styled a mortician. It happened some time before the war

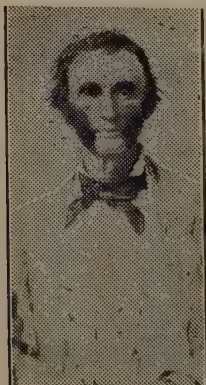
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that a Mobilian and his wife were visiting relatives in France, and there the husband died. Under the French law the deceased had to be buried there, as the body could not be taken out of the country for a certain number of years. The widow sailed for home not long after her bereavement, taking passage on a wine vessel. On the arrival of the vessel, Mr. Pastel, the importer of the cargo, delivered to the undertaker a cask of wine that the undertaker had ordered shipped for him. A few days thereafter the burial of the deceased gentleman took place with all due ceremony, and his grave is in the Old Cemetery to this day. Not until after the death of the widow did the story come out that the remains had been secretly brought from France, pickled in a cask of good French wine.

* * * *

THOS. S. JAMES, ARCHITECT

An interesting character in the old day was Thomas S. James, who left monuments to himself all about the city in the handsome public and private edifices erected by him. In a short history of the Government Street Presbyterian church the late Alfred R. Murray wrote of the construction, saying, "plans and estimates by Thomas S. James, who was a resident of Mobile for many years and was the architect of several other prominent buildings, among which is Barton Academy."



Thos. S. James

Mr James was architect of the Southern Market; also of the branch bank on the northwest corner of Royal and St. Francis streets; of the Odd Fellows Hall, now the house of Adam Glass & Company, Inc.; the stately residences of James Battle and Dr. George H. Ketchum, on Government street, of Judge John Bragg, on Spring Hill avenue, of C. K. Foote, northeast St. Louis and Conception.

Mr. James' activities were not limited to this locality. He did much work for New Orleans, Jackson, Natchez and in the plantation region; and about half his time was spent away from home, attending to this business.

* * * *

THE KREBS FAMILY

Since I wrote about the Old Library, in an article printed July 1, 1928, the owners of the ancient and picturesque relic have seen fit to pull it down, and allow a big bill-board to be erected in its place, thus depriving my article of its interesting basis. It is of no use to print now a long story of a building that has completely vanished from the eyes of man, but I cannot afford to lose, and hardly can my readers afford

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to lose, what I round to say about the occupants of that house, the distinguished and honorable Krebs family.



The Krebs' Home

residence, though he lived in Pascagoula also, where he owned and operated the first cotton gin of which there is any local record. See *Colonial Mobile*, page 256.

The baron dropped his title and the "von" into the ocean as he came over, and became known as Sieur Francis Krebs. He married a daughter of Joseph Simon de la Pointe and Jeanne Puluot of Canada, his wife. From this union there were three sons: Francis, Pierre and Hugo, and one daughter, Marie Josephine Krebs.

Francis Krebs married Marie Louise de Belle Isle, daughter of Moreau Augustine de Belle Isle and Marie Louise de Guilorie de l'Isle a Guillory, his wife. (What wonderfully high-sounding names they had!)*

Pierre Krebs married Aline Peteet, of Pascagoula, and it is said that from that marriage are descended the Sandses and Rapiers of Mobile.

Hugo Krebs married Marie de Josieuse, of New Orleans.

Marie Josephine Krebs was married to Captain Antoine Narbona, mentioned as belonging to the French Navy. Their daughter Ana (also spelled "Anna") Narbona, became the wife of Sig. Don Enrique Grima-rest, the most distinguished figure in the whole ghostly company; for in the Archives of the Indies at Seville is a copy of a letter signed by Don Bernardo de Galvez, the governor of Louisiana, proposing to the king of Spain that Don Enrique, captain in the regiment of Navarre, be made governor of Mobile. The date of this document is May 26, 1781. There are in the same archives two other papers relating to Grimarest. One announces his promotion to be lieutenant-colonel for "distinguished merits contracted at the capture of Mobile," and the other is the royal license granted Grimarest to marry Dona Ana Narbona.

Hamilton's *Colonial Mobile* registers Grimarest's title as "Political and Military Governor of the Town of Mobile and its District." The

*Little Dauphin island, formerly called Isle a Gillori.—"*Colonial Mobile*," p. 136.

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town is sometimes called in the Spanish documents "*Plaza*" says Hamilton. It appears that Grimarest began his government. It was in that year, on December 26, that he lost his wife, and her burial took place in the public cemetery, possibly the one just west of Jackson street.

A descendent of Hugo Krebs and Marie de Josieuse, but whether immediate or not is not stated, was Joseph Krebs, who, as related in family records, married William Fisher's daughter,* and it was Krebs' daughter, Corinne Krebs, who was married in great state on May 15, 1850, to Henry G. Humphries, in her father's house, Corner of Hamilton streets.

Henry G. Humphries was a successful cotton man here before the war. He was a member of the secession convention in Montgomery from Mobile county in 1861; provost marshal at Mobile, 1862-3; enrolling officer, 1864-5. He had a long lineage, beginning with Sir John Humphries, a native of Dorsetshire, England, who was a member of an illustrious house of Bohun. Sir John's wife was Lady Lucy, daughter of Baron Clinton, eleventh earl of Lincoln. Sir John was deputy-governor of Massachusetts. A descendent, John J. Humphries, moved to Columbus, Mississippi, and there engaged largely in cotton planting. His son, W. N. Humphries, was a trustee for the Mississippi College for Women and his son, Henry G., settled in Mobile in 1819.

Mr. Humphries built the handsome house now standing at the southwest corner of St. Louis and Conception streets, and it was there that his daughter, Marie, became the wife of the Hon. Marion Gaines of Austin, Texas. It is now the home of Mrs. Nina Hood Boykin, a daughter of the late O. J. Hood.

It may be mentioned that the old Krebs house, northwest Corner of Hamilton streets, lately removed, was occupied in 1865 by Louis Krebs; in 1866, by Mrs. M. Krebs; in 1878, by L. D. Krebs, and in 1886, by Miss Florida B. Krebs, by whom, in 1901, it was sold to the Mobile Library Association. (See vignette, head of this article).

A few stray ends may now be knotted up and the work will be complete as the material at command permits it to be. There is a tradition about Chevalier de Belle Isle, whose lovely daughter Sieur Francois Krebs married. The chevalier arrived in these parts in 1721, on the good ship *Portefaix* from France, along with DeGruen and DeJosieuse, whose names play some part in this narrative, and also Senac, Petat and Vivian, whose names do not. The archives in France record a grant under the charter of the Western Company September 1717, to Count M. A. de Belle Isle, chevalier at the court of Louis XV. He appears to have come over to occupy his grant and grow up with the country.

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*Owner of the Fisher Tract.

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ADDIN LEWIS, FIRST MAYOR

First mayor of Mobile was Addin Lewis, and he was the leading man of his day: first mayor, first postmaster, first banker, and came close to being the first collector of customs for the port of Mobile. Nominally, he was the third collector, but both the first, Gen. Edmund P. Gaines, and the second, Dennison Darling, his successor when Gaines resigned in 1811, served their time at Fort Stoddert, the Spanish being in possession of Mobile. Col. George S. Gaines' *Reminiscences* state that Darling continued until after the office was moved to Mobile; but it is seen that Lewis' appointment antedated the American occupation of this city.

Addin Lewis was a Connecticut man, born in what is now Walcott, in that state, the son of Captain Nathaniel and Sarah Gridly Lewis, the date of his birth being January 4, 1780. He was graduated, B.A., at Yale, in 1803, and, as was the custom of young men of the time, began life as a teacher, remaining for some time as tutor in the University of Georgia, at Athens. So great was the reputation gained by him in this position that he was appointed, March 16, 1811, without solicitation, to the office of collector of customs at the port of Mobile, as aforesaid. The office offered small compensation, but the position of chief representative of the United States government had attraction for him, opening, as it did, the opportunity for the exercise and development of his powers.

Mr. Lewis was postmaster, 1818-24. As collector in 1818 he assisted in giving official welcome to the members of the Vine and Olive colony when they arrived that year in Mobile, on their way to the locality near Demopolis, where they expected to make themselves a new home. It was in that year the Bank of Mobile was chartered, the third banking institution in the state, the first being in Huntsville and the second in St. Stephens, and Mr. Lewis was selected as its first president. The year following, Mobile, which had had a town government dating from January 20, 1814, obtained a city charter, dated December 19, and early in 1820 a corporate government was organized, with Addin Lewis as mayor. Upon this government devolved the duty of constructing the communal machinery and the services of Mr. Lewis proved of great value. He was already rated as one of Mobile's most useful and substantial citizens. He served two terms and then, after one interval, the part of a term, resigning April 19, 1823.

Unfortunately, what with his labors or the effect of the climate, his health began to fail. He sought his native state each summer for restoration, spending only his winters in the south; but was forced in 1827 to retire from active life. He lived a considerable time thereafter in New Haven, dying April 7, 1842, in his sixty-third year. He bequeathed \$10,000 to the public schools of Wolcott, \$15,000 to the town of Southington for the building and maintenance of an academy, and \$5,000 to the Yale

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library. He married in 1823 Fanny, a daughter of Seth Lewis. There were three daughters, all of whom died young.

* * * *

THE PAY-MASTER VISITS MOBILE

Albert C. Danner's first appearance in Mobile was under circumstances unusual to one so young. At 18 years he had, as a Missourian of Virginia birth, cast his lot with the Confederacy, and under Sterling Price as his general, had campaigned for a year west of the Mississippi before his transfer to Corinth and the operations against the Army of the Cumberland. Later he was to go through 47 days of the terrible siege of Vicksburg.

Small in stature and boyish-looking, as he was, yet he had already made his mark in the service, and was a company captain at Corinth when ordered to Mobile to obtain and convey back to camp the funds needed to pay off Cockrill's brigade. He came to Mobile in the usual Confederate outfit of the time, the principal feature of which was a pair of tremendous cavalry boots which totally lacked the polish of good society; also, he wore a much-used overcoat, borrowed from a lately departed "Yank," the skirts whereof nearly dragged the ground. He admitted to the writer that when he paraded the length of the Battle House *grande salle a manger* at the dinner hour he and his costume created something more than a mild sensation.

This is not a long story; for the proceedings at the bank were brief and satisfactory. A negro man was hired to propel the barrow-load of Confederate money to the Beauregard station, Captain Danner acting as armed escort. On arrival at the train, the money was deposited upon a car-seat and the captain took his place on the seat opposite; and there he sat, pistol in hand, until Corinth was reached—15 hours of travel in those slow days.

Characteristic of Danner was his independence, self-reliance and thoroughness. He was on the job, and stayed on it, wide-awake and resourceful until he had finished it. In the same way he built up a large fortune here by his individual energy, foresight and honesty, became the leading manufacturer and exporter of lumber and timber, banker and merchant, and was regarded as one of the wisest as well as one of the best men of his time.

* * * *

PATRICK H. PEPPER

Patrick H. Pepper was a County Clare man who came when young to Mobile and ventured upon the importation and sale of dry goods, at the sign of the Golden Sheep on Dauphin street. When the war broke out, Mr. Pepper could do no importing, because the Federals instituted a strict blockade of the port. This seemed to irritate the importer; so he bought himself a ship, called the Cuba, and continued to import not-

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withstanding the blockade; but did not confine his importation to dry goods, the importation of munitions of war being much more profitable. He went as supercargo of his vessel, conducting all the commercial operations, and making a success of several of his voyages to and from Cuba, and on one occasion passed under a heavy fire. At last, however, the vigilance of the Federal blockaders was rewarded, and the cruiser DeSoto overhauled the Cuba, and made a capture of that vessel. This happened off Mobile bar. Inquiry was made for the supercargo, who had disappeared, but presently Mr. Pepper emerged from the hatch, shouting, "Get for your lives, Yanks! I have set the ship afire, and it is full of powder from stem to stern!"

There was a hurried transfer of the personnel, including the daring supercargo, and, true to the prediction, the Cuba went up with a tremendous bang, and her blockadé-running days were over.

The captain of the DeSoto asked of Mr. Pepper what was his nativity.

"I am an Irishman by birth and a Confederate by choice," was the reply.

After imprisonment in Fort Warren, Mr. Pepper went to Mexico, until the end of the war. Returning then to Mobile he re-entered the dry goods business, and so continued until his death, being succeeded by Mr. Nicholas Fitzgerald, whom a later generation of Mobilians will remember as the contemporary of Charles J. Gayfer, Leopold Hammel and other leading dealers in dry goods.

* * * *

LAST CARGO OF SLAVES

In the spring of 1861 the case of the United States against Burns Meaher and John M. Dabney, charged with importing 103 natives of Africa for slaves into the United States on the schooner Clotilde—28 men and 25 women, 25 boys and 25 girls—was dismissed out of court because of the war coming on, the court itself being outside the jurisdiction of the United States. W. G. Jones was judge; R. B. Owen, clerk of the court; A. J. Requier, the poet, district attorney, and C. M. Godbold, marshal; and this was the flat ending of the very lively romance that was set going when Captain Tim Meaher in 1859 disputed the statement of certain of his northern passengers aboard his steamboat, the Roger B. Taney, that it still was possible to import negroes from Africa in face of all that the United states and Great Britain could do to prevent it.

It does not appear that any bet was made, but simply that the captain when his opinion was questioned said he would prove himself right, and in short order. It is an old tale now, frequently cited under the title of "The Last Cargo of Slaves," and made the subject of a very interesting little book, written by Miss Emma Roche of this city, who gave

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much attention to study of the native Africans and their colony, which they formed at Magazine Point, and was known as Affiky Town. Not so well known, however, is that part of the adventure relating to the landing of the negroes and the concealment of the persons active in bringing them into this harbor. This I have from Captain Tim's own account, and undoubtedly is correct in every detail.

It was on a Sunday morning the captain was informed by a runner that his schooner, the *Clotilde*, was in the offing, to-wit, in the sound near the Mississippi line. He had thought out his line of procedure, and his first step was to have his brother, Burns Meaher, fire up his steamboat, the *Czar*, and take her to the mouth of Spanish river. The next was to have Captain James W. Hollingsworth tow the *Clotilde* in, Captain Tim going with him to see the job well done. When the schooner was brought alongside the *Czar* in Spanish river, the negroes were transferred to the steamboat and the *Clotilde* was taken into Bayou Connor, set afire and scuttled. The tug returned to the city and the steamboat proceeded up to the plantation of John M. Dabney, on the Bigbee river, where the blacks were hidden in a canebrake. Lastly, it was necessary to dispose of the crew of the schooner, and this was done by running the *Czar* down to the junction and into the Alabama river, where the arrival of the *Roger B. Taney* on her regular Tuesday trip was awaited. It was night time when the packet came along, and the transfer of the ship's company was effected, Captain Meaher himself appearing just in time for a delayed supper, but not giving very direct answers to questions as to his preceding whereabouts. When the matter was inquired into by the government, he was able to show that he had made each trip of his boat in the season, missing none, and therefore had not been engaged in the handling of the slave transportation. It was on this showing that he was admitted to bail, and while out on bail, he outwitted the government's agents and disposed of the negroes contracted to his supporters in the enterprise. His own portion of the cargo, and the portion of Burns Meaher, and that of Captain William Foster, the master of the *Clotilde*, numbering some thirty persons, were brought down and lodged at Magazine Point, near the Meaher residence. All of the original importation there are long since dead, but numerous descendants survive and form part of the population of Plateau. The originals preserved their primitive manners, customs and language, distinct from association with other persons of color, and constituted an ethnological exhibit of much interest.

First and last, said Captain Meaher, his boast cost him one hundred thousand dollars.

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BANISHMENT OF STRICKLAND

William Strickland was a bookseller and printer at the southeast corner of Royal and Dauphin streets. Beginning early in the fifties,

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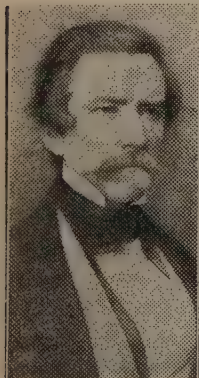
Strickland and company printed the first Strickland city directories. In the issue for 1855 was printed a summary of the history of Mobile during the American period up to date. It was in 1858 that Strickland got into trouble with the Mobile citizenship, and by so simple an act as showing to a friend a copy of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's book *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. He did not sell a copy of the book, as has sometimes been reported.

January 8, 1858, a meeting of citizens in the Ampitheater was called to order by Matt R. Evans; and Dr. J. A. Woodcock, in taking the chair, said the object of the meeting was to consider whether it was advisable to allow William Strickland to remain in Mobile. Debate followed, and, on motion made by Dr. Hicklin, the meeting adopted a resolution that Strickland and his wife be expelled from the city and ordered not to return. The order was obeyed.

* * * *

IMPRISONMENT OF SEMMES

History is apt to stop abruptly when the climax of an action is passed; for the muse considers, perhaps with reason, that the public is not interested in what follows. Thus it is that we know little of what happened in the Civil war after Lee surrendered, and perhaps care less; but a battle was fought coincident with that event, and an army surrendered with dramatic incidents here in the Mobile neighborhood. In the same way, history makes but little show of the career of our admiral after his heroic defense of the Alabama off Cherbourg, and his gallant casting of himself into the sea, bearing, as some say, but not he, the flag of his defeated and sinking cruiser.



Hardly is there a Mobilian who remembers that when Raphael Semmes had returned to the peaceful pursuit of the law, he was visited by an armed guard and carried off to Washington, on the charge that, after the hauling down of his flag in token of surrender, he had escaped, and subsequently had taken arms against the United States

Four months the admiral spent in prison, while Semmes excuses were sought to make an example of him, but he told the president that to punish him would be in violation of the terms of surrender by General Joseph E. Johnston to General W. T. Sherman, guaranteeing an undisturbed future to Confederates who refrained from acts of war against the United States. The president appears to have recognized the force of the position, for, in his third amnesty proclamation, he pardoned, on condition of taking the oath, all then held as state prisoners, including Raphael Semmes, the admiral.

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THE OLD MOBILE THEATRE

The Mobile theatre was the last of the amusement houses to yield to the progress of the country in the matter of installing folding seats. Down almost to the end of the century the seating was with cane-bottomed arm-chairs, united by long boards fastened under the seats. But these chairs were not fastened to the floor. Sometimes it happened that whole rows of chairs got out of position, causing patrons much embarrassment when trying to get to their seats. Another old-time feature was the system of French boxes, so-called, lining the sides and back of the auditorium, and a little elevated above the parquette floor, each box seating four persons, and much resorted to by the socially elect, although the view therefrom was not of the best. It was a well-thought-of arrangement for selling the worst parts of the house at a premium. The "dress circle," so called, was in the first gallery above the parquette. Above that was the "gallery," styled, also erroneously, "the pit," and occupied for the most part by newsboys, a portion being partitioned for the colored people. The house was lighted with gas, and there was a row of burners on the face of the dress-circle gallery. When, in the course of a play, the house had to be "dark," these lights were turned off; and, after the dark scene, an old negro came out with his lighter and climbed about over the knees of the patrons in the front row upstairs, relighting the burners, accompanied throughout his service by loud cries of "Primus! Primus!" from the "gods" in the "gallery." The old theatre was rebuilt in 1899, and all the ancient features were abolished, including a large number of drawings and inscriptions left on the walls back-stage by actors of the older days. The new theatre was opened October the fifth of that year, by Frederick Warde, in Henry Guy Charleton's play entitled *The Lion's Mouth*, Carleton being the young playwright whom I had helped upward by shoosing him out of the newspaper business in New Orleans, for which he was in no way fitted. Warde made a speech before the curtain in response to the call. He said he had opened seven theatres on his way to Mobile, and that this was the first one to be opened on time, which distinction he believed was due to the faithful efforts of Gus Hines, the stage manager. "But why," asked Mr. Warde, "do I see the names of everybody connected with the theatre printed on tonight's program, and not the name of Gus Hines? If Hines' name is not on the program by tomorrow night, I shall never play in this house again."

* * * *

A REAL STAGE TRAGEDY

It is quite true. It happened in the Mobile theatre, the fifth of that name built by Noah M. Ludlow and the sixth in chronological order, that a jealous actress carried realism in acting to such an extreme that she used no wooden dagger but cold steel when she defended herself from the villain of the piece. Thereupon, the villain, who in private life

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was the lady's husband, fell down dead, and so remained, while the murderous wife fled out the back way, climbed a fence and disappeared from the eyes of the law.

Judge Edwin Tardy told me about it. He was there and saw the performance, but not the actual killing. He saw and heard Edward Ewing and his wife, Miss Hamlin, as professionally known, quarreling while on their way to the theatre, whither the judge himself was then bound. Ewing was a handsome fellow and his wife was jealous of his attentions to a member of the company; though it was believed there was no ground for her jealousy.

As the two passed along the street, the judge heard Ewing tell his wife that what she was saying was false, and the wife cried out: "Ewing, you must not say that!" The judge turned down at the next corner, not wishing to be thought an eavesdropper.

The play that night was "Ruy Blas," and both Ewing and his wife had leading parts in it. Miss Hamlin was handsomely dressed as a page, and wore a jeweled dagger attached to her belt. It was evident that the two had not finished their dispute, for they interpolated words and even sentences in the play, and so continued to the end of the act, Ewing being noticeably angry. The curtain fell as the actor and actress left the stage.

There was an unusually long delay, and at length Mr. Ludlow came before the curtain and said Mr. Ewing was a little indisposed, and it was doubtful if the play could be continued. Presently the report spread through the house that Ewing had been killed by Miss Hamlin.

Inquiry showed that it was so, and it was learned that as Ewing passed off from the stage, he turned and slapped his wife, and she, drawing the dagger, plunged the point of it into his breast. Ewing staggered into the green-room, where he was helped to a seat, and almost immediately expired.

There was great excitement and confusion back-stage, in the midst of which Miss Hamlin escaped from the building, not using the usual exit, but going through the open space where Temperance Hall was afterwards built, and climbed the fence into St. Joseph street. She hastened along the streets, where her stage costume attracted attention, but she was not hindered by anyone, and soon disappeared. For three

NOTE—Adelaide L. Mette McGowan, of Crichton suburb, whose mother, professionally Miss Meadows, was on the stage of the theatre the night the tragedy occurred and in whose home lived a colored servant who had been maid to Mrs. Mary Stewart, an actress of note at the time, writes me, under date of May 29, 1927, that her mother and the maid often talked of the old-time events, and that they said Miss Hamlin was assisted in escaping by a gentleman who had a fast horse and who took her to a station of the railroad above Mobile, where she entered a train for the north. George Lippencott was his name.

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months search was made far and wide, but without result, and she was all the time in a house on Jackson street, hidden by a friend. When found, however, and brought to trial, the physicians attending Ewing, Dr. Henry S. LeVert being one of their number, testified that Ewing died of aneurism of the heart, superinduced by the quarrel, and that the wound inflicted with the dagger was not of mortal nature.

Miss Hamlin was acquitted. The judge saw her afterwards acting in New Orleans. The tragic incident occurred March 25, 1842.

* * * *

THE TWELVE TWELVES

Dan Crowley, the old printer, told me this story. Said he: "In the early days there resided in Mobile a merchant named Stephen Twelves, who had a large family and was well-known, but whose name is now found only in the cemetery. In visiting Magnolia cemetery some years ago, I happened across the Twelves' family lot, and read the names on the stone slab. Much to my surprise I counted twelve. I rubbed my eyes and counted again, only to find the number the same."

* * * *

THE VOS RIOT

A century ago, in the old stock-company days, the Mobile public took its theatre more seriously than would now be considered the proper behavior. The players generally moved about the country, but they sought to stay the whole season in one place, and did so, if the patronage permitted. Sometimes, the same company came several seasons in succession, under one management, and in this way, the players gained friends and support, and the chief performers had their partisans in the community. Mary Vos (Mrs. Stewart), for example, was a great favorite here during the early thirties; so much so that, when Ludlow and Smith took the lease of the theatre and sought to replace Miss Vos with Miss Riddle, the Vosites expressed much indignation. At the first performance by Miss Riddle, certain lines of the play entitled a *Roland for an Oliver* were supposed by the Vosites to have been interpolated to reflect upon Miss Vos. A large part of the assembly arose in great excitement pulled up the seats, invaded the stage, and tore the scenery to pieces. At this juncture, the management demonstrated to Benjamin Wilkins, a justice of the peace and a Vosite, that the lines had not been interpolated, but were in the book of the play. Wilkins restored order, and was authorized to apologize in the name of the audience; and the management, not to be outdone in civility, announced that Miss Vos would be restored to position of leading lady.

Mrs. Stewart's later years were passed in Mobile, where her husband was successful in business. She was a member of the Mobile Dramatic association and of the Histrionics, appearing in nearly all of their early performances. She had her farewell to the stage March 3, 1855, in the St.

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Charles theatre, New Orleans. May 14, following, she died, aged forty years, and was buried, Mr. Diard thinks, in Magnolia cemetery.

* * * *

HAPPY CAL WAGNER

Persons who recall the visits of Cal Wagner and his minstrels have a happy memory. Minstrelsy was then in its prime, and occupied a place in the affection of the people similar to that enjoyed by the opera in Europe. It was the child of the soil, well suited to the taste of the dwellers on the soil. The air of "Old Black Joe," or "Down in a Coal Mine," had in it an appeal where Donizetti's trills and roulades fell upon unheeding ears.

"Happy" Cal headed one of the largest "organizations" that traveled through the south. His coming was heralded by enormous posters, distributed in town and for thirty miles around, and patronage was attracted from far and near.

Cal Wagner was himself near enough the early days of minstrelsy to know personally the originator of that form of entertainment. It is commonly thought that Dan Rice was the first negro minstrel. Wagner, however, held this an error, arising from the confusing of the personality of one minstrel, Rice, with that of another. The originator of black-face minstrelsy, said Wagner, was "Daddy" Rice, or Thomas D. Rice, who first put on burnt cork in the Congo Square Theatre in New Orleans early in the fifties, and it was his song and dance act, entitled "Jump Jim Crow," that made a hit through the valley region, and, soon after, in all parts of the country. With Dave Bidwell's help, "Daddy" organized the Mississippi Serenaders, appearing first in New Orleans and then on the river, traveling in the steamboat "Banjo," owned by Spalding and Bidwell. Hiring a hall in a river town, this company would play as long as as the patronage lasted; in some towns for four weeks at a stretch.

Wagner was born in Mobile, and saw his first show in the old Mobile Theatre. He said that he had "a front seat in the tier, next to the roof," and that when he heard the minstrels he knew he was destined to become a black-face comedian. His first pay was a promise of six dollars a month and his washing; and for a time he got the washing.

"But I'm out of talk," said Wagner, concluding his interview with the writer, "let's go see the spot where stood the first theatre in Mobile."

* * * *

A YANKEE REBEL MAYOR

Now comes the story of a Mobilian, a rebel soldier and Democrat who became mayor of the New England city of Portsmouth. John S. Treat was his name. He had come to Mobile from Portsmouth and here he became acclimated, politically as well as physically, and when the war broke out he volunteered in the South's defense, joining Gage's battery, Company B, Alabama Artillery, serving bravely throughout the war and

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earning the title of lieutenant. He returned to Mobile and to the occupation of stone and marble cutting which he had followed before the war, finding employment with Turner and Stackhouse, whose yard was on North Royal street, northwest corner of St. Michael.

Upon paying a visit to Portsmouth, Mr. Treat was taken into partnership by his father, and, in a short while was recognized as a leading business man. His first essay in politics was as candidate for the New Hampshire state senate on a temperance platform; and, although opposed by a man of large means and in a Republican district, he was elected.

It is related that during one of the debates in the senate he made a speech on the state's military regulations, and was challenged for speaking on a subject of which he had had no experience.

"I beg your pardon, senator," he said, "but I think I have had some little experience."

"How and when? That's what I'd like to know?" replied the senator.

"Four years in the Confederate army, in a rather serious war," was Treat's answer, and a chuckle of merriment from the senators completed the questioning senator's discomfiture.

Mr. Treat was elected mayor although it was well known that he had been a Johnny Reb and was a Democrat, and Portsmouth was a Republican stronghold; and when his term was up, he was elected again, by an increased majority. He preserved always a warm feeling of affection for his old commander, Captain James H. Hutchisson, of this city, and for the other Mobilians with whom he had campaigned.

* * * *

A YELLOW FEVER PANIC

The Very Rev. Gardiner C. Tucker, then as now, rector of St. John's, and one of the active workers of the famous Can't-Get-Away Club, kept a diary of his experience during the epidemic of 1897. He has been inspired by my writings on the subject of the epidemic to reread his little book and extract some notes therefrom, which I am now privileged to make use of.

As soon as the presence of the yellow fever was recognized, the "only idea," writes Mr. Tucker, "was to get away from the dreadful peril; and, indeed, there was need for haste if they hoped to escape at all, for it was known that the moment the city officially acknowledged the presence of yellow fever, every town or hamlet along the lines of the railroads would establish strict quarantine, and no train would be allowed to stop in it. In less than two weeks, the lines were drawn with greatest severity. No train leaving Mobile was allowed to go more than ten or twelve miles before it was stopped, the passengers required to get off, undergo medical examination, and, if passed, walk to another train at some

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little distance, and go on. Nothing but handbaggage could be carried, and sometimes even these satchels and grips were fumigated. At one time two such changes had to be made between here and Montgomery, and at least one, and I think for some time, two, between here and Meridian.

"Mail and express matter was fumigated, and letters from Mobile to any place south of the Ohio river were perforated with little holes and disinfected before being delivered. On all the highways leading out of Mobile, a shot-gun quarentine was quickly set up, and woe to the person who tried to evade it.

"In those days it was believed that the disease was both infectious and contagious, and that it could be carried from one place or person to another in clothing, bedding, or any thing that was not solid, and that the germs would retain their virulence until frozen. To come in contact with one who had been in a yellow fever sick-room was dangerous, and to go into a house where was a case was taking one's life in one's own hands.

"For about ten days the panic raged. Everyone had some wild story to tell of new and dreadful cases, or was making terrified predictions of woes yet to come. It was certainly not a pleasant life during this period, and the influence of the fear of others had effect upon even the most stout-hearted. To see the eagerness with which the crowds of people forced their way to the trains, was like an invitation to others to haste and save their lives. It was hard to stand against a tidal wave of popular apprehension and hold firmly to one's own ground. It was trying to see persons ordinarily calm and self-possessed, nearly frantic with fear, and to note how little power social-standing, education, or even professed Christianity had in overcoming craven selfishness. For among the fugitives were some ministers. Yet there was cause for these terrible fears. The history of the ravages of the disease in former years was full of instances of dreadful suffering, particularly in the smaller communities and in the country. Whole families had been wiped out, or all the adults stricken and the little children left to die of neglect.

"The town seemed almost deserted at times. Two or three times in the late evening I walked from Royal street to about Ann without meeting more than five or six persons.

"When the panic died down the life of the city went on about as usual."

To this the author may add that in the epidemic of 1897 a citizens' committee served contemporaneously with the Can't-Get-Away Club, the committee attending to the wants of the poor and unemployed while the club cared for the sick and the dying.

I recall two of the citizens' committee who were above all others in this good service, Laz Schwarz, afterwards mayor, who closed his shop during the epidemic and gave all his time to the collection of money and goods for the committee, and Jake Meyer, the hatter, who did not close:

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for, he said, "we've never yet closed;" but he gave his entire time to the committee's work. Schwarz and Meyer were the wheelhorses in making a success that autumn's hard journey.

* * * *

HARRY FLASH'S WIT

Although Henry Lynden Flash, in general, gave to his verses a sentimental flavor, he could, at times, turn a phrase in pure humor; as is illustrated by certain stanzas, not published in either of his books, it is said, but found copied in the columns of *The Register* of the seventies. Therewith it is related that a gentle friend of his, fearing that he might become too deeply immersed in business, wrote to him, entreating him to continue to write until his name should be carved upon the loftiest pinnacle of the Tower of Fame. To this, Flash replied from his place of business in Galveston, saying, that his name was already carved, not upon the Temple of Fame, it was true, but elsewhere:

The name is carved, ah yes, and nailed
Upon a wooden shanty.

And, following, are three stanzas in the lightest vein:

And underneath 'tis writ that I,
Your much-admired poet,
('Tis painted on a six-foot sign
That all the world may know it),
"Will sell for cash"—the thing will out;
It is, indeed, of no use
That I should try to hide the fact—
"All kinds of Western produce."

The truth is, love, this age of ours
Indignantly refuses
To take in payment of our debts
The product of the Muses.
'Twould seize upon a tuneful Nine,
And set the jades to grinning;
The Fates it tolerates because
The hags are always spinning.

And, so, lest I be deemed a drone,
And be by men forsaken,
I hide my harp from prying eyes
And deal in corn and bacon.
I talk with eager business men
Of trade and current prices,
Of "Egypt" too—the cotton—
But not a word of Isis.

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MOBILE RIFLES PERSONNEL

It was an added honor, fully appreciated by the men of that command, that from the Rifles were elected in succession several regimental officers: Price Williams, Jr., colonel; Dick Roper, lieutenant-colonel, and Murray Wheeler, Robert B. DuMont, and James Wade Cox, colonels. Robert B. DuMont, at the Houston competition, was pronounced by the judges the best-drilled soldier. At this writing (December 26, 1926) the surviving members of the Rifles drill teams of 1883 and 1884 are Douglass, Charles DuMont, Ervin, Frank, Girard, Glennon, James R. Hagan, John D. Hagan, McMillan, Hamilton, Overall, Henry D. Pillichody, Robertson, Ross, Shields, Spottswood and Tompkins. Harlbert (col.), the team's valet, lives in New York City.

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